

May 28, 1966

THE

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NEW YORKER



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(It's Armstrong Cambrian Vinyl Corlon. Remarkable!)

The comfortable man in our photograph is demonstrating one of the virtues of the new Armstrong Cambrian Corlon floor: It's thickly *cushioned*.

Cambrian Corlon is vinyl with a brand-new kind of foamed vinyl underneath. Exuberant stuff. The floor gently *gives* under your feet, then comes right back.

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Do not attempt to count the air bubbles in this view of the new Armstrong floor. There are nearly a million per square foot.

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For all its light-footed comfort, this floor is as tough and durable as any floor Armstrong has ever made for your home. No need to worry about spike heel dents in a Cambrian floor. Its vinyl cushion gives under your heel—then comes right back.

Smothers noise

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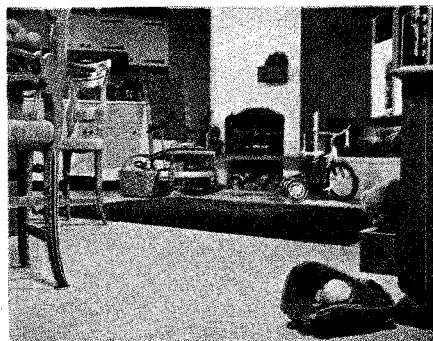
peace in the same room or the room downstairs. (In a comparison test with an ordinary vinyl floor, Cambrian reduced the noise of footsteps about fifty percent in the room downstairs.)

Beautiful design

New Cambrian Vinyl Corlon has a warm, dappled design that looks just right in all your active rooms: family room, children's rooms, entrance hall, or wherever. You can choose from blue, green, teak, or five quieter shades that live on good terms with any decor.

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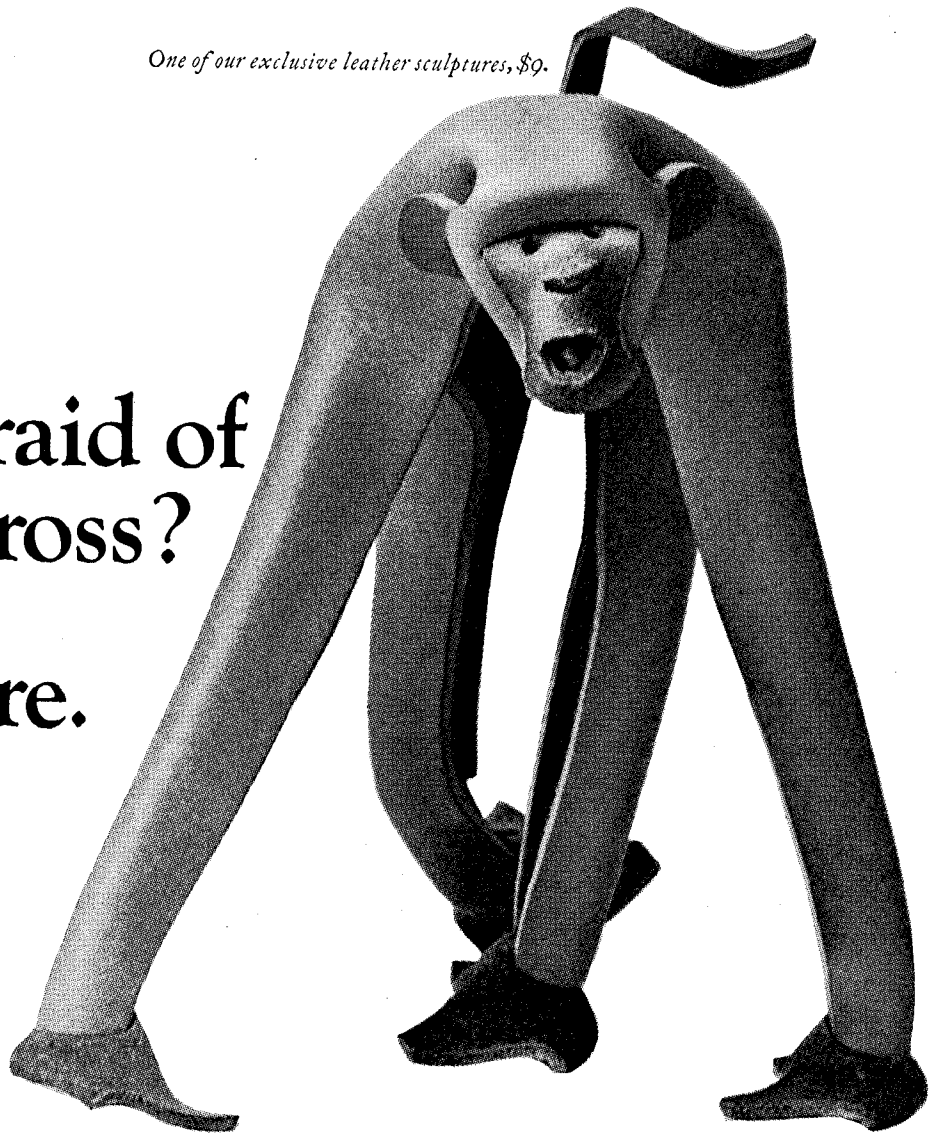
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Memorial Day, May 30. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

CACTUS FLOWER—Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore, among others, gambolling about in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. Mr. Burrows has doubled in brass as the director of his play. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

GENERATION—The performance of Henry Fonda as a civilized man trying to cope with the mores of a beatnik son-in-law is one of the good things in this play by William Goodhart. There aren't many others. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Memorial Day, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Memorial Day at 2:30.)

HOSTILE WITNESS—There are altogether too many dramatic recesses in this courtroom drama by Jack Roffey, but Geoffrey Lumsden, Michael Allinson, Melville Cooper, Angela Thornton, and Norman Barrs give the proceedings a lift every now and then. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Memorial Day, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Memorial Day at 2:30.)

THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS—A standard-brand sort of comedy, in which Alan King appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. The play is by Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, who have written a lot for television. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

IVANOV—Chekhov's first full-length play, which, as adapted by John Gielgud, isn't entirely satisfactory. Nevertheless, the Master's rueful-humorous manner is in evidence, and that makes it worthwhile. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 11.)

PHILADELPHIA, HERE I COME!—A play by Brian Friel, laden with rue and laughter, that describes the last night in his home town of an Irish lad about to set off for America. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are superb as they project two aspects of the hero, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, Mavis Villiers, and the others who participate are all first-rate. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Memorial Day, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Memorial Day at 2:30.)

THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN—Peter Shaffer's colorful and dramatic account of Pizarro's conquest of Peru, in which Robert Burr and Clayton Corbin lead an excellent cast. John Dexter directed the play, and Michael Annals created the costumes. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

WAIT UNTIL DARK—A limp thriller about the efforts of a blind girl to frustrate the plots of a trio of villains anxious to lay hands upon a doll that happens to be stuffed with heroin. Lee Remick has the principal role in Frederick Knott's play. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Memorial Day, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Memorial Day at 2:30.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—The APA Reper-



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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				26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

tory Company's expert revival of the thirty-year-old comedy by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. Ellis Rabb is the director, and he has made it seem as fresh and funny as it was in the first place. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 18.)

LONG RUNS—ANY WEDNESDAY: Sandra Smith and George Gaynes in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LUV:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast

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Barbara Bel Geddes, Larry Blyden, and Gabriel Dell. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE ODD COUPLE:** A comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

IT'S A BIRD . . . IT'S A PLANE . . . IT'S SUPERMAN— The book of this rehash of a comic strip of a couple of decades ago is short on ingenuity, but its music, by Charles Strouse, and its lyrics, by Lee Adams, are not without merit. The cast—Jack Cassidy, Michael O'Sullivan, Bob Holiday, Patricia Marand, Linda Lavin, and Don Chastain are among those most prominent—is a fetching group. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Memorial Day at 2:30.)

ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER— Alan Jay Lerner has invented a rather clumsy book for this musical, which is concerned with extrasensory perception and reincarnation. However, Barbara Harris, as a reincarnated lass, is high-spirited and funny, and the music, by Burton Lane, is soothing. Handsome sets by Oliver Smith, and elegant costumes by Freddy Wittop. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SKYSCRAPER—Julie Harris is appealing as a young lady trying to save a Manhattan brownstone from some high-rise builders bent on destroying it, but this musical hasn't much else to recommend it. Adapted from Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl" by Peter Stone, the play has music and lyrics by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SWEET CHARITY—Gwen Verdon as a dance-hall girl who dreams long dreams of true love and matrimony. The book, by Neil Simon, is rather a bore, but the choreography, by Bob Fosse, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are lively. Miss Verdon is, as always, full of beans, and so is the cast that supports her. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A TIME FOR SINGING—An uninspired adaptation of Richard Llewellyn's "How Green Was My Valley." This time, a dramatic drought blights Mr. Llewellyn's theme, which has to do with a mining area of Wales, and the songs are feeble. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WAIT A MINIM!—A jolly musical miscellany from South Africa, in which an octet of lively youngsters go about brightly interpreting native songs and dances, playing assorted strange instruments, and relaxing now and then with familiar folk songs from England, Ireland, and Scotland. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays and Memorial Day, at 8:45. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Memorial Day at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines representing Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, Robert S. Ogden, Marvin Rosenthal, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga., 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLII, No. 14, May 28, 1966. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1966 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, \$8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, \$9.00; other foreign, \$11.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HALF A SIXPENCE:** Tony Tanner in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Anne Hutchinson. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

MAME—Angela Lansbury in a musical based on "Auntie Mame," the novel by Patrick Dennis and the play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee. The Messrs. Lawrence and Lee wrote the book and Jerry Herman the music and lyrics. The director is Gene Saks. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees this week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

CITY CENTER—CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY: Darryl Hickman, Susan Watson, and Eleanor Steber in **WHERE'S CHARLEY?** The third in a series of four Frank Loesser musicals by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

MUSIC THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—A revival of **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN**, with Ethel Merman, is the first of two musicals by the company. Previews now, ending with a special Memorial Day matinee at 2:30. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 31, and will run through Saturday, July 9. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays and Memorial Day, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—The company's final offering of the season is Bertolt Brecht's **THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE**, adapted by Eric Bentley. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 18.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Presentations of **COSI FAN TUTTE**, in English. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-2000. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

AMERICAN SAVOYARDS—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday, May 26, at 7:30; Friday, May 27, at 8:30; and Saturday, June 4, at 3 and 8:30. **PRINCESS IDA**... Saturday, May 28, at 3 and 8:30. **H.M.S. PINAFORE** and **TRIAL BY JURY**... Sunday, May 29, at 3 and 7:30; Tuesday, May 31, at 8:30; and Wednesday, June 1, at 7:30. **THE MIKADO**... Thursday and Friday, June 2-3, at 8:30. **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

BIG MAN—A couple of short plays—"Duet for Three" and "Big Man"—both of them dealing humorously with unbalanced characters. Surprisingly enough, the dramatist, Lawrence Weinberg, quite often gets away with it. The first play is about a veteran and a prostitute; the second, very well performed by Rudy Bond and Lou Gilbert, is about two old men who share a hospital room. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE BUTTERFLY DREAM—This classical Chinese comedy, done in the Chinese manner under the direction of a Chinese actress named Hu Hung-Yen, looks pretty and is mildly entertaining, although its non-stop cuteness gets awfully trying after a while. The performers, all of them Caucasian, are members of a group that calls itself IASTA. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsy. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

HAPPY ENDING and **DAY OF ABSENCE**—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

HOGAN'S GOAT—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE MAD SHOW—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman, and the music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. José Ferrer will fill in for Mr. Kiley for two weeks starting Saturday, May 28. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE POCKET WATCH—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

SERGEANT MUSGRAVE'S DANCE—A preachy melodrama done in the Victorian manner and set in Victorian England. W. B. Brydon plays the fanatical leader of some deserters from the Queen's Army who come to a northern coal town in order to expose the horrors and cruelty of war. The play, by John Arden, seems cluttered and synthetic, but The Establishment has given it a good production, under Stuart Burge's direction. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3; special matinee Memorial Day.)

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE WORLD OF GÜNTER GRASS—A program of excerpts from the poems and novels of the modern German writer, as recited and performed by a company of five. The actors do pretty well, but it is Mr. Grass, his words evoking the spirit of wartime and postwar Germany, who steals the show. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

MARK TWAIN TONIGHT!—Hal Holbrook's impersonation of the Missouri humorist at sev-



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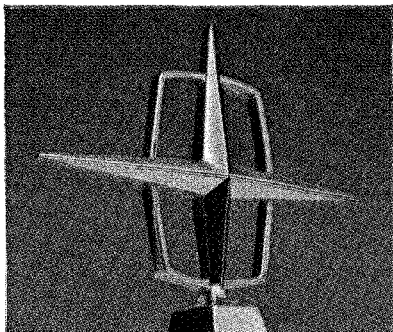
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

enty. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. CI 6-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Final performances Saturday, June 25.)

ICE SHOW—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Otto and Maria Jelinek, Phil Romaine, and Cathy Steele. Opens Wednesday, June 1, and will run through Sunday, June 12. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Twinkle, twinkle, little star, is the proper salutation for Nancy Wilson, whose song recitals at dinner and supper in the Royal Box are stop-look-and-listen. Ronnie Bright is the kingpin of the band that so splendidly supports her, and the orchestra of Lee Evans is the author of the carefully thought-out dance tunes. Closed Sundays.

BARBERRY, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The nights have grown longer since the dance band of Horace Diaz moved in among the dinner tables of the new wing, which, candy-striped from head to foot, looks exactly like the late Little Club—and such it actually is, complete in every detail, including Billy Reed, prop. The tunes begin at nine during the week and cease at two; they begin at ten on Fridays and Saturdays, when three is closing time. Sundays, another band is on duty from nine until two.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—*De-rigueur* dancing is par for this *concours*, where George Anaya's small group of musicians parades the restaurant from eight until nine, then breaks into prance tunes. Sundays, no dancing, but perambulatory musicians are there until ten. No music Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The changing of the Guard—from the Old of Newport to the New of London—goes steadily on. This work is done in the main hall to the three-four and four-four counting of Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Charles Bubeck's orchestra; in the Champagne Room, though, only a violin and a piano confer, and in whispers. Closed Sundays and Memorial Day.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, Ben Cutler's boys from Boola Boola U. stick to the real New York beat every night of the week for whoever both dances and dines. Franco Pagani, a perky Roman, sings out every night but Sunday.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Plenty of dance music is decanted in the course of the evenings in the Persian Room, the best of it by Mark Monte's light-as-a-feather revellers. At dinner and supper, there are apparitions by Eddie Fisher, which may cause one to wonder whether singing and the telling of jokes are in danger of becoming lost arts. Wednesday, June 1, is assigned to the launching of a newcomer, Bobbe Norris, whose soprano will be heard but once on her beginning night. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and "Merry Widow" music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. . . . ¶ On the stroke of eight, the Palm Court becomes a tale of two cities—Vienna and whatever the capital of Ruritania is—with the assistance of Gunnar Hansen's gallant violin and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linser Torte*, water ices, and spirits. The dream ends at one. Sunday nights are stilly.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—History, in the form of Benny Goodman, repeating itself, and it's the first time B. G. has led a *dance* band in centuries. Annette Sanders sings with the band, and since when have we heard a band singer? The mu-



Beware of Pickpockets

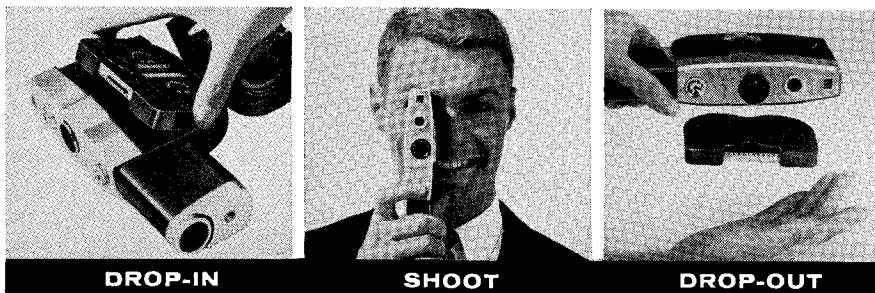
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sic goes on from eight-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The anvil chorus in this memorial hall for the big bands is being played by the Cab Calloway crew. The music lets go from eight to two. No sound on Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The new blossom in the Sheraton daisy chain, and the handsomest. In the Maisonette, Quintero's Latin band and Ralph Stuart's orchestra are the urban and urbane hosts from dinnertime until curfew, which arrives at two. Closed Sundays and Memorial Day. . . . **La Boite**, a next-door neighbor, offers a peace and quiet broken only by Jani Sarkozi's Danubian violin, which sees action between seven and twelve-thirty. Closed Sundays and Memorial Day.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut* piano—which happens from cocktail time until eight or nine during the week, and from five to eleven on Sundays—is right up Peacock's Alley. The little dance band (Dino Palermo is its heartfelt tenor) that bowls in the Alley from nine to one takes Sundays off. Note: special schedule for Memorial Day—Ray Hartley solo, no band.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—New York's only astrodome, which houses a playing field that is all hardwood and a mile wide. Every sport but the Twist and its offspring is permissible. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday matinees, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A gaggle of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Public life made easy by customers who have been in the business for years and have loved every moment of it. Through this merry crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays and Memorial Day. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Domestic life in Firenze, given (at the moment) a touch of foreign flavor by Juilliard School undergraduates, who perform (at nine regularly, and at eight-thirty and eleven on Saturdays) Leonard Bernstein's opera "Trouble in Tahiti." Thursday, Friday, and Saturday each week, there is at-your-leisure dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **MIKE MALKAN'S**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): The Kingdom of Lilliput in a talkative mood, full of young'uns on their best behavior. While they gabble, Mr. Malkan, *padrone*, plays rumbling piano. Seven until almost daybreak is the scheme. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Scenes of a happy Budapest childhood. The background music, which never stands still, is zimbalon, violin, tenor, soprano, and (for dancing in the streets) Béla Babai's band. The tenor is grand old Tibor Rakossy. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after eleven years at one piano, has unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is minimal here. No music Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island hoppers who put into this port will discover reasonably accurate reproductions of the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An exercise hall for young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A bright and breezy jazz trio (Cecil Young's) performs during the week; closed Sunday, May 29. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The salon of

Rita Dimitri, she of the saucer eyes, the flaunting eyelashes, and the soubrette hairdo. She chirrups from or on the piano, at nine-thirty through the week, and also at midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports for duty at eight. Closed Sundays and Memorial Day. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The employees are forever on the brink of a soliloquy: to be or not to be waiters, to be or not to be Metropolitan tenors. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARLIE BATES**, 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): Neighborhood bars may have been like this sixty years ago, but even if they were not, this effort at total recall delights the young people. The music—Bob Emma's period piano and song, and the choral work of a folk group called the Men-folk, sets to at seven; Sundays, in their place, the Smith Street Jazz Society Band bleats from four until one. The menu is plain but hearty. . . . **BELL'S**, 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): The comforts of home, and the happy congregating of young and old for a mannerly Old Home Week. George Taylor's trio, which is always on the verge of sing-along, chortles from nine until three. It stays home Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Charles De Forest, his piano, and his songs are for the dusk-to-dawn dwellers in big cities. He is absent Sundays.

NOTE—The discothèque, a moth that has not yet danced too near the flame, will be best represented during its span of life by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation of dancers, too, from leaping to sometimes awkward conclusions. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. Some of the music, which begins at seven-thirty, comes out of pressure cookers, and some of it is woven on the spot. Killer Joe Piro, leader of the lost generation born in the shadow of the Peppermint Lounge, does a special shivaree—assisted by half a dozen acolytes—at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty. Taps sounds at three or four. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little children, often in what amounts to *bal-masqué* costumery, can be seen but not heard, so prodigious is the music of the electronic age. Ten until four Tuesdays through Thursdays and nine-thirty to four Fridays through Sundays is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is recited from memory by a machine and by certain members of the human race named the Uncalled Fors (Tuesdays through Thursdays), the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the table fare is tenuous, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who floats with the greatest of ease. The garb runs from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Both human beings and automation take part in the music making for a plain-spoken but pleasant pavilion whose guests are mostly angelic Mods and Rockers. The house dancers spend their evenings (nine-thirty until three or four) inventing the most pleasurable of unsquare dances. There is a menu, to an extent.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

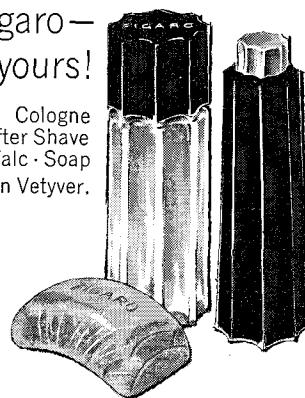
DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano operates from six to one. Sundays, Forrest Perin, his expert lieutenant, gets to use the keyboard instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this children's-hour castle keep. His Majesty's revels are accompanied by the dream-sequence violin of Norbert Faconi, a ruler himself among the circumnavigating fiddlers. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE** 49, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar discusses, in the subtlest of language, everything

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Spanish from nights in the gardens of Granada to the habits of the gypsy wanderers, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. No sound effects Sundays. ... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Doing as the Romans do (and doing it superbly), with the same viands, libations, and scenery. Among the citizenry is a round of dulcet minstrels (mandolin, violin, and accordion) who operate from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. ... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Busy, busy nights on the Via Veneto. Some of the traffic jam is itinerant musicians plying their fiddles with great determination. Closed Sundays. ... **SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the august Café Ambassador, there is piano from seven to one every night but Sunday. ... **Le Palais**, which deals only in dinner, from seven to ten, is an excellent way of keeping in touch with Vienna, and so is Hans Hansberg's zither. Closed Sundays. ... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The scenery of this landed estate makes us all sorry that we ever moved out of the American past. In the bar, there's piano from six to one, except for Sundays. ... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on. Kurt Maier's Viennese piano is available from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. ... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Enzo Lembo vocally accompanies his guitar from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday. Tony Gorody's well-constructed piano is on approximately the same running time, except on Sundays. ... **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Dreams of Empire, all right, but of the one that once lay along the Neva and the Volga. Marina Fedorovskaya, the doyenne and chanteuse of this enterprise, who has a very Russian chef under her arm and thumb, can sound both hearty and heartfelt; she is spelled by a pair of musicians, likewise very Russian. Closed Mondays. ... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The social significance is tremendous, the music (George Feyer's piano, from eight-thirty until two) is Venetian-glass. Closed Sundays. ... **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): This portion of the Hotel Westbury is given over to dining and to the casual piano of Conrad Monjoy, who is on duty from nine-thirty until one every evening but Monday. ... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): From six-thirty until midnight every night but Sunday in the Casino-on-the-Park, that dispenser of peace on earth, Steven Weltner (pausing for the season on his way around the world), plays piano to really listen to. ... **NEW YORK HILTON**, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In the Seven Hills, whose René Bouché murals do a reprise of Rome at sundown, an accordion bumbles from seven to nine. Closed Sundays. ... **SHERATON GLADSTONE**, 114 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4300): In the Bivouac Room, which is a bar first and foremost, there is voice and pianoforte by Kelly Rand from five-thirty to twelve-thirty. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Unmistakably, it is prom time, for Bobby Vinton of the youth brigade is doing the singing. The humorist, Jack DeLeon, is not of this age group, but he is funnier than many of the players in his own age group. Dancing. ... In the lounge, from ten until who knows when, there is boom and zoom on the bandstand. ... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "French Dressing," a Never-Never Land in which girls outnumber boys six to one and (in a special sense) outstrip them, too, is a leisurely parade that lasts nearly two hours. The pride of the paraders is Betty Jo Alvies, a Class A puma. The principal guest is Corbett Monica, whose jokes have lifetime tenure. He will be succeeded, on Tuesday, May 31, by Bobby Rydell, another sign of prom time. He sings. Dancing. ... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The Righteous Brothers (you can almost smell fire and brimstone when

they roll) and Doc Severinsen's sextet come to a close on Saturday, May 28. On Thursday, June 2, the place reopens to house Jackie Vernon, one of the very best standup humorists, as well as the Four Tops (they sing, and madly) and the Severinsen group. ... **CHEETAH**, 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The hipbone disconnected from the thighbone, the thighbone disconnected from the anklebone. The young, doing dances their fathers never taught them in clothes their mothers never made them, submit to this seemingly painless operation from nine-thirty until four every night. The lighting and the music, both of them live and voluminous, are contrived by Marat/Sade. No dining.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

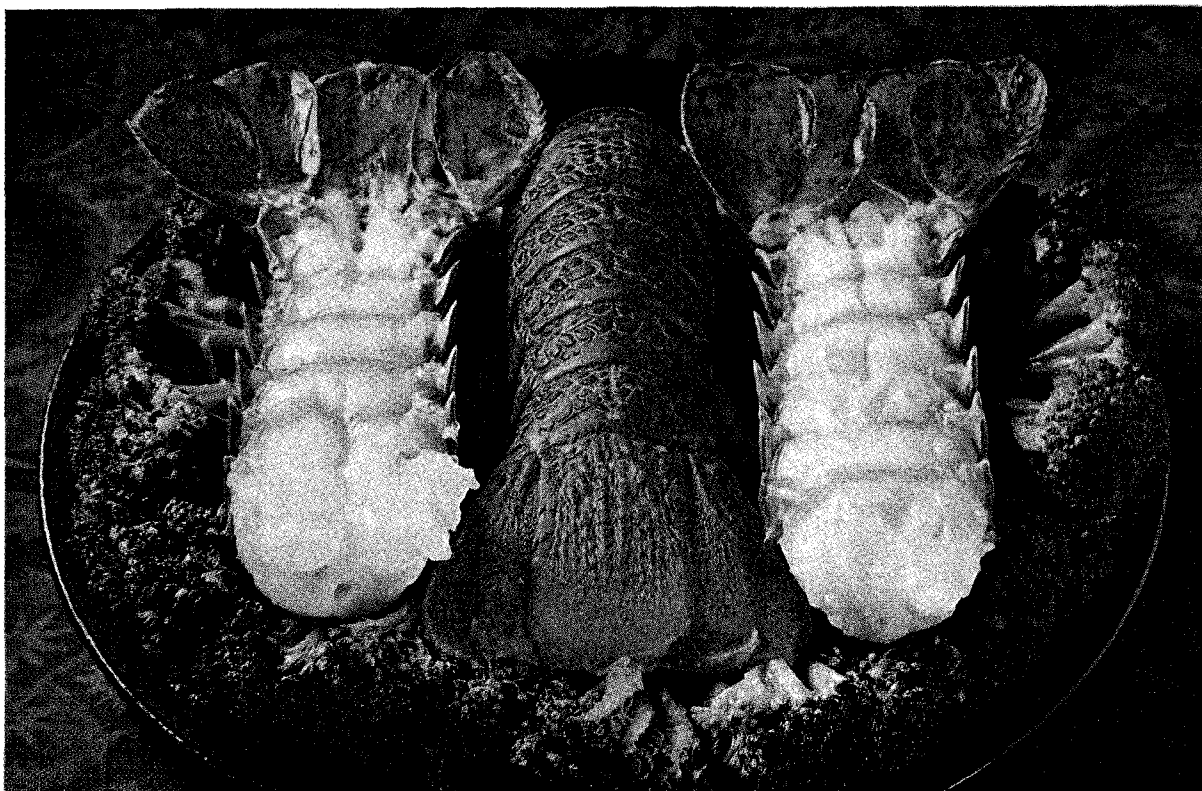
PLAZA 9, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's annual report on the state of the nation, not to mention you and me, is—as ever—in revue form and rare form. The ladies of the house—Elizabeth Wilson, Liz Sheridan, and Lee Beery—are all noblewomen; Bill Hinnant is their sly shepherd. The pianos of Robert Colston, Frederick Silver, and Otis Clements act as orchestra. Curtains at nine and eleven-thirty. No frolics on Sundays. ... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, who aim to prove that all Spanish life is not grim, earnest, and flamenco, are being (as always) musical and mobile, especially when Luisita Sevilla, the daughter of their regiment, is prancing. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. On Sundays, another time card: tea dancing in the afternoon (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and just one show, at ten. ... In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Mario Escudero's guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. ... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Just for Openers," the pocket-edition revue here, is a slow starter, but it soon picks up an amiable momentum. R. G. Brown is the wily leader of the pack. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sundays. ... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Coals of fire are what Joan Rivers heaps on her head, and the resulting conversation is forensic and farcical; Tobi Reynold's only burden is the worthy songs in her heart. Not much happens until well along in the evening. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The quartet of Coleman Hawkins, that indomitable founding father, checks out on Sunday, May 29. Friday through Sunday, May 27-29, John Coltrane's thunderers will be there, too. On Monday, May 30, the splendid custom of showing off the Mel Lewis-Thad Jones Jazz Band will again be honored, and on Tuesday, May 31, Mongo Santamaria's purposeful Latins take over. Sunday matinées occur from four-thirty to seven. ... **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): This emporium, a two-layer cake, combines a street-level restaurant with a belowstairs cave. Up top, late every evening but Monday, there is glitter-glitter by the Dave Pike trio and the cool but not calculated introspection of Dwiki Mitchell and Willie Ruff; Sunday afternoons (five to nine) there are offertories by other jazz men. ... In the grotto, the next activity begins on Friday, May 27, when the Modern Jazz Quartet, Charlie Byrd's trio, and Flip Wilson's snapdragon gags settle in. On Mondays, down under is occupied by clumps of Latin musicians, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. ... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The little old Village smithy and hero-sandwich forge. Clark Terry's quartet is under way; Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, the foursome of Lee Konitz will be added. On Tuesday, May 31, Zoot Sims' quartet will take charge. Closed Mondays. ... **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7804): The land of the coffee bean and usually of the folk song, which at the moment is represented only by Tracy Newman. She will, though, be joined by the Serendipity Singers as of Wednesday, June 1. The Uncalled-For 3 are jokers. The regulars, as is the custom here, lay off each Tuesday. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Donald Byrd's sextet is wooing odd muses every night but Monday, which offers a change of pace: the trio of Daphne Hellman, whose delicate weapon is the harp, and the piano of Irma Jurist, whose sharp weapon is her tongue. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): A fine cottage industry—handmade music of the old-fashioned kind. It is good to listen to, good to dance to. The craftsmen are Mr. Condon, Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Morey Feld, and Dave McKenna. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Billy Taylor. Its mood jazz is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is starting time. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): In case there is ever another 52nd Street, a crew usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is lying in wait here. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The dust on the floor of this ancient sawmill is fresh every day, for it is made on the spot by a collection of banjoists who are enthralled by the turn of the century. They plunk down their notes from nine to three every night, and each Tuesday through Thursday a bagpiper waxes eerie. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). . . . **SLUGS**, 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): In the center of one of the new play areas for the come-as-you-are small ones. Sawdust, beer, and intent listening go along with the music, which is currently being put together by Charles Lloyd's outer-space quartet. On Tuesday, May 31, Joe Henderson's sextet, in which Kenny Dorham is embedded, inherits the job. The regulars take time out every Monday, when some other outfit occupies the stand.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

- ABE AJAY**—Relief paintings; through Saturday, May 28. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)
- MAX BILL**—Sculptures and paintings by a Swiss artist; through June 18. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)
- BERNARD CATHELIN**—Landscapes and figure paintings by this School of Paris painter; through Tuesday, May 31. (Findlay, 11 E. 57th St.)
- FRANCIS CELENTANO AND MINORU NIIZUMA**—Optical paintings by the first and sculptures in stone by the second; through Saturday, May 28. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)
- GEORGE COHEN**—Paintings; through Saturday, May 28. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)
- VICTOR COLBY**—Wood sculptures of animals and people; through Saturday, May 28. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)
- RICHARD DIEBENKORN**—Still-lives, figures, landscapes, and interiors; through Saturday, June 4. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 28.)
- ANTONIO FRASCONI**—Color woodcuts; through Saturday, May 28. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)
- THEODORE HAUPT**—Optical paintings; through June 11. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St.)
- SADIE HAYMS**—Sculptural paintings and assemblages; through Thursday, June 2. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)
- ROBERT INDIANA**—Paintings; through Saturday, May 28. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)
- ARISTODEMOS KALDIS**—Paintings; through Satur-



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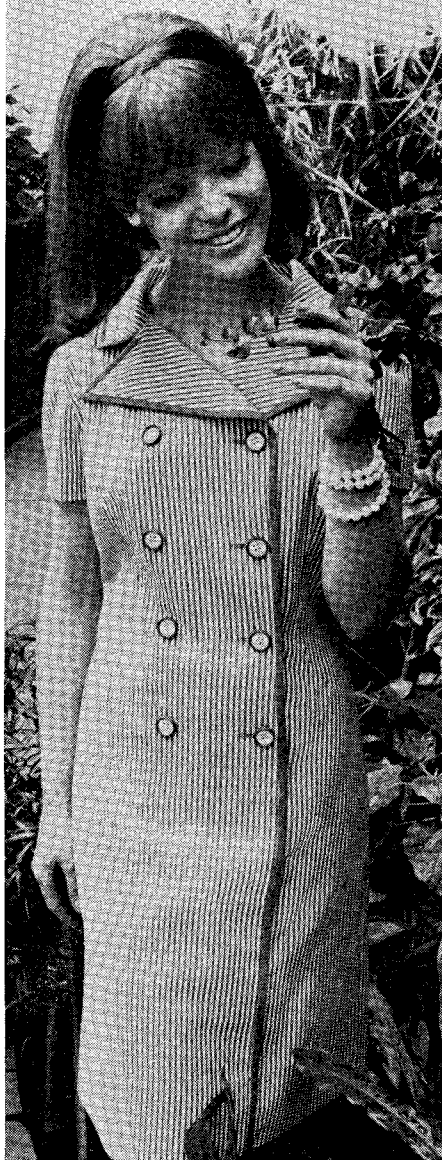
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, June 4. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

FREDERICK KIESLER—"Creatures, Landscapes, Prairies," a retrospective show of sculptures by the late architect-sculptor-painter; through June 10. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK KLEINHOLZ—Paintings, primarily of children; through Saturday, June 4. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

JOHN LA FARGE—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lives, plus two stained-glass windows, in the first showing of his work in thirty years; through June 10. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACQUES LIPCHITZ—An exhibition of sketches in bronze entitled "Images of Italy;" through June 11. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BRUNO LUCCHESI—Bronze and terra-cotta sculptures; through June 10. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MATTA—Recent abstract Surrealist paintings by this Chilean-born Paris artist; through Saturday, May 28. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

JOHN MCCRACKEN—Sculptures; through Thursday, June 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDGAR NEGRET—Painted aluminum sculptures; through Friday, June 3. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—Four enameled-aluminum garden sculptures; through June 11. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DANIEL NEWMAN—Abstractions; through Saturday, May 28. (Grippi & Waddell, 15 E. 57th St.)

BERNARD PERLIN—Paintings of nudes; through June 10. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SAVO RADULOVIC—Paintings; through Saturday, May 28. (Artists Little Gallery, 135 E. 62nd St.)

LORE RIESS—Abstract paintings; through June 10. (Contemporary Arts, 40 W. 56th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

CHARLES SHAW—Abstractions; through Saturday, June 4. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

CHARLES SHEELER (1883-1965)—Paintings and drawings from the artist's personal collection; through Friday, May 27. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.)

HERBERT SIMON—Abstract wood sculptures; through Saturday, May 28. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

GEORGE SUGARMAN—Abstract sculptures; through Saturday, June 4. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM THOMPSON—Sculptures; through June 10. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ—Watercolors from the early part of the century; through Saturday, June 4. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

TOM WESSELMANN—Paintings of nudes; through Saturday, June 4. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—The 1966 Annual Exhibition, comprising paintings, graphics, and sculptures by the members of this organization, who are professional artists and number over seven hundred; through Sunday, May 29. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Oliver Andrews, R. C. Morris, Richard Boyce, and Eileen Pendergast are the participants in a showing of sculptures, constructions, and paintings; through Friday, May 27. ... **BLACK**, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and drawings by nineteenth-century artists, including Albert Bierstadt, Frank Boggs, and Asher B. Durand; through Saturday, June 4. ... **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Still-life and flower paintings by Frank H. Redelius, Edmund Oppenheim, and Marie Cantarella (to mention a few); through June 10. (Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)

... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Sculptures and drawings by Robert Laurent, Dennis Leon, Jane Wasey, and others; through Friday, June 3. (Closed Saturday, May 28, and Memorial Day.) ... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by the gallery artists, among them Isabel Bishop, William Thon, and Nathan Cabot Hale; through Saturday, May 28. ... **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, and Adolf Dehn are three of the artists represented in a show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings; through June 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 28.) ... **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such artists as Carmen Cicero, Reginald Pollack, and Richard A. Miller; through June 11. (Closed Mondays.) ... **SACHS**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Peter Hutchinson, Don Judd, Sol LeWitt, and Robert Smithson in a show of structures in steel, chrome, enameled wood, plexiglass, and canvas; through Saturday, May 28. ... **WESTERLY**, 8 W. 56th St.: An exhibition of paintings, including works by Carlos Basq, Phil Roeber, and Suzanne Váraday; through Thursday, June 2. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings and sculpture by Richard Lindner, Dado, Isamu Noguchi, and other gallery artists; through June 10. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

BRAZILIANS; GROUP SHOW—Raimundo de Oliveira, Nelson Seoane, Manabu Mabe, and four other painters; through June 30. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

CHINESE; GROUP SHOW—Paintings and calligraphy by Ch'i Pai-shih, James C. M. Lo, Wang Chen, and others; through June 10. (Gallery of Chinese and American Art, 399 E. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 7.)

ISRAELIS; GROUP SHOW—Oils, graphics, and drawings by Agmon, Bacon, Greenfield, Weil, and Weiss; through Sunday, May 29. (Greenfield, 21 W. 39th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon to sundown, starting Friday, May 27, and continuing through Sunday, June 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Recently acquired European and American prints and drawings by a spectrum of artists ranging from Rembrandt, Peter Paul Rubens, and Claude Lorrain to Jack Levine; through June 8. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Oils and watercolors by Joseph Mallord William Turner, most of them lent by the Tate Gallery, the National Gallery, and the British Museum; through June 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 7, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 7.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"The Stations of the Cross," a series of paintings by Barnett Newman; through June 19. ... ¶ An exhibition of paintings by thirty-six artists from nine Latin-American countries; through June 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Memorial Day, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The fifteenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and eighty works by artists (Will Barnett, Robert Motherwell, and Louise Nevelson, to name a few) from every section of the country; through June 12. ... ¶ In the Sculpture Garden, some two hundred decorative details salvaged from buildings now demolished in the New York City area. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Edward Albee, Virgil Thomson, and James Dickey. Also paintings, graphic art, sculptures, and architecture by Moses Soyer, Jacques Lipchitz, Romaldo Giurgola, Carroll Cloar, and others; through June 26. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"7000 Years of

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Iranian Art," an exhibition of metalwork, ceramics, textiles, glass, and paintings from the Archaeological Museum, in Teheran; through June 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—The collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Weldon, consisting of paintings and drawings of the Flemish, Dutch, and French Schools from the seventeenth century to the twentieth. The artists include Anthony van Dyck, Jacob van Ruysdael, and Constantin Guys. Through June 30. . . . "Art in Process," an exhibition of structures, together with the preliminary drawings and models relating to them, by such artists as Richard Artschwager, Chryssa, and Will Insley; through June 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—"Treasures of Peruvian Gold," a travelling exhibition of more than a hundred and fifty pre-Columbian ceremonial and ornamental objects from ancient tombs and temples, on loan from seven Peruvian museums; through June 12. . . . "Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through Sept. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays and Memorial Day, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Primary Structures: Younger British and American Sculptors," a showing of pieces by forty-two artists, among them Gerald Laing, Ronald Bladen, and Lyman Kipp; through June 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, except May 26, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions: Illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, bookbindings, autograph manuscripts and letters, and master drawings; through July 29. . . . "Drawings of children—Parmigianino to Kate Greenaway; through July 29. . . . "A selection of children's books and manuscripts; through July 29. (Mondays, except Memorial Day, through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—Primitive oils, watercolors, and carvings from the collection of the New York State Historical Association, in Cooperstown; through June 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—African sculptures (in wood, ivory, gold, and brass) from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Four hundred and thirty-eight glass paperweights, including American examples from the Sandwich, Mt. Washington, and Millville factories and such French examples as Baccarat, Clichy, and St. Louis. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Kinetic art (paintings, sculptures, electronic contrivances, and the like) shown in four room settings, and produced by a group of artists known as Usco; through June 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC PROMENADES—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting—A program of Russian music Thursday through Saturday, May 26-28, at 8:30 (with Eileen Schauler, soprano, and Lorne Munroe, cello). . . . "A program of Viennese music on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 31-June 1, at 8:30; Thursday, June 2, at 8:30 (a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call TR 9-8415); and Saturday, June 4, at 8:30 (with Saramae Endich, soprano, and Patricia Wilde's dance company). . . . "A varied program on Friday, June 3, at 8:30 (with Whittemore and Lowe, duo piano).

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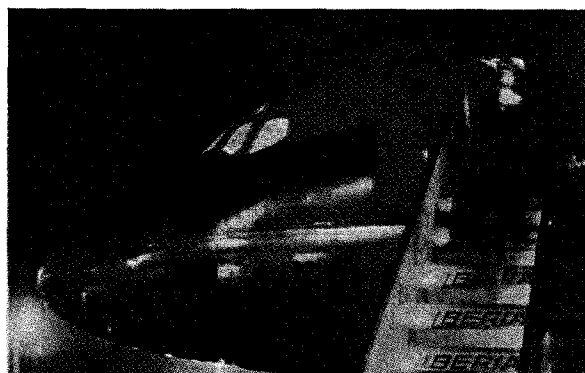
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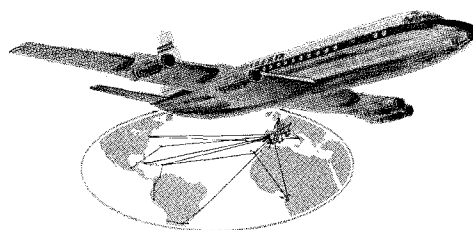
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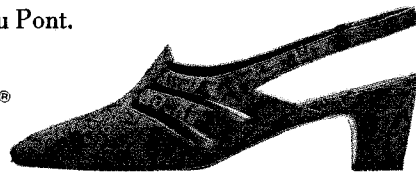


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wright, bass-baritone. (Central Park Mall. Monday, May 30, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

DORIS PINES—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, June 4, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERTS—McCoy Tyner's trio and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, May 28, at 8:30.)... ¶ Ramsey Lewis's trio, Sonny Terry, and Brownie McGhee. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, May 29, at 8.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, May 27, at 8; Saturday, May 28, at 7; and Sunday, May 29, at 2... **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. Philadelphia, Monday, May 30, at 1, and Tuesday, May 31, at 8... ¶ Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Wednesday and Thursday, June 1-2, at 8... ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, June 3, at 8, and Saturday, June 4, at 2:15.

HORSE SHOW—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, and Monday through Saturday, May 30-June 4.)

HUNT RACING—Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. A benefit meeting. (Purchase. Saturday, May 28.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30. The Acorn, Saturday, May 28, and the Metropolitan Handicap, Monday, May 30... **BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30, starting Wednesday, June 1. The Edgemere Handicap, Wednesday, June 1, and the Belmont, Saturday, June 4... **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, May 30. The Jersey Derby, Monday, May 30... **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Friday, June 3, through Saturday, Aug. 6. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

RUGBY—Rosslyn Park (Roehampton, England) vs. Westchester, and Racing Club de France (Paris) vs. Manhattan. (Gaelic Park, Broadway and 240th St. Saturday, June 4, at 1:30.)

TRACK MEET—I.C.A.A.A. Outdoor Track Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, at 1.)

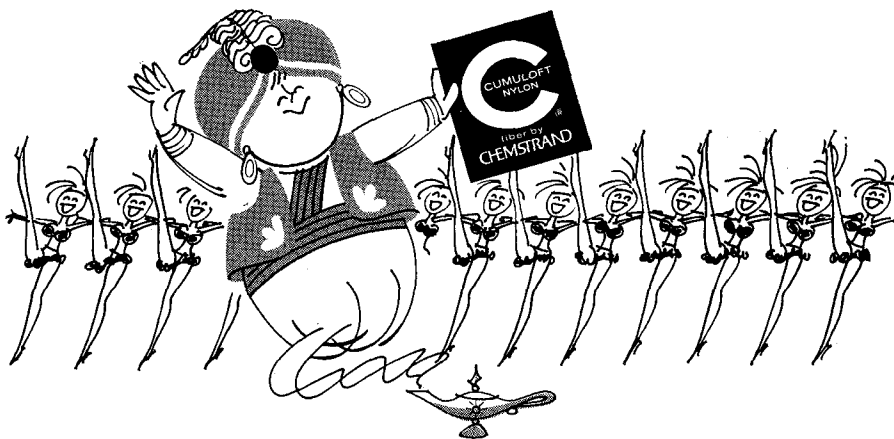
TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, July 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 26.

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 4-5.)

OTHER EVENTS'

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is scheduled to convene on Friday, May 27), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Memorial Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except May 28, from 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 26, at 1:45: Modern American and European paintings and drawings, from many sources... ¶ Friday, May 27, at 1:45: English and French furniture, Worcester and other porcelains, Oriental rugs, and decorative objects; the property of Mrs. V. Beecher-Smith and others... ¶ Friday, June 3, at 1:45: Furniture, porcelains, linens and laces, paintings, and decorations; from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, May 27.



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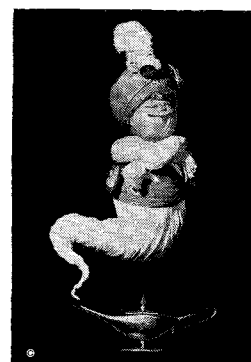
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

LE BONHEUR—A picture small in scale, delightful in tone, and less romantic than it looks at first glance, the subject being happiness. Written and directed with great intelligence by Agnès Varda and starring Jean-Claude Drouot, his wife, and two small children. In French. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

DARLING—The ravishing Julie Christie stars in a picture that, though it stumbles and loses its way, is nearly always interesting. The cast includes Dirk Bogarde and Laurence Harvey and the director was John Schlesinger. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting June 1.)

DEAR JOHN—Explicit in word and deed, this picture tells of a couple who find it much harder to love than to make love. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. Directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren. In Swedish. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO—A lot of things have gone wrong with this expensive-looking version of the Pasternak novel. The notable, largely wasted cast includes Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin, Rod Steiger, and Rita Tushingham. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE GROUP—The recent best-seller by Mary McCarty about college girls in the dim thirties has been made into a big, splashy, but not very satisfactory costume drama. Directed by Sidney Lumet and starring, among others, Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Larry Hagman, James Broderick, and Hal Holbrook. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 31.)

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS—A Roman housewife, played by Giulietta Masina, seeks to save herself from the horror of being middle-aged and unloved, and such is the genius of Federico Fellini that the picture is comic and beautiful and almost never sad. In Italian. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 1.)

JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS—A documentary about the late President, originally intended only for showing abroad. It is imperfect, even as propaganda, but is, of course, worth seeing. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

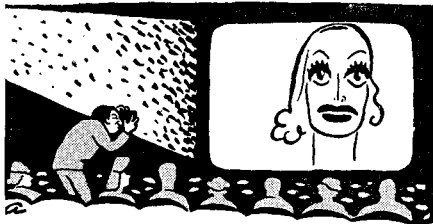
LADY L—Sophia Loren, David Niven, and Paul Newman, in a comedy that the director, Peter Ustinov, evidently doesn't expect us to believe, perhaps because he wrote the witty, flimsy screenplay. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

LORD LOVE A DUCK—A wild and woolly contemporary comedy, written and directed by George Axelrod and starring Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 1.)

MEET ME IN MOSCOW—The young set in a Moscow that seems very like Paris, and very cheerful, too. Directed by Georgi Danelia. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

MORGAN!—A troubled young man tears London apart in an attempt to make people love one another as much as he thinks great apes love other great apes. A very strange comedy indeed, marvellously acted by David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave, under the direction of Karel Reisz. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

MY FAIR LADY—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, naturally, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 2:30. Extra performance Memorial Day at 10 A.M. Reserved seats only.)



OUR MAN FLINT—More death-defying capers à la mode de Bond, with James Coburn in the title role. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 31.)

THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET—A Czechoslovakian picture that is both tragic and comic and is wonderfully acted by Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER—Somebody is bent on murdering all six occupants of a certain train compartment, but why? Simone Signoret is one of the murderesses and Yves Montand is the detective who tries to stop the massacre. In French. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD—Richard Burton is splendid as the grubby and despairing hero of the le Carré novel. Also on hand are Oskar Werner and Claire Bloom. Martin Ritt was the director. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting June 1.)

THE 10TH VICTIM—Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress are the stars of this buxant extravaganza about licensed sudden death in the twenty-first century. Aibly directed by Elio Petri. In Italian. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting June 1.)

A THOUSAND CLOWNS—A funny Broadway show has been turned into an even funnier movie. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through May 29. Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through May 31.)

THUNDERBALL—A silly, thrilling, and occasionally handsome mélange of sex and sudden death, starring Sean Connery as James Bond. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through May 28.)

TO DIE IN MADRID—A documentary account, taken mostly from newsreels, of the Spanish Civil War. Heartbreaking and unforgettable. With an English narration. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through May 31.)

WHERE THE SPIES ARE—David Niven plays a gentle doctor suddenly pitted against a passel of international secret agents. A witty movie, well written and well directed. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 31.)

REVIVALS

THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 27-30.)

THE BLUE ANGEL (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting May 31.)

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through May 28.)

CAT BALLOU (1965)—A Western, which makes sport of Westerns, with Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting June 1.)

CHILDREN OF PARADISE (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical

life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 26.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 27-30.)

THE IDIOT (1948)—Gérard Philipe in an interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 26.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting May 31.)

MATA HARI (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

NOTHING BUT A MAN (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; May 29-31.)

PORT OF SHADOWS (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 26.)

QUARTET (1949)—The first film collection of Somerset Maugham short stories. With Mai Zetterling, Françoise Rosay, and Cecil Parker. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 31.)

ROUGE ET NOIR (1958)—The Stendhal novel, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Luaidi. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; May 30-31.)

SAPPHIRE (1959)—A British mystery film in which a pair of detectives solves the murder of a girl half white and half Negro. Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell, and Michael Craig. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 27.)

SHADOWS (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 27.)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (1956)—Cecil B. deMille's account of the life and times of Moses. Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner, and Cedric Hardwicke. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

TOM JONES (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; May 29-31.)

THE TRIAL (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 28.)

TRIO (1950)—More Maugham short stories. With Jean Simmons and James Hayter. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 31.)

THE TROUBLEMAKER (1964)—High jinks concerning the tribulations of a chicken farmer trying to set up a coffeehouse in Greenwich Village. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 30.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd—May 26 at 2, 5:30, and 8, and May 27 at 2 and 5:30: "The Mischief Makers" (1957), and two other short films. ... May 28 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "End of Summer" (1964), and three other short films. ... May 29 at 2 and 5:30: "Zvenigora" (1927), a Russian film, with French titles. ... May 30-31 at 2 and 5:30: "Parisian Cobbler" (1928), a Russian film, with French titles. ... June 1 at 2 and 5:30: "A Nous la Liberté" (1932), in French, directed by René Clair. ... GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Through May 30: Fourteen musical sequences from Busby Berkeley films. ... Starting May 31: "The Barber Shop" (1933), "The Fatal Glass of Beer" (1933), "The Pharmacist" (1933), and "The Dentist" (1932), all with W. C. Fields. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays and Memorial Day at 2 and 4.) ... NOTE: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE BROADWAY AREA

- ASTOR**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.
- CAPITOL**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.
- CRITERION**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.
- DE MILLE**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Memorial Day at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)
- FORUM**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw.
- MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Arabesque," Gregory Peck, Sophia Loren.
- NEW EMBASSY**, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.
- RIVOLI**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)
- STATE**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
LADY L.
- VICTORIA**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, revival.
- WARNER CINERAMA**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama's Russian Adventure," narrated by Bing Crosby. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

- ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"She Done Him Wrong" and "I'm No Angel" (both revivals, with Mae West and Cary Grant).
- CINEMA VILLAGE**, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
MATA HARI, revival; and "Red Dust," revival, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow.
- GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 31: **THE GROUP**; and "Ten Little Indians," Hugh O'Brian, Shirley Eaton.
From June 1: **CAT BALLOU**, revival; and "The Collector," revival, Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.
- KIPS BAY**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Singing Nun," Debbie Reynolds, Ricardo Montalban.
- MURRAY HILL**, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.
- 34TH ST. EAST**, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.
- SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
MORGAN!
- TRANS-LUX EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.
- R.K.O. 58TH ST.**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw.
- FINE ARTS**, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
LE BONHEUR (in French).
- PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, revival.
- BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"A Young World" (in French).
- CORONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER (in French).
- CINEMA I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.
- CINEMA II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.
- YORK CINEMA**, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through May 29: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**; and "Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.
May 30-31: **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French), revival.
From June 1: **DARLING**; and **THE 10TH VICTIM** (in Italian).

THE MOVIE HOUSES

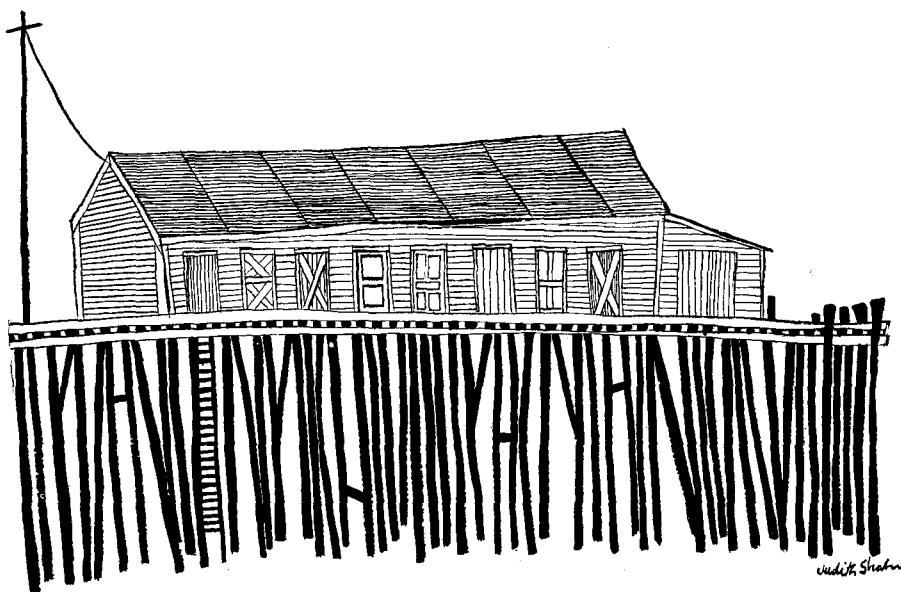
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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

- BEEKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
LADY L.
- 68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through May 31: **THE GROUP**.
From June 1: "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.
- TOWER EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).
- 72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 31: **OUR MAN FLINT**; and **WHERE THE SPIES ARE**.
From June 1: To be announced.
- TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Blindfold," Rock Hudson, Claudia Cardinale.
- R.K.O. 86TH ST.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw.
- ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison.

WEST SIDE

- BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
May 26: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** and **THE IDIOT** (both in French and both revivals).
May 27-30: **8 1/2** and **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (both in Italian and both revivals).
From May 31: **M** (in German), revival; **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and "Day in the Country" (in French), revival.
- GARRICK**, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through May 28: "Rebel Without a Cause," revival, James Dean, Natalie Wood; and "East of Eden," revival, Julie Harris, James Dean.
May 29-31: **NOTHING BUT A MAN**, revival; and "The Fugitive Kind," revival, Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani.
From June 1: To be announced.
- WAVERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 31: "The Silencers," Dean Martin; and "Bambole!" (in Italian), revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.
From June 1: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian).
- 8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 31: **TRIO**, revival; and **QUARTET**, revival.
From June 1: To be announced.
- 5TH AVE. CINEMA**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through May 31: **TO DIE IN MADRID**.
From June 1: To be announced.
- SHERIDAN**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 31: **THE GROUP**.
From June 1: "That Man in Istanbul," Horst Buchholz; and "Weekend at Dunkirk," Jean-Paul Belmondo, Catherine Spaak.
- GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 28: **THUNDERBALL**; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.
May 29-31: **TOM JONES**, revival; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From June 1: "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.
- R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw.
- GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.
- 55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Dream of the Red Chamber" and "The Coin" (both with Mandarin dialogue).
- FESTIVAL**, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Clouds Over Israel" (in Hebrew).
- CINEMA RENDEZVOUS**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Sands of Beersheba," Diane Baker.
- LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"The Girl-Getters," Oliver Reed.
- CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
MEET ME IN MOSCOW (in Russian).
- LINCOLN ART**, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.
- PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Up to His Ears" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Ursula Andress.
- NEW YORKER**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Lotna" (in Polish); and "Salvatore Giuliano" (in Italian), revival.
- SYMPHONY**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 31: **THE GROUP**.
From June 1: **LORD LOVE A DUCK**; and "Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.
- THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 26: **PORT OF SHADOWS** and "The Devil's Envoys" (both in French and both revivals).
May 27: **SAPPHIRE**, revival; and **SHADOWS**, revival.
May 28: **THE TRIAL**, revival; and "Dirty Hands" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin.
May 29: "The Cool World," revival, Hampton Clanton; and "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty.
May 30: **THE TROUBLEMAKER**, revival; and "The Guest," revival, Donald Pleasence.
May 31: "On the Bowery" and "Come Back, Africa" (both revivals and both semi-documentary films).
June 1: "Ordet" (in Danish), revival; and "The Eternal Mask" (in German), revival.
- MIDTOWN**, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 31: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**; and "Ten Little Indians," Hugh O'Brian, Shirley Eaton.
From June 1: **DARLING**; and **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD**.





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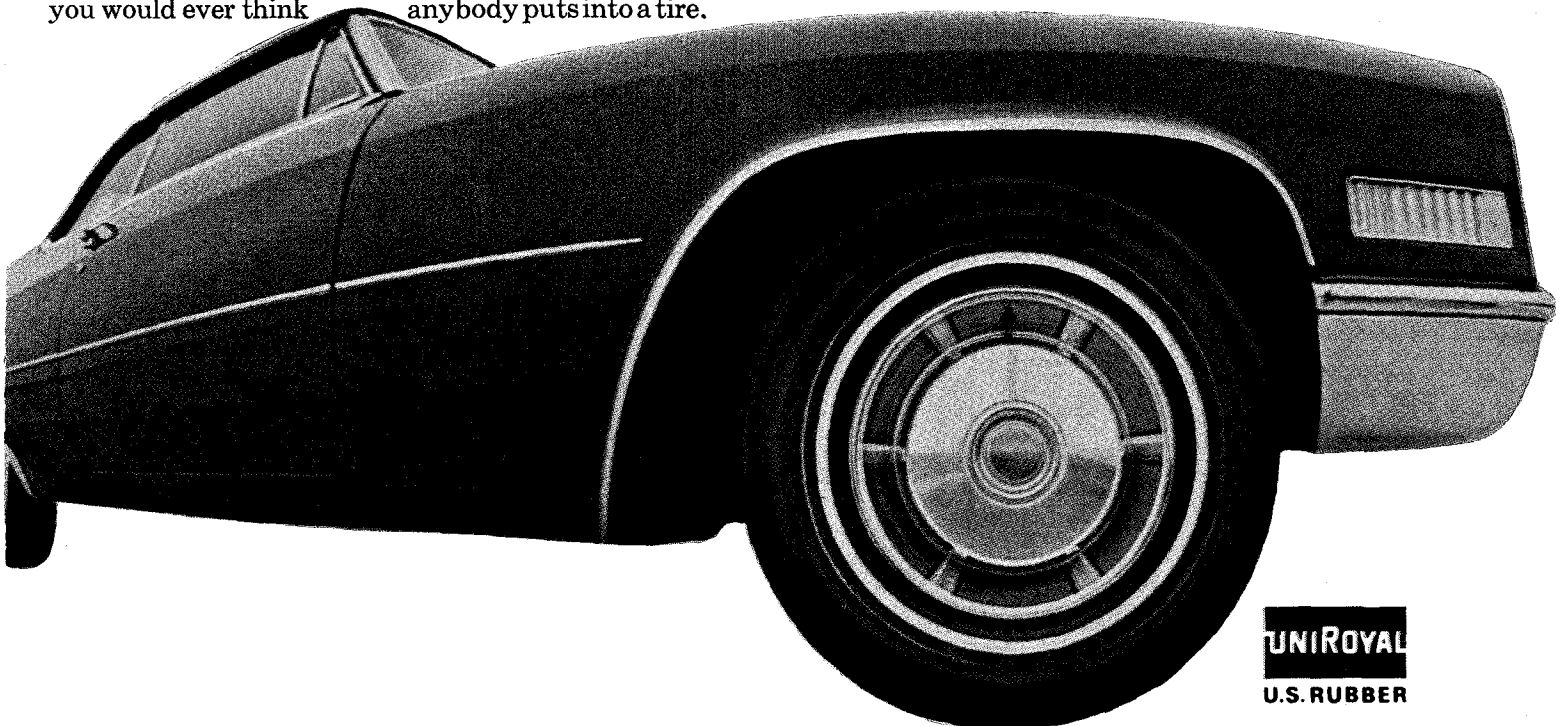
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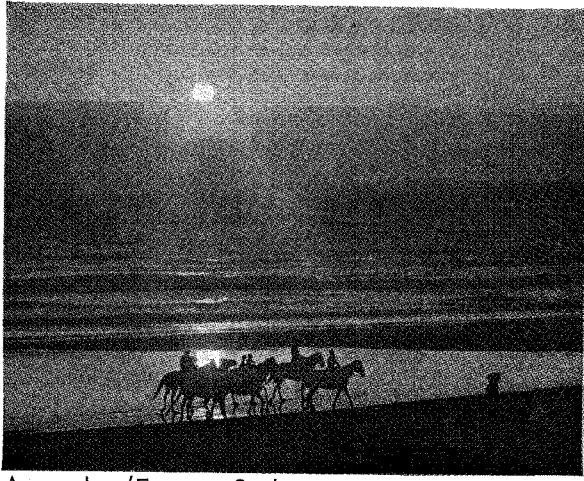
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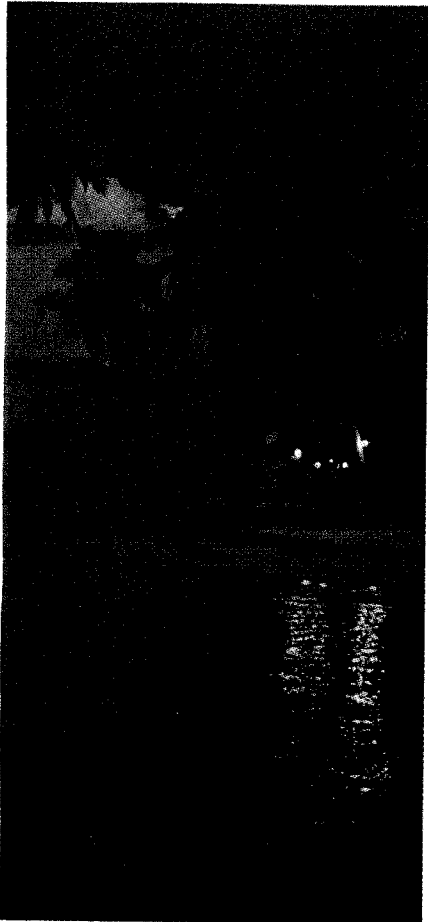
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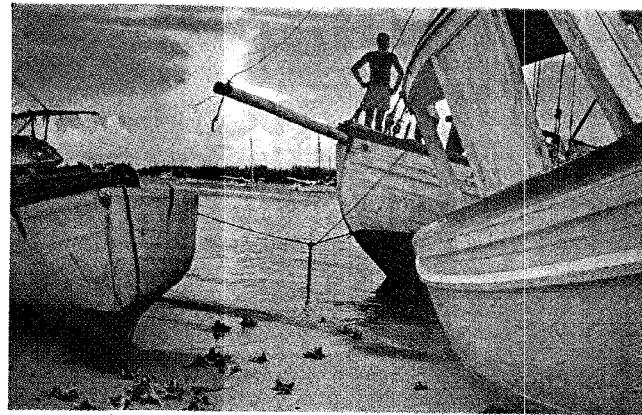
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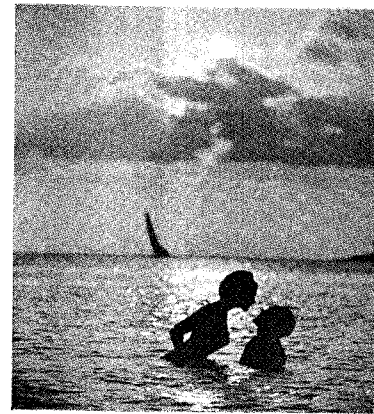
St. Petersburg/Tampa/Eastern Style



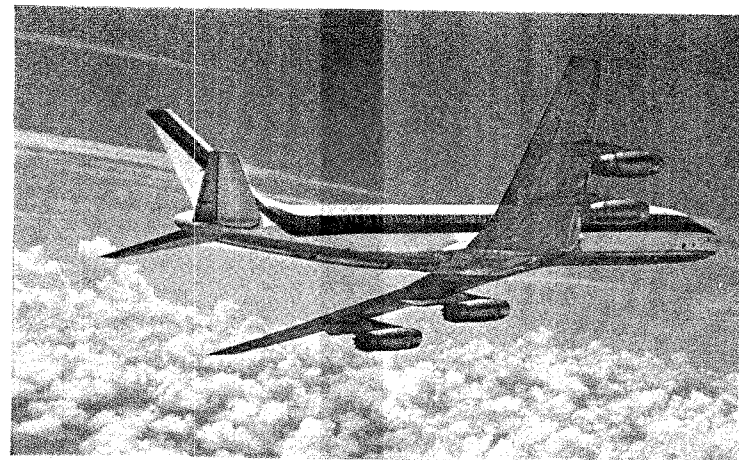
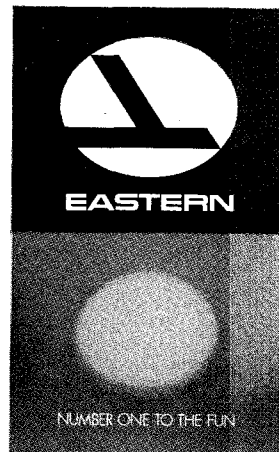
Miami Beach/Eastern Style



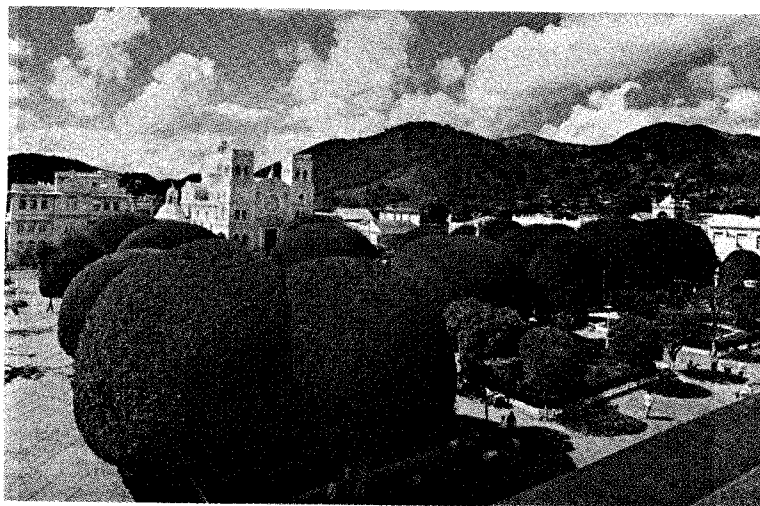
Nassau/Eastern Style



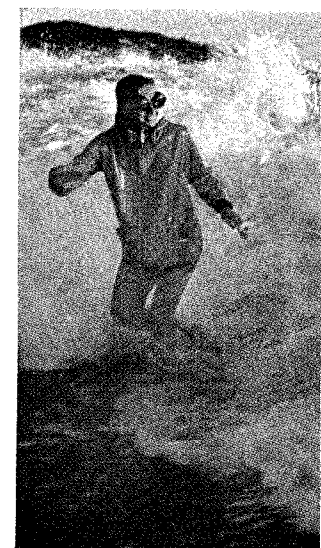
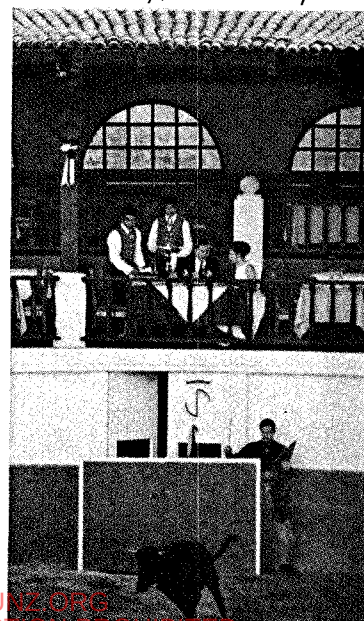
Bermuda/Eastern Style



Mexico City/Eastern Style

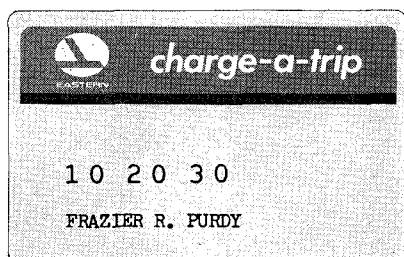


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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON a recent weekend, we were within earshot of a read-in by a brown thrasher. The unbridled, irresponsible mimicry of this cocoa-colored bird is not distinguished by very much art. His imitations are instantly recognizable, and instantly regrettable; if he were doing poets, one could be horrified by the torrent of bad Yeats, bad Hopkins, bad Thomas. However, the brown thrasher does some, or all, of his fellow-birds, including poets and non-poets, and everything he does seems good to him. The other day, he was doing blackbirds and



robins and song sparrows and towhees in rash echo of authentic songs all around him, but he was also drawing on his memory of other years for oven-birds and orioles who had not yet arrived on his scene. Invariably, the imitation was so easily identifiable that one knew immediately that it was supposed to be, say, an oriole, and yet so joyously wrong that one also knew that it could never have been produced by an oriole. Such is the biology, the entelechy, of the thrasher that he finds a few afternoons of spring riot quite enough to set his whole world back on an even keel. All the rest of the year, he leaves the reading-in to his somewhat more professional cousins the gray-trousered catbird and the mockingbird, and is himself a modest brown bird, casual on the lawns.

The It

A FEW days ago, we visited a class in non-verbal communication sponsored by the New York Society for

General Semantics. The class was being held at the East Hampton Gallery, on West Fifty-sixth Street, for the benefit of a group of twenty I.B.M. junior executives and office workers, and it consisted of an inspection of a show of "modular" paintings done by an artist named Cynthia Dantzic, and a discussion with her of her work. We arrived at the gallery before the I.B.M. people did, and found Mrs. Dantzic—an exceedingly thin, energetic assistant professor of art at Long Island University, who was wearing a black suit and had her hair done up in a bun—standing at the entrance. Inside, a few gallerygoers were looking at her pictures.

We asked Mrs. Dantzic if she could explain before the class arrived how her paintings applied to non-verbal communication, general semantics, or I.B.M. employees.

"Well," she said, "I'll have to show you non-verbally." She led us past a score of modular works—magnetized small paintings stuck on a steel blackboard to make a large painting—to a large one at the far end of the gallery. "I've been called the painter laureate of the Society for General Semantics," she said as she began moving the magnetized sections around. "My work non-verbally demonstrates all the general semanticists' philosophical principles. But I won't tell you the details, because that would be verbal." Finally, she produced the composition she was after, and turned back to us with triumph in her eyes. "Understand now?"

We said that we liked the way she'd rearranged it, but that we weren't sure about the communication part.

"That's it!" Mrs. Dantzic cried. "You said, 'Rearranged it.' The it! The it! The rr! Is there really an it that transcends both this arrangement and the seven hundred and twenty-two other arrangements I could make for you?"

While we were trying to decide whether or not her question was rhetor-

ical, Mrs. Dantzic wheeled about to regard a couple who were studying one of her paintings at a timid distance. "Rearrange!" she cried gaily to the gallery at large. "Change a few panels!"

A middle-aged woman approached a painting somewhat cautiously and turned one of its squares upside down.

Mrs. Dantzic nodded approvingly. "Everyone's so used to a hands-off kind of art," she said, returning to us. "I'm hurt when people come in and don't touch my work. I've made a painting a positive, active thing as well as something that sits on the wall and looks at you."

"Did you invent this technique?" we asked.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Dantzic replied. "I find it too exciting, almost, to tell you about! I think I've given the average viewer more freedom than any other painter alive. I'm a puzzle player. I thought you might guess. I became intrigued with the possibilities of Chinese tangrams. 'A creative mind must dare to follow a thought to its conclusion.' Who was it said that?"

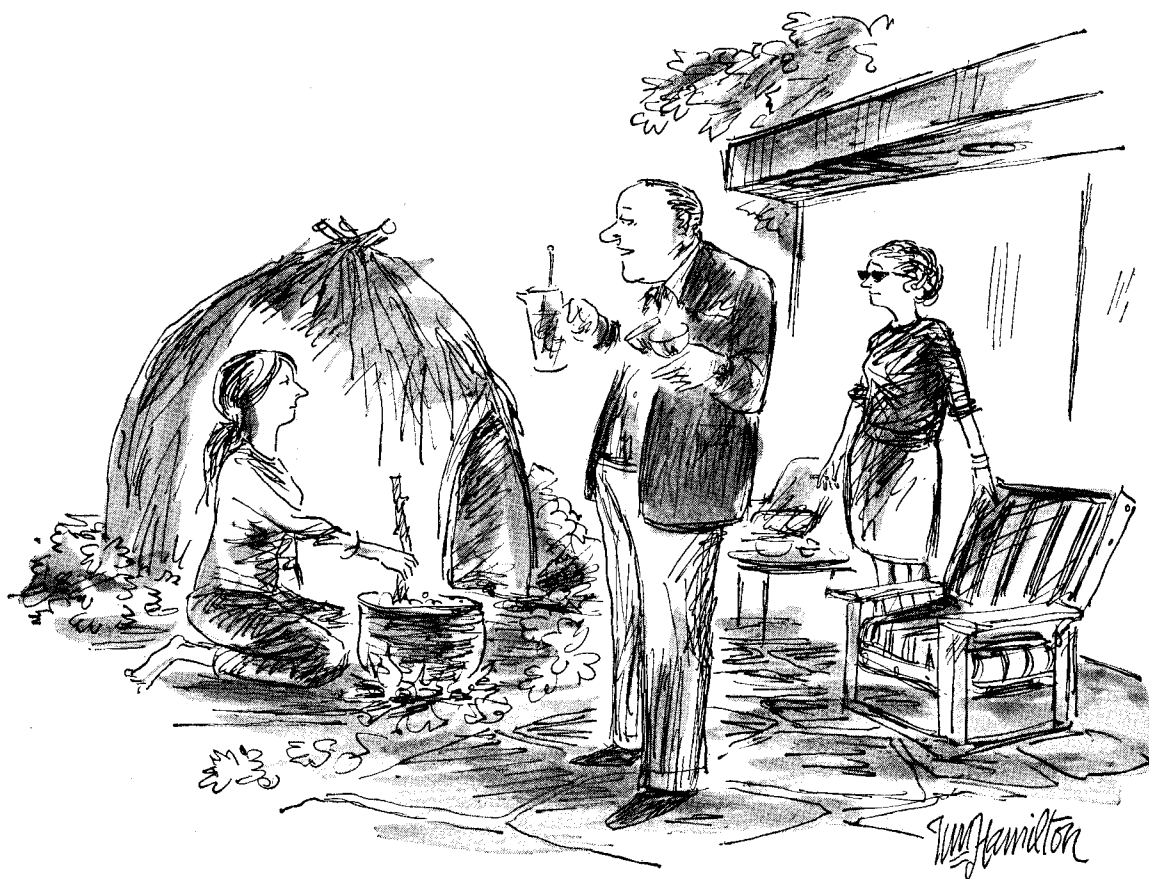
The I.B.M. class began to filter into the gallery, and Mrs. Dantzic rushed



off to greet the members and show them around. They were a good deal less inhibited about playing with the paintings than the ordinary gallerygoers had been. As they scurried about the gallery changing panels, we got the impression that the whole exhibition was in perpetual flux.

"Ooh, I like that! That's you! You created that!" we heard Mrs. Dantzic calling from across the room.

"I'm trying to make a butterfly," one man announced, and we noticed



"Sarah, we understand what a rich and meaningful experience the Peace Corps must have been, but we think it's time now for you to return to the ways of your own people."

that the painting he was rearranging produced different associative shapes.

Just to our right, a young man asked a shy young lady, "Would you like to change this one?"

"I don't think it needs me," she replied.

Before long, the I.B.M. group had gathered at the far end of the gallery in front of the painting Mrs. Dantzie had used to show us how modular paintings communicate. She explained that the modular concept defies Aristotle's basic laws, and thus represents the Korzybski principles of general semantics. "Aristotle's first law was that A equals A," she said. "Now I'll show you that A is not A. Do you believe it yet?" She selected a color in the painting which members of the group agreed was a "pea-soup green." By shifting the positions of the surrounding panels, the same color changed to light blue and then to deep purple. Therefore, green was not green.

"With this demonstration, we can also throw away Aristotle's second law—that a thing is either A or not A," Mrs. Dantzie continued. "Today we know that any event is defined by its environment." By some further

rearranging, she disproved Aristotle's third law—that a thing cannot be A and not A at the same time.

We quietly asked the fellow on our left if I.B.M. employees were required to take this course.

"It's strictly voluntary," he said. "Personal improvement."

"When you understand the possibilities, when you participate, your relationship to a painting grows," Mrs. Dantzie went on. "Of course, these relativistic notions may not matter to you in terms of art. But people *do* matter to you emotionally. General semanticists always love to speak on at least five levels at once. Suppose we applied modular standards to the color of the people who move in next door..."

Image

A BOSTONIAN we know who visits New York on business at least twice a month reports that he hailed a cab at LaGuardia Airport the other day and asked the driver to take him to the New York Hilton.

"Let's see," said the driver as he roared off into the traffic. "The Hil-

ton's at Fifty-third and the Avenue of the Americas, right?"

"Avenue of the Americas!" our friend exclaimed. "In all my years of coming to New York, I've never heard a single soul call Sixth Avenue the Avenue of the Americas."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I don't usually call it that," the driver said. "But once in a while I throw it in for sort of a change of pace, and anyway Avenue of the Americas sounds a little more Lindsay, if you know what I mean."

Beauty and Horror

WITH a busload of members of the Harvard Business School Club of New York, we recently made a tour of parks and playgrounds in Murray Hill, the lower East Side, Chelsea, Hell's Kitchen, and Harlem. Thomas P. F. Hoving, the city's new Commissioner of Parks,

acted as guide. Most of the Harvard businessmen brought their wives with them, and when the group collected on the sidewalk under the honey locusts in front of Parks Department headquarters, at Sixty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, on a cool May morning that felt like a day in October, they might well have been headed for Palmer Stadium or the Yale Bowl. (One man was carrying a coffee thermos in a plaid bag, and the color of the bus was flaming crimson.) The first actual stop, however, was going to be Sixth Street and Avenue D. When Hoving arrived, he was carrying a deep-orange rain slicker across the back of which were the words "DEPARTMENT OF PARKS, N.Y.C." Waiting for stragglers, he stood on the sidewalk and listened with interest as one of the Harvards identified himself as the owner of the ski-lift concession in Van Cortlandt Park. A Trans World Airlines public-relations man, an engineer at Acme Visible Records, bankers, brokers, and management consultants joined the crowd, and the bus revved. As Hoving was about to get aboard, a woman passing by on the sidewalk recognized him and called out, "Hello, Commissioner!

I'm the peony-tree lady. Remember me?"

"How are you, peony-tree lady?" Hoving called back.

She asked where he was going.

"We are organized vandals, going out to increase vandalism in the city parks," he told her. "We are going on a tour of beauty and horror."

The bus doors shut. The secretary of the club introduced Hoving and handed him a microphone. "Good morning," Hoving said. "I'm your cruise director." And for three hours his amplified voice filled the bus. He paused rarely, and seldom repeated himself.

As the bus rounded the corner of Sixty-second Street and Second Avenue and began to move south, he said, "Most city playgrounds have been built in the W.P.A. style of park design. Swings, slides, seesaws, and a comfort station. The same things, in the same unimaginative order, have been repeated all over the city, in park after park. It's the oldest architectural style in the Western world. The designers who planned these things almost never visited the sites. Nine hundred city playgrounds look alike."

At Second Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, Hoving asked the driver to pause beside a vacant lot—perhaps two-thirds of an acre. It was a vest-pocket wasteland of fill dirt and rubble; however, as Hoving began to describe the airy terraces and sunken sandpits, the wall by Second Avenue ("with hints of entry"), the trees, pools, and shaded retreats that would soon be there, he all but caused Coleridge himself to appear, pen in hand, trying to get it all down before Hoving left and the spell was broken.

At Second Avenue and Nineteenth Street, the bus passed a black-topped playground surrounded by a high Cyclone fence. Hoving, who holds a Ph.D. in art history, said, "Here we have an example of the Late Middle Mature Period of the W.P.A. Asphalt-Concrete Style."

At Sixth Street and Avenue D, Hoving led the way out of the bus and into the Jacob Riis housing project, a particularly redundant stand of high, dull, brick buildings, where seventy-three hundred people, half of them Puerto Rican, make their homes. "This is what a park can be," he said, walking into a new, three-acre work of such remarkable beauty that all the Harvard people began to chatter in delight. Terraces soared or fell away, leading upward to secluded plazas or downward to the stage of a deep am-

phitheatre and on into walkways and playgrounds, all separately defined but free of inhibiting fences. "Though the park is in use, it isn't officially open yet," Hoving said. "It will be next week, when Lady Bird Johnson comes up and passes the wand over it." He pointed out that the new park had replaced an old one, which had been flat and had consisted of wood-and-concrete benches under rows of plane trees. The designer, M. Paul Friedberg, had kept most of the plane trees, welling them where his terraces rose above the original grade level. In the amphitheatre, which holds about a thousand people, the old grade level is halfway down the tiers of seats, and plane trees are growing there, more or less as permanent members of the audience. On summer days, four great water jets will arc into the air from the theatre seats and meet in a splash of children in the center of the concrete stage. A cascade of water will flow down into the theatre from one side, around the stage, and on into pools and more cascades in the rest of the park. Mobilization for Youth will book entertainment into the

amphitheatre. "They want to try everything," Hoving said. "Jazz bands, Off Broadway plays, Shakespeare. The Joffrey Ballet is going to do its 'Opus 65' here—a takeoff on rock 'n' roll. It'll be wild."

In elevated beds, begonias and geraniums were in bloom. Large blocks of dark wood had been placed in the beds in diverting patterns. "It's impossible to keep children from climbing into the flower beds, so the blocks are there," Hoving said. "The children stay on them and almost never jump on the plants." A little farther on, children were climbing up an igloo made of cobblestones. There were entryways into its mysterious interior, and a steel slide had been built into one side. "Most ordinary slides are eight and a half feet high, and kids can fall that entire distance onto their heads," Hoving said. "On this igloo, they are safe. They can tumble, but they can't fall. Isn't this place great? It was built with private funds. It cost the Vincent Astor Foundation nine hundred thousand dollars, and it was constructed in nine months. If it had been built with city funds, it



"Oh, I beg your pardon!"

would have cost more than two million dollars, and it would have taken at least three years. Most construction paid for by the city is still done according to 1938 specifications and 1938 ideas. You can't build anything nowadays to 1938 specifications. In the Department of Parks, I have thrown them out. Look at this place. It breaks old standards, old specifications, and gets into something that creates an environment. It's a model for future ideas. Look at these lights." All over the park were big white globes on slim lampposts, each globe about two feet in diameter. "The designer was not pinioned by the tastes of the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity," Hoving said. Then he called attention to a gap that had been left in a brick wall. It was about a foot and a half wide and deep enough to contain a child. "Children sometimes like to go into places like that and just sit and think," he said. A small pack of children had been following Hoving and the Harvard people around the park. One of the children went into the gap and stayed there, but he did not sit down.

The bus went on to Tompkins Square Park, at Tenth Street and Avenue A. After the Jacob Riis common, this one was a shock to the eye. Fences, fences, fences. There were snow fences, iron fences, and long concrete benches with wooden backs, which, in effect, were fences as well. As one's view passed through one fence after another, it became lost in interstitial gloom. All the iron fencing was painted black. "Notice the refreshing lack of fences," Hoving said. "Notice the terracing in this concentration camp, the free movement from space to space. It's really a pretty big mess—a typical W.P.A. scar. This park was redesigned in 1964, and those fences are actually only two years old." A few hundred tons of dirt were mounded incongruously in the middle of the park. "That is Mount Hoving," Hoving said proudly. "It's the only place in the park where children collect to play. They sledged on it last winter. They sculpture it. In January, I was presented with a fifteen-page memo saying why that pile of dirt should be removed. The memo was written by several people in the Parks Department, some of whom are no longer there."

"It would be nice if we could have more grass and flowers in our parks," one of the Harvard wives said. "Like London."

"London would be the city to emulate," Hoving agreed. "But we can never do that. We don't have its delicious rain."

Someone wanted to know if Hoving thought New York could ever have an amusement center comparable to the Tivoli, in Copenhagen.

"Tivoli was started in 1843," Hoving said. "It grew naturally over a long period of time. You can't just build it whole. But we would like to try something like it on Welfare Island. What we need is an amusement park with more taste than Disney but the same appeal."

Hoving's tour route next went along Canal Street and past Sara Delano Roosevelt Park—an elongated series of benches, horseshoe pits, and shuffleboard squares, running on for many blocks. "As we drive by this beauty, we don't see much activity right now," Hoving said. "But this is one of the needle parks. It is one of the three or four top gathering places for people addicted to serious drugs—also degenerates, derelicts, and dangerous alcoholics. No amount of beautification will cure that. It doesn't really help to kick them out, either. After they cracked down on the addicts in Times Square, all the Times Square types suddenly appeared on the Promenade in Brooklyn Heights. I am trying to get my own police force, and that is really causing shouts and screams all over the city. The problem of violence and disorderly people in the parks is the same as the problem of violence in the subways. When people learned that there was going to be a cop on every subway

platform and on every subway train, public confidence returned. At the moment, half of the city's parks have no staff of any kind, let alone police who are assigned to stay in them."

Passing Chelsea Park, at Twenty-eighth Street and Ninth Avenue, Hoving said, "Note the Daumier 'Third-Class Carriage' arrangement of the park benches." The benches were lined up back to back, in military rows, in front of an unleavened brick building. "That building in the middle of the park there belongs to the Board of Health," Hoving went on. "People who are waiting for treatment sit on the benches, which are set out as if they were in a police station and the people were to be punished."

At Twelfth Avenue and Fifty-first Street, the Commissioner discussed recreation piers—park areas over the water. "One big problem is that this river is more polluted than the Ganges," he said.

Just then, the rectangle of water between Piers 91 and 92 came into view, and floating in it was a considerable amount of gross, marinating flotsam. A Harvard man said, "I once fished in the Hudson at Seventy-ninth Street."

"What did you catch?" Hoving asked.

"A fish."

"Did you eat it?"

"No."

"That's the best thing you did that day."

Moments later, the group got out of the bus again, this time to enter De Witt Clinton Park, at Fifty-fourth Street and Twelfth Avenue. Pigeons were shuffling around underfoot. "How do you feel about all these pigeons?" one of the wives asked Hoving.

"A pigeon is a rat with feathers," the Commissioner said, and then credited the line to the city's Board of Health. Moving on into De Witt Clinton, he said, "A few months ago, this park was an uninhabitable mess. We started something called Operation Spruce-Up around the first of March. The idea is to put large crews together: pruners, ironworkers, asphalters, painters, carpenters—a gang of benevolent locusts. In a few days they can really change things. We've done eighteen parks since we started." De Witt Clinton Park's most prominent feature is a large turf base-



ball field. It became popular as a soccer field several years ago, when sailors from foreign ships docked at nearby piers began to play there. The Parks Department quickly erected large signs that said, "ABSOLUTELY NO SOCCER PLAYING." The soccer players used one of the signs as part of a goalpost. In March, Hoving had the signs removed. "You can't legislate community interest," he said. "The sailors are part of the community while they're here." He stopped at a flagpole in the center of the park. "Almost every park until now has had one of those flagpoles," he said. "They cost thirteen thousand dollars apiece. We're not continuing them."

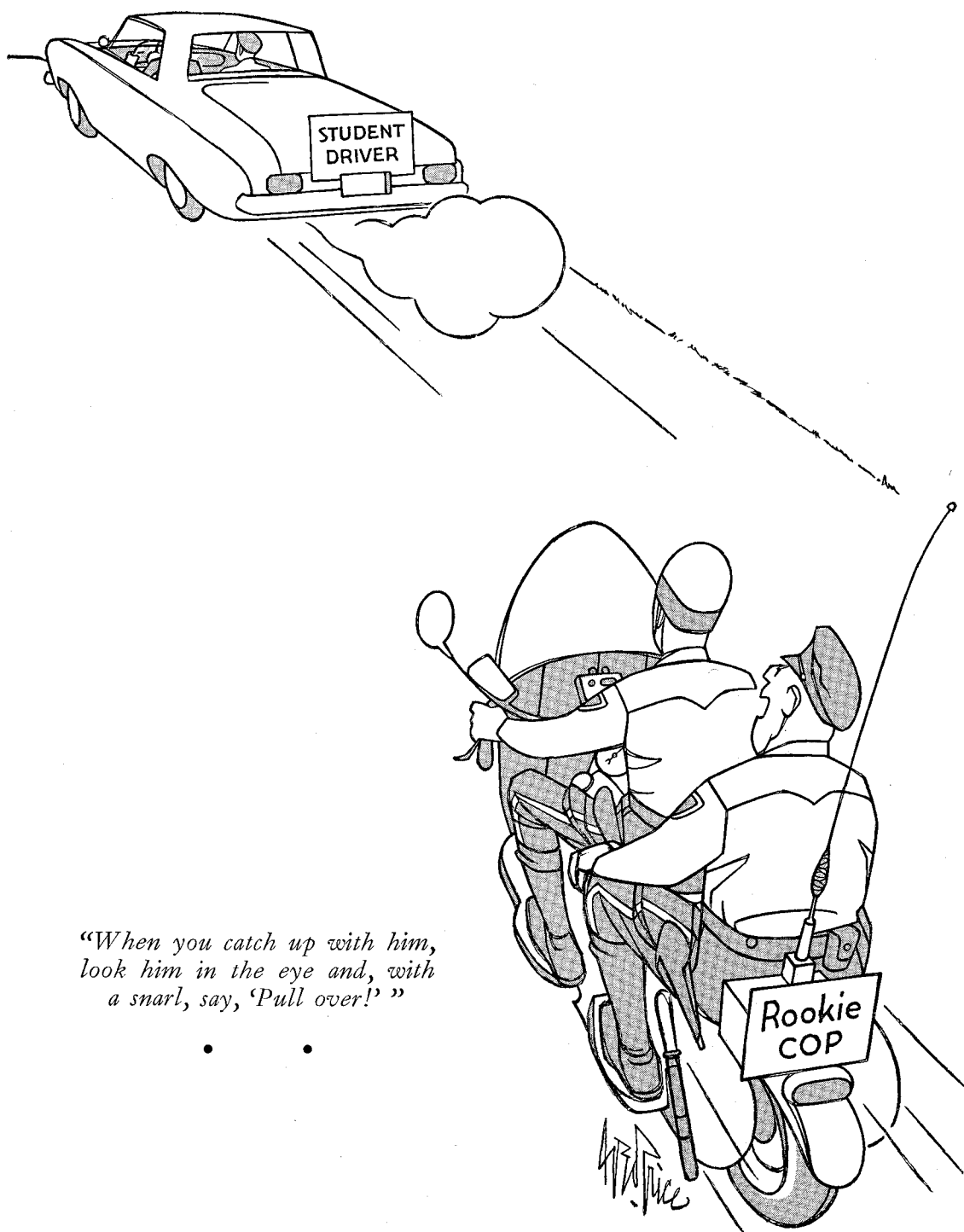
In one block in Harlem—128th Street between Fifth and Lenox Avenues—there are three vest-pocket parks. Two are in spaces where brownstones have been demolished. Hoving marched in and out of them with pride. One contained a rowboat mounted on blocks and a jungle gym in the general shape of a Yankee Clipper. "That jungle gym cost three hundred and fifty dollars," Hoving said. "These little parks are not expensive. If we own the land, we rent it to the people in the block for about fifteen dollars a year. We do these parks on the Betty Crocker principle. You know—add an egg. We put in most of the equipment, but the people in the block do something by themselves. That mural, for example." On the wall of a brownstone that abutted the park was a scene—in bright orange, red, blue, and green—of three ducks playing bongo drums under a stand of coconut palms.

The third, and smallest, of the vest-pocket parks on 128th Street has a sidewalk frontage of about seventy feet, but it is only twenty feet deep. Nonetheless, it has been filled with twenty-three plane-tree saplings, and in ten years it will be the world's densest small forest. Meanwhile, the bright-yellow back wall of the park remains visible. Ivy and yellow pansies are

growing from conical planters, and there are benches in corners that in summer will be cool and in shadow. "This is a great block," Hoving said. "But we need these things everywhere. We have found that only people in the immediate block use the small parks. Larger parks draw people from as far as eight blocks away, but that seems to be the maximum. The Department owns about fourteen thousand acres of land that is usable for parks. Also, there are twenty-seven thousand eight hundred parcels of land in the ownership of various city agencies. One-third of them are vacant. They are filled with mattresses, garbage, and other, viler

castoffs. We want to turn some of them into temporary parks."

In a month or so, Commissioner Hoving is going to race from Bermuda to Copenhagen as a member of the foredeck gang of a sloop called Blixart. He told the Harvard men—as the bus moved down upper Fifth Avenue on its way back to Parks Department headquarters—that he is about to build a connecting flume between two wading pools in Central Park, so that little boys can sail paper sloops a distance of two hundred feet. "Some of us remember doing that in gutters," he said. "Little things can add a lot."





"Mirror, mirror, on the wall, what fun couple is the most fun of all?"

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

RUMANIANS notoriously are marked by delusions of eminence and persecution, and Madame Gisèle does not encourage them among her clientele. She never can tell when they are trying to acquire information, or present some grievance that were better taken to a doctor or the police. Like all expatriates in Paris, they are concerned with the reactions of total strangers. She is expected to find in the cards the functionary who sneered, the flunky who behaved like a jailer, the man who, for no reason, stared too long at the plates of the car. Madame Gisèle prefers her settled clients—the married women who sit down to say, “When is my husband going to die?” and “What about the man who smiles at me every morning on the bus?” She can find him easily: There he is—the jack of hearts. One of the queens is not far away, along with the seven of diamonds turned upside down. Forget about him. He is supporting his mother and has already deserted a wife.

Amalia Moraru has been visiting Madame Gisèle for two years now. She has been so often, and her curiosity is so flickering and imprecise, that Madame Gisèle charges her for time, like a garage. Amalia asks questions about her friend Marie.

“Marie used to be so pretty,” Amalia begins, taking no notice of Madame Gisèle’s greeting, which is “You again!” “Thirty years ago we used to say she looked French. That was a compliment in Bucharest. You know, we are a Latin race in that part of the country. . . .”

Madame Gisèle, who is also Rumanian but from one of the peripheral provinces, replies, “Who cares?” She and Amalia both speak their language badly. Amalia was educated in French, which was the fashion for Bucharest girls of her background thirty years ago, while the fortune-teller is at home in a Slavic-sounding dialect.

“Marie must be very ill now,” Amalia says cautiously, “to have stopped looking so French. Last night in the Place du Marché St.-Honoré, people were staring at her. She smiles at anyone. My husband thinks she has lost her mind. Her legs are swollen. What do you see? Heart trouble? Circulation?”

“Overwork. What makes you think you look French?”

A long glance in the magic hand mirror, lying face upward on the table, assures Amalia that if she does not seem French it is entirely to her credit. Her collar is pressed, her hair is coiled

and railed in by pins. She tries something else: “I have Marie’s new X-rays—the ones she’s had taken for the Americans.”

“I’ve already told you, I am not a doctor.”

“You could look at them. You can tell so much from just a snapshot sometimes.”

“I can in a normal consultation. You brought me a picture once. You said, ‘This is my old friend in Bucharest. Do you see a journey for her?’ ‘Everyone travels,’ I told you. But I did look, and I did see a journey. . . .”

“You even saw the broken light bulbs in the train, and the unswept floors,” says Amalia, encouraging her.

“I know what Rumanian trains have been like since the war. Your friend came to Paris. What more did you want?”

“Why hasn’t she said anything about the money certain people owe her? What does Marie think about certain people when she is alone?”

Madame Gisèle will not look in the hand mirror, or the ball, she will not burn candles to collect the wax, because Amalia pays a low rate for her time. She does keep one hand on the cards, in case a question should be asked she feels she can answer. The seven of hearts would indicate the trend of Marie’s most secret thoughts, but Madame Gisèle cannot find it. When she does, nothing around it makes sense.

“*Succès légers en amour*,” announces Madame Gisèle, who is accustomed to making such statements in French.

“Jesus Maria. We are talking about an old woman. Try again.”

“*Cadeau agréable*.”

“She buys presents, but I’ve already told you that. What is she thinking *this minute*?”

“Cut the cards yourself. Left hand. . . . *Naissance*,” says Madame Gisèle, examining the result. “Monday is a bad day. Go home and come back on a Friday.”

Amalia supposes that on this April day Marie is collecting more information about herself for the Americans. Marie hopes to emigrate before long. From time to time she receives a letter requesting a new piece of evidence for her file. She is enjoying April, or pre-

tends to. She waddles to the flower market when she can, and has already brought Amalia the first yellow daffodils of the year. “Make a wish,” says Marie. Her teeth are like leaves in winter now. Does she really think the Americans will let her into the country with that ruined smile? “The first daffodils—wish on them, Amalia. Wish for something.” Marie is always wishing. Amalia could understand it in a young person, but at Marie’s age what is it all about?

This is not a pleasant April. Some mornings the air is so white and still you might expect a fall of snow, and at night the sky expands, as it does in December.

“Marie is lucky,” Amalia remarks, to Madame Gisèle. “She came here when there was plenty of work, and nobody thinks of saying ‘refugee’ anymore. She has her own passport. Dino and I have never had one. She doesn’t know how things were for us fifteen, sixteen years ago. We gave a pearl ring for one CARE parcel, but it had been sold three times and there was nothing in it except rancid butter and oatmeal.”

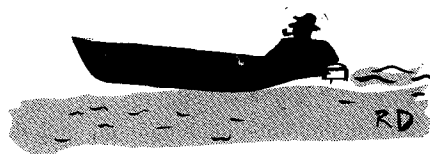
Madame Gisèle is trying again for the seven of hearts. Amalia feels a draft and tugs the collar of her coat around her neck. All over Paris the heating has been turned off too soon. Marie must suffer with the cold. She is a *corsetière*, and kneels to fat women all day. Her legs, her knees, her wrists, her fingers are bloated—she looks like a carving in stone.

“*Rendez-vous la nuit*,” says Madame Gisèle. “Look, I am sick of your friend Marie. Either she knows and is laughing at us or it is you bringing low-class spirits in the room.”

“Not laughing—wishing.”

ON an April evening Marie, in slow march time, approaches her house and sixth-floor room in the Place du Marché St.-Honoré. Her legs are thick as boots. Crossing the street she suddenly stands still and begins to watch the sky. You would think her mind was drifting if you could see her, choosing to block traffic at the worst moment of the day, staring at the new moon and the planet Venus. She is making a wish. Amalia, who lives on the same square, has seen her doing it. Marie stares as if the sky were a reflecting sheet; perhaps what Marie sees against blue Venus is the streaky movement of cars behind her, and the shadow of her own head.

Peering into Madame Gisèle’s magic hand mirror again to see what she can see, Amalia does not recognize her own face. Two years ago, when she





"How about seconds? I'm serving two terms concurrently."

knew that Marie would be coming to Paris, Amalia dyed her graying hair. Later, she saw her reflection in the glass covering an old photograph of Marie (the photograph taken to Madame Gisèle for mystical guesswork) and she saw two faces and believed them to be both her own. What am I now, she wondered. I am the one I left and the other one I became. Marie is still herself. . . . Now Amalia knows she was mistaken; Marie is also two. When Marie did arrive in Paris, when she got down from the train that terrifying morning and lumbered toward them, out of the past, holding out her arms, Dino and Amalia would never have known her if Marie had not cried out their names. They had been waiting all night for the past, and they were embraced by a ridiculous stranger who had no one to love but them. Dino pushed out his lips in the Eastern grimace of triumph and contempt, but close to his frightened heart, with his work permit and residence permit and proof of existence and assurance of identity and evidence of domicile, he carried—still carries—a folded piece of paper covered with figures in red ink. It is a statement of account for Marie, if ever she should ask for it. It will show how little Dino received for the rings and gold pieces she gave Amalia when Dino and Amalia left Bucharest sixteen years ago. "Send for me later," Marie had said, and they kissed on the promise. Dino has a round face, blond hair, small uptilted blue eyes, and a nose like a cork

on a bottle, but of course he is pure Rumanian—a Latin, that is. There is not a drop of foreign blood in any of them: no Greek, no Turkish, no Magyar, no Slav, no Teuton, no Serb. He is represented in the cards by the king of clubs, a dark card, but Amalia prefers it to diamonds. Diamonds mean "stranger."

Madame Gisèle turns the hand mirror face down, because when Amalia looks in it she is getting more than her money's worth.

"Oh, why did Marie ever come here?" Amalia says. In Bucharest they would have given her a pension, in time. They might have sent her to a rest home on the Black Sea. Who will look after her during the long, last illness every émigré dreads? Amalia wonders, "What if Marie is insane?"

With the word "insane" she is trying to describe Marie's wishing, her belief that the planets can hear. Amalia is an old expatriate; she knows how to breathe under water. Marie is too old to learn. She belongs to irrecoverable time—that has been the trouble from the beginning. She came to Paris nearly two years ago, and has been wishing for something ever since.

This is a common story. Madame Gisèle's clients are forever worried about lunacy in friends and loved ones. With her left hand she cuts the deck and peers at the queen of diamonds—the stranger, the mortal enemy, the gossip and poisoner of the mind. Surely not Marie?

"Your friend is not insane," says Madame Gisèle abruptly. "She found work without your help. She has found a room to live in."

"Yes, by talking to a Rumanian on the street! What Rumanian? What do we know about him? She talks to anybody. Why did she leave certain people who made a home for her even when they had no room, and even bought her a bed? She found work, yes, but she spends like a fool. Why does she bring certain people the first strawberries of the season? They haven't asked for anything. They can live on soup and apples. Marie is old and sick and silly. She says, 'Look, Amalia, look at the new moon.' What do you know about Marie? You don't know anything."

"Why do you come, if you don't want to hear what I say?" shouts Madame Gisèle, in her village dialect. "Your brain is mildewed, your husband murdered his mother, your friend is a whore!"

These are standard insults and no more offensive than a sneeze. "*Parlons français*," says Amalia, folding her hands on Marie's X-rays. She will furnish proof of Marie's dementia, if she can—it seems an obligation suddenly.

"I am the last to deny that Marie was a whore," she begins. "She was kept by a married man. When Dino and I were engaged and I brought him to her flat for the first time, she answered the door dressed in her underwear. But remember that in Bucharest we are a Latin race, and in the old days it was not uncommon for a respectable man to choose an apartment, select the furniture, and put a woman in it. After this man's wife died, he would have married Marie, but it was too late. He was too ill. Marie nursed this man when he was dying. She could have left with Dino and me but she stayed."

"It was easier for two to come out than three," says Madame Gisèle, to whom this is not a complete story. "Certain people may have encouraged her to stay behind."

"If everyone left, what would become of the country?" says Amalia, which is what every old émigré has to say about new arrivals. "Listen to me. I think Marie is insane."

ONE day, soon after Marie had come to Paris, before she had found work in a shop by talking to a Rumanian on the street, Amalia walked with her in the gardens of the Champs-Élysées. It was by no means a promenade; Amalia was on one of the worried errands that make up her

day—this time, going to the snack bar where the cook, who is from Bucharest, saves stale bread for people who no longer need it. Once you have needed this bread, you cannot think of its going to anyone else. Marie walked too slowly—her legs hurt her, and she was admiring the avenue. Amalia left her under a chestnut tree. If the tree had opened and encased Marie, Amalia would have thought, God is just, for Marie was a danger, and her presence might pull Amalia and Dino back and down to trouble with the police, which is to say the floor of the sea.

"Listen, Marie," began Amalia to herself, having disposed of Marie on a bench. "We never sent for you because we never were ready. You've seen the hole we live in? We bought it with your rings. We sleep in a cupboard—it has no windows. That piece of cotton hanging is a door. We call this a dining room because it has a table and three chairs—we bought the third chair when we knew you were coming. There is your new bed, between the chair and the curtain. Dino will curse you every time he stumbles against it. The trees of Paris? The flower stalls? We have the biggest garage of Paris in the middle of our square. The square should be called Place du Garage St.-Honoré now. I want to tell you also that most of the things you gave me were worth nothing. Only diamonds matter, and the best were stolen when we were coming through Bulgaria and Greece. When we first came to live here, where the garage stands now there were baskets of fruit and flowers."

Returning with her newspaper parcel of stale bread, Amalia looks for Marie. Marie has vanished. Amalia understands that some confused wishing of her own, some abracadabra pronounced without knowing its powers, has caused her old friend to disintegrate. She, Amalia, will be questioned about it.

Marie is not far away. She has left the bench and is sitting on the ground. Pigeons cluster around her—they go to anyone. Her eyes are globed with tears. The tears are suspended, waiting, and every line of her body seems hurt and waiting for greater pain. Whatever has hurt her is nothing to what is to come. Amalia rushes forward, calling. Marie is not crying at all. She holds out a chestnut. "Look," she says.

"Where did it come from?" cries Amalia wildly, as if she has forgotten where she is.

Marie gets to her feet like a great cow. "It was still in its case; it must be left over from last year."

"They turn dark and ugly in a minute," says Amalia, and she throws it away.

As proof of madness this is fairly thin, except for the part about sitting on the ground. Amalia, remembering that she is paying for time, now takes the tack that Madame Gisèle is con-

cealing what she knows. "It is up to you to convince me," she says. "Will Marie go to America?"

"Everyone travels," says Madame Gisèle.

Well, that is true. The American consulate is full of ordinary tourists who can pay their passage and will see, they hope, Indian ceremonial dances. Amalia is told that scholars are admitted to the great universities for a year, two years, with nothing required, not even a knowledge of English. Who will want Marie, who actually does speak a little English but has nonsensical legs, no relations, and thinks she can sell corsets in a store? Marie filled out the forms they gave her months ago, and received a letter saying, "You are not legible."

"How funny," said the girl in the consulate when Marie and Amalia returned with the letter. "They mean eligible."

"What does it mean?" said Marie.

"It is a mistake, but it means you can't go to the United States. Not as your situation is now."

"If it is a mistake—"

"One word is a mistake."

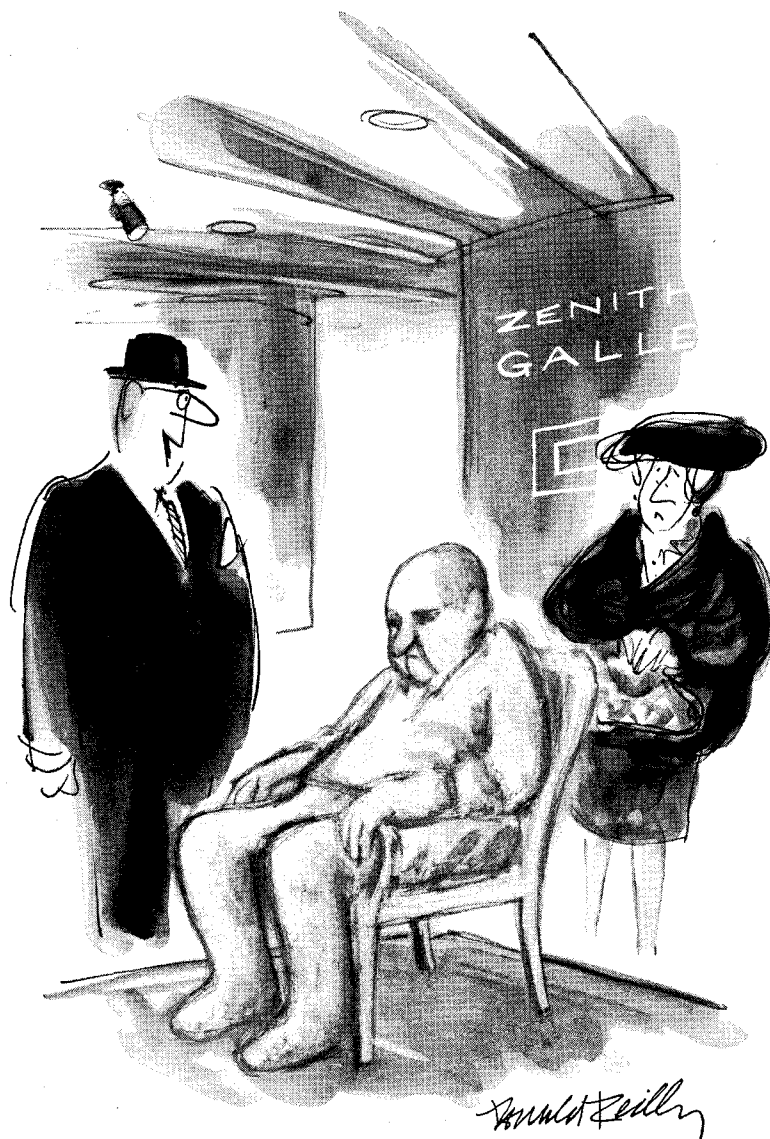
"Then the whole letter might be wrong."

To Amalia, standing beside her, Marie seems unable to support something just then—perhaps the weight of her own clothes. Amalia reviews her friend's errors—her broken English, her plucked eyebrows, her flat feet in glossy shoes, the fact that she stayed in Rumania when it was time to leave and left when it was better to stay. "Will my clothes be all right for there?" says Marie, because Amalia is staring.

"You may not be going. Didn't you hear the young lady?"

"This isn't the last word, or the last letter. You will see." Marie is confident—she shows her broken teeth.

Madame Gisèle is interested, though she has heard this before. She



"Aesthetics aside, it would be someone to talk to while I'm away on business trips."

cuts the deck and says, "Here it is—*réception d'une missive peu compréhensible.*"

"Pff—fourteen months ago that was," says Amalia. "Then they wrote and asked for centimetre-by-centimetre enlargements of the pictures of her lungs. You haven't told me why Marie left the friends who had bought her a bed."

"Because she found a room by talking to another Rumanian on the street."

"That is true. But she had the room for days, weeks even, before she decided to leave."

"Something must have made her decide," says Madame Gisèle. "No one can say I am not trying, but your questions are not clear. I am expecting another client, and I have to take the dog out."

"There must be another reason. Look again."

EVERY evening when she came home from work, Marie helped Amalia chop the vegetables for the evening soup. They sat face to face across a thick board on which were the washed leeks, the potatoes, the onions, and the parsley. Amalia wondered if she and Marie looked the same, with their hands misshapen and twisted and the false meekness of their bent heads. Living had bent them, Amalia would begin to say, and emigration, and being women, and oh, she supposed, the war. "At least you didn't marry a peasant," Amalia said once. "At least I know what class I am from. My ancestors could read and write from the time of Julius Caesar, and my grandfather owned his own house." Marie said nothing. "If only we had been men," said Amalia, "or had any amount of money, or lived on a different continent . . ." She looked up, dreaming, the knife in abeyance.

Sometimes Amalia spoke of Dino. Sometimes she giggled as if she and Marie were still Bucharest girls, convent-trained, French-prattling, with sleek Turkish hair, Greek noses, long amber eyes, and not a drop of foreign blood. "Your apartment, Marie?" It was white and gold, Amalia remembered, and there was a row of books that turned out to be not Balzac at all but a concealed bar. There was an original pastel drawing of a naked girl on a diving board, and a musical powder box that played "Valentine." "After I married Dino, we came back sometimes and sat on the white chairs and watched your friends dancing—do you remember, Marie?—and we waited until they had gone, and you would lend us a little

ELEGY: E. W.

Ah, comic officer and gentleman,
Kneeling on stone and falling through the air
In R. M. battle dress, sitting a horse,
Marrying gentry, getting a divorce,
Rushing the Season up to Town, and then
Reclusing it in Zomerzet again,
Rising above your station, taking train
From it to the interior of the brain,
Sending up slyly your establishers,
Turning the world off with a click, a curse
From your stark armory of bolted words,
Mimicking to the life, the death, the fools
Through whose void headpieces Britannia rules
Her residue, impersonating an
Irascible, irrational old man
Full of black humors and still darker flights
Beyond aphotic shores on jetty nights
To madness real or bogus, telling all
To a confessor in a grated stall
And stepping shriven, bent, and arrogant
From holy mutter into worldly cant,
Embracing traces of the English past
In all their fossil arbitrariness,
Embodying Highgate's mezzotint
And Mayfair's sopranino *ton*, and yet,
As well, the ground bass of Commercial Street,
You wrote us, first and last, in permanent
Ink and perduring words, a testament
Of how it was in our uneven years:
Laughter in bed, our long index of fears,
Bad manners, time killed callously, a war
Always impending, love abandoned for
Short-term investments, and at long term's end
Aloneness's monolith on every hand.

Ironie officer and gentleman,
We say goodbye with a slight tear perhaps
Ironie in intent also, although
As grave and serious at heart as you.

—L. E. SISSMAN

money—we always paid it back—and you gave me a fox scarf, and a pin that showed a sleeping fawn, and a hat made of sequins, and perfume from France—Shalimar. I kept the empty bottle. Your life was French. . . ." It has always seemed that the old flat furnished by Marie's dead friend is the real Paris, and the row of Balzac that turns into a bar is the truth about France. "Dino was apprenticed to a glovemaker at the beginning," Amalia said, "and his hands had a queer smell, something to do with the leather, and he never dared ask the girls to dance." Marie went on chopping leeks, holding the knife by the handle and blade in both swollen

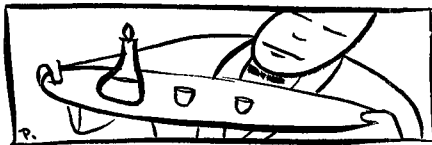
hands. Amalia said, "He's afraid of you, Marie, because you remember all that. He was always mean and stingy, and he hasn't changed. Remember the first present he ever gave me?"

"A gold locket," said Marie gently.

"Gold? Don't make me laugh. I put it around my neck and said, 'I'll never take it off,' and he said, 'You had better sometimes because the yellow will wear off.'"

She laughed, laughing into the past as if she were no longer afraid of it. "He hasn't changed. I thought of leaving him. Yes, I was going to write to you and say, 'I am leaving him now.' But by then we had so many years of worry behind us, and everywhere I looked that worry was like a big stone in the road."

Marie nodded, as if she knew. She never said much, never confided. Amalia snatched away the last of the



vegetables and said, "Let me finish. You are so slow," and then Dino came in and slapped the table with the flat of his hand, so as to send the women flying apart, one to put the soup on the stove and the other to go out and buy the evening paper, which he had forgotten. It happens every night for a year, it can happen all your life, Amalia was thinking, and suddenly you have all those years like a stone. But Marie once sat quietly and said, "Listen, Dino" so carefully that he did seem to hear. "I am not your slave. Perhaps I will be a slave one day, but I don't want to learn the habit of slavery. I am well and strong, and my whole life is before me, and I am working, and I have a room. Yes, I am going to live alone now. Oh, not far away, but somewhere else."

"Who wants you?" Dino shouted, but he was in a cold sweat because of all Marie knew, and because she had never asked about the rings she gave them. Amalia was thinking, She is too ill to live alone. What if she dies? And the rings—she has said nothing about the rings. Why is she leaving me?

She looked around to see what they had done to Marie, but there was no hint of cruelty or want of gratitude in the room. Marie would never guess that Amalia had been to Madame Gisèle, saying, "How do you kill it—the buoyancy, the credulity, the blindness to everything harsh?"

"Marie," Amalia would like to say, "will you admit that working and getting older and dying matter, and can't be countered by the first hyacinth of the year?" But Marie went on packing. Amalia consoled herself: Marie's mind had slipped. She was mad.

Marie straightened up from her packing and smiled. "Three people can't live together. You and Dino will be better alone."

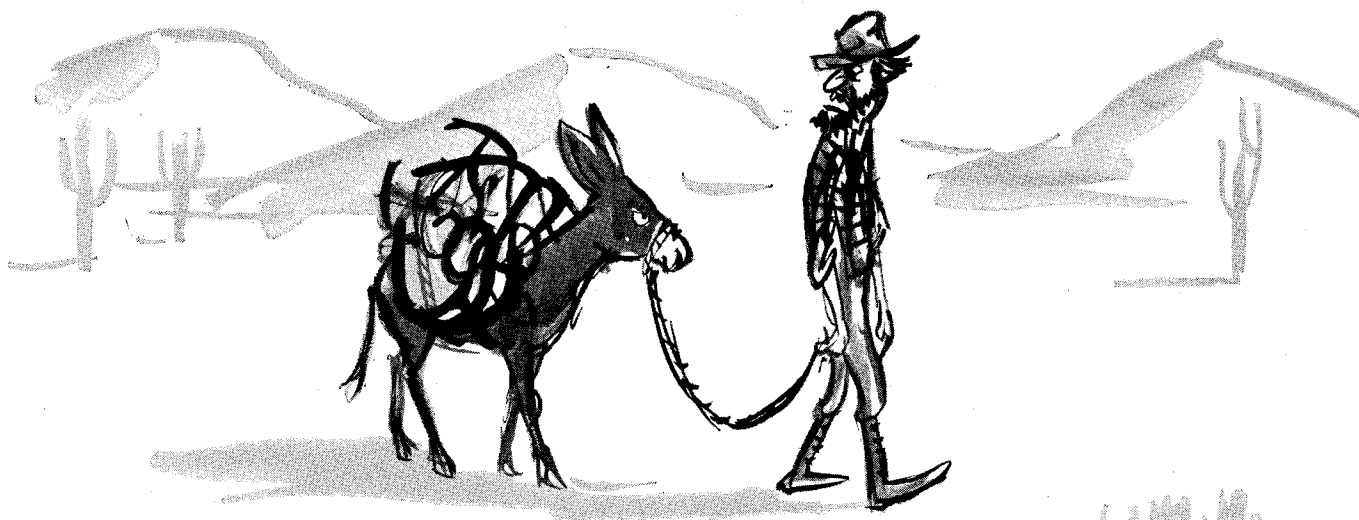
"No, don't leave us alone together," Amalia cried. There must have been some confusion in the room at that moment, because nobody heard.



"I'm losing my cool, man!"

Last autumn one serious thing happened to Marie—she was in trouble with the police. She says that at the Préfecture—the place every émigré is afraid of—they shut her in a room one whole day. Had she been working without a permit? Did she change her address without reporting it? Could her passport be a forgery? Marie only says, "A policeman was rude to me, and I told him never to do it again." Released in the evening, having been jeered at, sequestered, certainly insulted, she crossed the street and began to admire the flower market. She bought a bunch of ragged pink asters and spent the last money she had in her pocket (it seems that at the Préfecture she was made to pay a large fine) on coffee and cakes. She can describe every minute of her adventures after she left the Préfecture: how she bought the asters, with Amalia in mind, how she sat down at a white marble table in a tearoom, and the smoking coffee she admired in the

white china cup, and the color the coffee was when the milk was poured in, and how good it was, how hot. She shares, in the telling, a *baba au rhum*. You can see the fork pressing on the very last crumb, and the paper-lace *napperon* on the plate. Now she chooses to walk along the Seine, between the ugly evening traffic and the stone parapet above the quay. She is walking miles the wrong way. She crosses a bridge she likes the look of, then another, and sees a clock. It is half past six. From the left of the wooden footbridge that joins the Île Saint-Louis and the Île de la Cité, she looks back and falls in love with the sight of Notre Dame; the scanty autumn foliage beneath it is bright gold. Everything is gold but the sky, which is mauve, and contains a new moon. She has spent all her money, and cannot wish on the new moon without a coin in her hand. She stops a passerby by touching him on the arm. Stiff with outrage, he



"Stop calling me Goldfinger!"

refuses to let her hold even a one-centime piece so that she can wish. She has to wish on the moon without a coin, holding a second-class Métro ticket instead—all that her pocket now contains. She turns the ticket over as if it were silver, and wishes for something with all her heart.

Marie tells Dino and Amalia about it. It can only irritate them, but she hasn't sense enough to keep it to herself. They are concerned about the police: "What happened? What did they say?"

"Nothing," says Marie. "They gave me a card. I can stay in France another year."

"Not a year; three months," says Dino angrily. "It is three months and three months and three months..." She shows the card to him. It is the red card—she may stay a year. That is the beginning. Probably she can stay forever.

"They have made a mistake," says Dino.

The police never make a mistake. She is an elderly refugee with a chronic illness and no money, and she has broken some rule and even lectured a policeman, they have shut her up a whole day, and yet they have given her this. Dino returns the card—he holds it as if it were crystal.

"If I were afraid of policemen," says Marie, casually putting the object in her purse, "I wouldn't have left Rumania with a passport, and I wouldn't be here with you now."

They are gagged with shame at what they suspect about each other's thoughts. Before she came, each of them hoped she would be arrested at some frontier and taken off the train. They never wanted her.

Amalia, from this moment, considers Marie a witch. What does she say to herself when she turns a Métro ticket over, staring at the new moon? Wishes have no power to correct the past—even credulous Marie must know it. Madame Gisèle says most women ask about their husbands, or other men. When Amalia goes to Madame Gisèle, it is to ask about Marie.

"I think I know your secret," Madame Gisèle said once.

Amalia's heart stopped. Which secret, which one?

"I don't think you are telling me about a real person. Why do I never turn up the right cards or find out what she is thinking? For all I know, she is just someone you've invented, or it's another way of talking about yourself. That has happened to me before."

Amalia laughed, in her April coat with the neat collar. "Is that what you think? Marie is my old friend. You have seen her picture. I have centimetre-by-centimetre enlargements of her lungs."

"If she had committed suicide and you were wondering why—I've had cases of that."

"She never will. Marie will go on and on."

"There is your answer—Marie will go on and on. I don't know what you want from me. I can't give you any answers. Go home, Amalia. Never come back here. Go away."

Marie kill herself? You would have to smother Marie; put the whole map of Paris over her face and hold it tight.

Amalia rehearses for her next session with Madame Gisèle: "I want to show her the slums sometimes, show her my hands, my hair when it isn't dyed, show her what my life has been. It becomes

a hysterical film speeded up. . . . You should see her going to work every morning. She can hardly put one crippled foot down after the other. She goes by two kiosks on her way to the Métro station and stops and reads the newspapers. She comes to dinner every Sunday, bringing a bottle of champagne and a box of pastry—her crooked finger under the pink bowknot on the box. She brings the first strawberries, the first melon in summer, the first lilacs; she smiles and tells about her work, her letters from the Americans; she says she went to the Opéra-Comique—she is fond of 'Louise'—and she smiles and we see her teeth. She brings cigarettes for Dino. She has never asked for an account. Dino has it ready, but she has never asked. You would think something had been settled for Marie, sorted out a long time ago."

Amalia thinks they might forgive Marie if she insulted them—if she stamped her foot, called them liars and cheats. She could have their respect that way. Failing respect, she might still have their pity. "Weep," they would tell her. "Admit you are no luckier than we are, that every move was a mistake, that you are one of the dead. Be one of us, and be loved." Once Marie said, "You should have had children, Amalia. Émigrés need them; otherwise they die of suffocation." She thinks they need a repository for their hopes and dreams. What about her own? "Make a wish," Marie will say, as if there was still something to wish for. They ought to do it: put their faces so close they cannot see each other's eyes and say, "We wish—we wish—but first we must know what Marie has wished for us."

—MAVIS GALLANT

A LITTLE LOUDER, PLEASE

UNDERSTAND you are dealing with a man who knocked off "Finnegans Wake" on the roller coaster at Coney Island, penetrating the abstruse Joycean arcana with ease, despite enough violent lurching to shake loose my silver fillings. Understand also that I am among the select few who spotted instantly in the Museum of Modern Art's impacted Buick that precise interplay of nuance and shading that Odilon Redon could have achieved had he forsaken the delicate ambiguity of pastels and worked with a car press. Also, laddies, as one whose spate of insights first placed "Godot" in proper perspective for the many confused playgoers who milled sluggishly in the lobby during intermission, miffed at ponying up scalper's money for argle-bargle bereft of one up-tune or a single spangled bimbo, I would have to say my rapport with the seven livelies is pretty solid. Add to this the fact that eight radios conducted simultaneously at Town Hall killed me, and that I still occasionally sit in with my own Philco, after hours, in a Harlem basement where we blow some late weather and news, and where once a laconic field hand named Jess, who had never studied in his life, played the closing Dow-Jones averages with great feeling. Real soul stuff. Finally, to lock my case up tight, note that mine is a stock visage at happenings and underground-movie premières, and that I am a frequent contributor to *Sight and Stream*, a cerebral quarterly dedicated to advanced concepts in cinema and fresh-water fishing. If these are not credentials enough to tag me Joe Sensitive, then, brother, I give up. And yet, with this much perception dripping from me, like maple syrup off waffles, I was reminded recently that I possess an Achilles' heel culturewise that runs up my leg to the back of my neck.

It began one day last January when I was standing in McGinnis' Bar on Broadway, engulfing a slab of the world's richest cheesecake and suffering the guilty, cholesterolish hallucination that I could hear my aorta congealing into a hockey puck. Standing next to me was a nerve-shattering blonde, who waxed and waned under a black chemise with enough provocation to induce lycanthropy in a Boy Scout. For the previous fifteen minutes, my "pass the relish" had been the central theme of our relationship, despite several attempts on my part to generate a little action. As it was, she *had* passed the relish, and I was forced to ladle a small amount on

my cheesecake as witness to the integrity of my request.

"I understand egg futures are up," I ventured finally, feigning the insouciance of a man who merged corporations as a sideline. Unaware that her stevedore boy friend had entered, with Laurel and Hardy timing, and was standing right behind me, I gave her a lean, hungry look and can remember cracking wise about Krafft-Ebing just before losing consciousness. The next thing I recall was running down the street to avoid the ire of what appeared to be a Sicilian cousin's club bent on avenging the girl's honor. I sought refuge in the cool dark of a newsreel theatre, where a tour de force by Bugs Bunny and three Librium restored my nervous system to its usual timbre. The main feature came on and turned out to be a travelogue on the New Guinea bush—a topic rivalling Moss Formations and How Penguins Live for my attention span. "Throwbacks," droned the narrator, "living today not a whit differently from man millions of years ago, slay the wild boar [whose standard of living didn't appear to be up perceptibly, either] and sit around the fire at

night acting out the day's kill in pantomime." Pantomime. It hit me with sinus-clearing clarity. Here was a chink in my cultural armor—the only chink, to be sure, but one that has plagued me ever since childhood, when a dumb-show production of Gogol's "The Overcoat" eluded my grasp entirely and had me convinced I was simply watching fourteen Russians doing calisthenics. Always, pantomime was a mystery to me—one that I chose to forget about because of the embarrassment it caused me. But here was that failing again and, to my chagrin, just as bad as ever. I did not understand the frenetic gesticulations of the leading New Guinea aborigine any more than I have ever understood Marcel Marceau in any of those little skits that fill multitudes with such unbounded adulation. I writhed in my seat as the amateur jungle thespian mutely titillated his fellow-primitives, finally garnering hefty mitt with money notices from the tribal elders, and then I slunk, dejected, from the theatre.

At home that evening, I became obsessed with my shortcoming. It was cruelly true: despite my canine celerity in other areas of artistic endeavor, all that was needed was one evening of



"I ask you! If I had been a conscientious objector, where would I be today?"

mime to limn me clearly as Markham's hoe man—stolid, stunned, and brother to the ox in spades. I began to rage impotently, but the back of my thigh tightened and I was forced to sit. After all, I reasoned, what more elemental form of communication is there? Why was this universal art form patent in meaning to all but me? I tried raging impotently again, and this time brought it off, but mine is a quiet neighborhood, and several minutes later two red-necked spokesmen for the Nineteenth Precinct dropped by to inform me that raging impotently could mean a five-hundred-dollar fine, six months' imprisonment, or both. I thanked them and made a beeline for the sheets, where my struggle to sleep off my monstrous imperfection resulted in eight hours of nocturnal anxiety I wouldn't wish on Macbeth.

A FURTHER bone-chilling example of my mimetic shortcomings materialized only a few weeks later, when two free tickets to the theatre turned up at my door—the result of my correctly identifying the singing voice of Mama Yancey on a radio program a fortnight prior. First prize was a Bentley, and in my excitement to get my call in to the disc jockey promptly I had bolted naked from the tub. Seizing the telephone with one wet hand while attempting to turn off the radio with the other, I ricocheted off the ceiling, while lights dimmed for miles around, as they did when Lepke got the chair. My second orbit around the chandelier was interrupted by the open drawer of a Louis Quinze desk, which I met head on, catching an ormolu mount across the mouth. A florid insignia on my face, which now looked as if it had been stamped by a rococo cookie cutter, plus a knot on my head the size of an auk egg, affected my lucidity, causing me to place second to Mrs. Sleet Mazursky, and, scotching my dreams of the Bentley, I settled for a pair of freebees to an evening of Off Broadway theatrics. That a famed international pantomimist was on the bill cooled my ardor to the temperature of a polar cap, but, hoping to break the jinx, I decided to attend. I was unable to get a date on only six weeks' notice, so I used the extra ticket to tip my window-washer, Lars, a lethargic menial with all the sensitivity of the Berlin Wall. At first, he thought the little orange pasteboard was edible, but when I explained that it was good for an evening of pantomime—one of the only spectator events outside of a fire that he could

hope to understand—he thanked me profusely.

ON the night of the performance, the two of us—I in my opera cape and Lars with his pail—split with aplomb from the confines of a Checker cab and, entering the theatre, strode imperiously to our seats, where I studied the program and learned, with some nervousness, that the curtain-raiser was a little silent entertainment entitled “Going to a Picnic.” It began when a wisp of a man walked onstage in kitchen-white makeup and a tight black leotard. Standard picnic dress—I wore it myself to a picnic in Central Park last year, and, with the exception of a few adolescent malcontents who took it as a signal to re-edit my salients, it went unnoticed. The mime now proceeded to spread a picnic blanket, and, instantly, my old confusion set in. He was either spreading a picnic blanket or milking a small goat. Next, he elabo-

ately removed his shoes, except that I'm not positive they were his shoes, because he drank one of them and mailed the other to Pittsburgh. I say “Pittsburgh,” but actually it is hard to mime the concept of Pittsburgh, and as I look back on it, I now think what he was miming was not Pittsburgh at all but a man driving a golf cart through a revolving door—or possibly two men dismantling a printing press. How this pertains to a picnic escapes me. The pantomimist then began sorting an invisible collection of rectangular objects, undoubtedly heavy, like a complete set of the Encyclopædia Britannica, which I suspect he was removing from his picnic basket, although from the way he held them they could also have been the Budapest String Quartet, bound and gagged.

By this time, to the surprise of those sitting next to me, I found myself trying, as usual, to help the mime clarify the details of his scene by guessing aloud exactly what he was doing. “Pillow . . . big pillow. Cushion? Looks like cushion . . .” This well-meaning participation often upsets the true lover of silent theatre, and I have noticed a tendency on such occasions for those sitting next to me to express uneasiness in various forms, ranging from significant throat-clearings to a lion's-paw swipe on the back of the head, which I

THE KING IN MAY

The rich king of a rainy country,
my country is fertile and
wretched with rain;
all May it has rained.

My bodyguard, thirty-seven hand-picked illusions
in waistcoats of pearl,
are no consolation.
My palace is a dissatisfaction.
Rain clatters on it like warm vinegar
on a sullen chalice. All day
my queen (who is getting old)
lies inert as a key on a platter
of fur
and thinks of the same thing.

Warm rain in May; my avenues are
crowded with green.
Once it was a windy May, the high
white rubble of clouds; now,
so much dirty laundry.
The nights are unbearable; all my world
is a hot cloister.

This wet plague is destroying me.
I am becoming a vegetable
of stiff gold.

—MICHAEL DENNIS BROWNE





"Try and think of it as a Happening."

once received from a member of a Manhasset housewives' theatre party. On this occasion, a dowager resembling Ichabod Crane snapped her lorgnette quirtlike across my knuckles, with the admonition "Cool it, stud." Then, warming to me, she explained, with the patiently slow enunciation of one addressing a shell-shocked infantryman, that the mime was now dealing humorously with the various elements that traditionally confound the picnic-goer—ants, rain, and the always-good-for-a-laugh forgotten bottle opener. Temporarily enlightened, I rocked with laughter at the notion of a man harassed by the absence of a bottle opener, and marvelled at its limitless possibilities.

Finally, the mime began blowing glass. Either blowing glass or tattooing the student body of Northwestern

University. It seemed like the student body of Northwestern University, but it could have been the men's choir—or a diathermy machine—or any large, extinct quadruped, often amphibious and usually herbivorous, the fossilized remains of which have been found as far north as the Arctic. By now, the audience was doubled up with laughter over the hi-jinx on the stage. Even the obtuse Lars was wiping tears of joy from his face with his squeegee. But for me it was hopeless; the more I tried, the less I understood. A defeated weariness stole over me, and I slipped off my loafers and called it a day. The next thing I knew, a couple of charwomen at work in the balcony were batting around the pros and cons of bursitis. Gathering my senses by the dim glow of the theatre work light, I straightened my tie and departed for Riker's,

where a hamburger and a chocolate malted gave me no trouble whatever as to their meaning, and, for the first time that evening, I threw off my guilty burden. To this day, I remain incomplete culturally, but I'm working on it. If you ever see an aesthete at a pantomime squinting, writhing, and muttering to himself, come up and say hello—but catch me early in the performance; I don't like to be bothered once I'm asleep.

—WOODY ALLEN

With the exception of Richard Patch, who became ill while on campus, the various guest lecturers on Latin America have failed to meet the expectations of the graduate audience.—*Bloomington (Ind.) Spectator*.

How is Patch, by the way?

NOTES FROM A EUROPEAN DIARY~1963-64

II-ROME

ARRIVAL AND RELIEF: I have always had a feeling of liberation in coming from France to Italy. Rome is much more open and cheerful than Paris, and the whole tone of life is more generous. The Romans are hospitable, as the French are not, and drinking and dining out, for one in his late sixties, though delightful, become as exhausting as the hospitality of Virginia. And after the gray weather of Paris, the sunlight and spring green are exhilarating. The mimosas are out in their delicate yellow.

But the city is in some ways much changed since I was here at the end of the Second War. There were only jeeps and bicycles then. Now it is full of cars with noisy horns, and the traffic is the worst I have ever seen—even worse than in Providence and Boston. There is almost no effort made to manage it. In Paris, the suspension of traffic so that people can cross the street is accomplished with perfect punctuality, but here, except occasionally on the most important streets, you just have to plunge across and count on the cars' stopping. If you are going out to dinner, it may take you an hour to find a taxi and an hour or two to get there. Since there is usually no one to direct the traffic, there are jams that may go on indefinitely, while more cars are accumulating and making it worse. One particularly bad tieup, which paralyzed two streets that crossed, held everyone at the cross-roads imprisoned till two men in one of the cars got out and took it upon themselves to tell people what to do in order to disentangle.

As in Paris, the old smell of the city—which I remember so well from childhood—is now completely gone. It was made up, I suppose, of spaghetti and cheese, horses and refuse and poverty. There are no longer so many beggars, and I have not seen the for-

merly familiar sight of small children urinating in the street.

THE MUSEUM OF THE VILLA BORGHESE: The glorification of the body that one no longer finds in art; the dazzling profusion of the Renaissance, an enchantment with all kinds of life—in pictures, in marble, in frescoes, in enormous mosaics on the floor: fowls, dolphins, wild beasts, and dogs as well as human beings; fauns, sphinxes, and centaurs that are half and half; the hermaphrodite that combines the sexes. But when we [my wife and I] went to see Sophia Loren in "Teri, Oggi e Domani," it occurred to me that the luscious bodies displayed in the Italian films were carrying on the tradition of that opulence of the flesh in Italian art which seemed to have faded away into the muted still-lives of Morandi and the cold perspectives of Chirico.

POPULAR SERIALS: Two of the great publishing successes in Italy have been, surprisingly, the Bible and the "Divine Comedy," brought out in weekly installments. The Bible has sold so well that it is now being issued over again. The mad popularity of this news-

stand edition of works that one would think must already be sufficiently familiar is no doubt partly due to the fact that this device makes it possible to take these long classics in small doses but principally, I think, to the many brightly colored illustrations. The Dante has been enriched not only with pictures intended for it, from the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, but with others—such as Bosch's "Last Judgment"—that depict somewhat similar subjects. All these red and blue and green devils tormenting the pale sinners, interspersed with equally brilliant saints and angels and ecclesiastics, make the new edition of the "Inferno"—which during my visit was drawing toward its close—rather surprisingly seem quite gay. There is also a "Divine Comedy," transposed into Neapolitan, which is coming out canto by canto. I cannot make much of this, but the intention is evidently comic.

LAMPEDUSA: In Paris, we had seen the film of Lampedusa's "Il Gattopardo" ("The Leopard"). I thought it one of the best films that have ever been made. It was like a nineteenth-century novel—vast sequences of inter-family relations and a ball that must last half an hour—and so long that it was thought impossible for the English-speaking countries, where it was ruined, I am told, by cutting. But when I read the book in Rome, I found that its effect was different. "Il Gattopardo" is not like a nineteenth-century novel. It goes by much more quickly than the film and is told with an ironic tone that in the film is entirely lacking. Lampedusa's writing is full of witty phrase and color. It belongs to the end of the century of Huysmans and D'Annunzio, both of whom, although their subjects are so different from one another, it manages to suggest at moments. There are also little patches of Proust.



"O.K. now, you're Ho Chi Minh and I'm Lyndon Johnson, and we're seated at the conference table."

The rich *pasta* served at the family dinner and the festive refreshments at the ball are described with a splendor of language which is rarely expended on food but which is in keeping with all the rest of Lampedusa's half-nostalgic, half-humorous picture of a declining but still feudal princely family in Sicily in the sixties of the last century. This family was Lampedusa's own. He was a tenacious yet rather stranded Sicilian prince, who, though much travelled, went on living in his native Palermo. He was married to a Baltic lady, who has survived him and is now the vice-president of the Italian Psychoanalytical Society. They had no children, and Lampedusa adopted a son, creating a situation from which seems to have been derived the situation in the novel between the patriarchal uncle and his favorite nephew. Lampedusa was extremely cultivated and had always been much occupied with literature, but had apparently till "*Il Gattopardo*" written almost nothing. There is an odd and attractive picture of the muted, retired life that Lampedusa led in Palermo in "*Ricordo di Lampedusa*," by Francesco Orlando. Orlando, when he first met Lampedusa, in 1953, was a nineteen-year-old law student. Lampedusa's daily routine had been to go to a café in the morning, have breakfast there and linger reading; then, later, to visit the bookshops and move on to a second café, where he joined a group of *conoscenti*—men of his own age. He made young Orlando's acquaintance and offered to teach him English and give him a course in English literature. He was distinguished, says Orlando, by a special sort of simplicity which the young man had never encountered in anyone else—"a simplicity transferred, of course, to a high plane of mental insight, and nourished without effort by a wealth of ideas; a simplicity which may best be compared to that which, as a mark of excellence, is usually attributed to the art of the epochs that we call classic." They talked of nothing



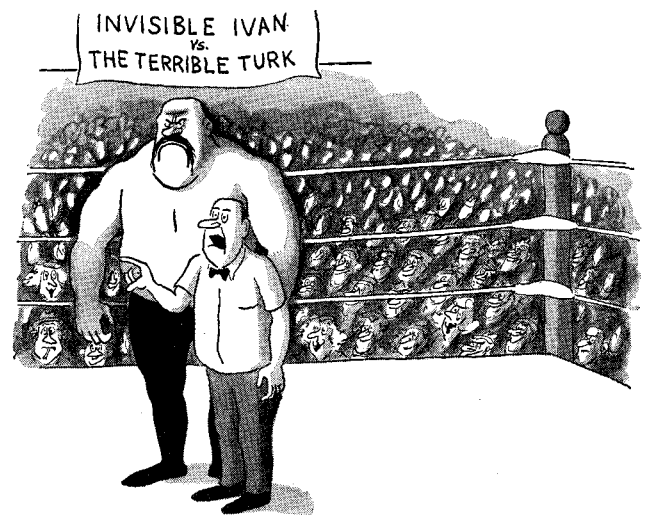
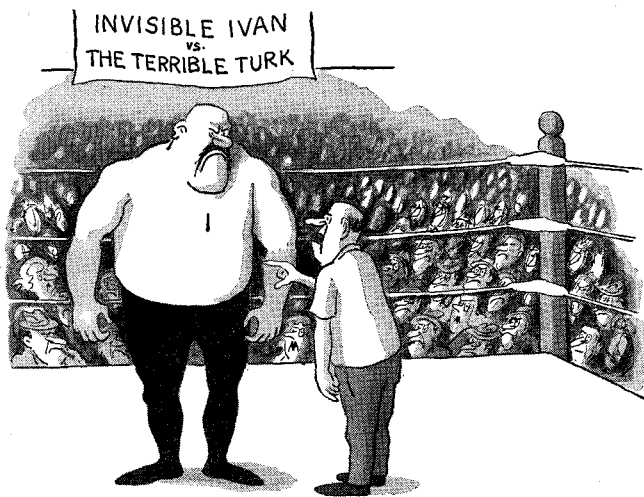
"I'm lonesome!"

but literature. Among Lampedusa's favorite writers were Montaigne, Shakespeare, Pascal, Racine, Swift, Saint-Simon, Goethe, Stendhal, Dickens, Dostoevski, and Proust. He worked systematically at his English course, which extended from Anglo-Saxon poetry to T. S. Eliot and Christopher Fry, and his outline and disquisitions for this are, I understand, soon to be published. He found other pupils as well, and Orlando believes that Lampedusa "was glad to have broken his intellectual solitude, to be able to talk so much about literature, to get to know some young human specimens, and to be able to transmit to them something." He spoke of Sicily as "Peru," and "would add every month to his list of the horrible things that only take place in Palermo."

It was precisely at the time which Orlando describes that Lampedusa, who was then sixty, was moved to write "*Il Gattopardo*." According to the legend I heard in Rome, he had, in 1954, attended a literary congress with a cousin who wrote poetry. The cousin won a prize for a book of poems, and this seems to have surprised Lampedusa, who had no very high opinion of his cousin's talents, and made him wonder whether he could not do better himself. He then produced "*Il Gattopardo*." He died in 1957, before he had seen

the book published. He had sent it to a well-known publisher, who returned it, with, it is said, suggestions for making it into a conventional commodity. Now, one of the great distinctions of "*Il Gattopardo*" is that it could not have been produced by a "pro." Lampedusa, who has written to please himself and has not given a thought to the public, does none of the things that a pro would do. In the year after the author's death, the manuscript was sent by a friend to Feltrinelli, the publisher of "*Doctor Zhivago*," who had the good taste to appreciate it. In 1959, it won the Strega Award, the most important Italian prize for literature. Not everyone approved of this. Lampedusa, for one thing, had not been a member of the professional writers' brotherhood; for another, he was dead. The feeling was, I was told, that "the money ought to be kept in the family." But everybody read the book; it immediately became a classic.

Feltrinelli a few years later published a volume of Lampedusa's miscellanies—"Racconti"—collected from among his papers. All the pieces in this book are interesting. The first is a fragment of a sequel to follow "*Il Gattopardo*." The drama of "*Il Gattopardo*" hinges mainly on the decision of the Prince's nephew—who has become a

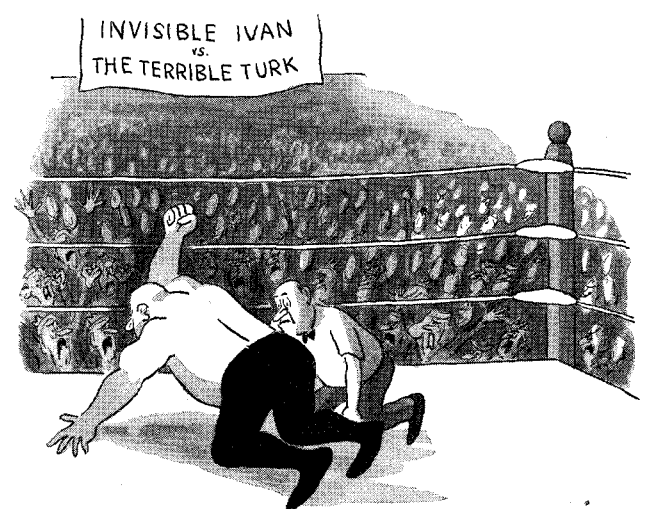


supporter of Garibaldi—to marry the daughter of the Mayor, a handsome girl who comes of peasant stock but has been sent to school in Florence. Her manners, even so, from the point of view of the family, are likely to give them the shudders, but the boy is infatuated by her beauty, and she will bring him a considerable dowry. The Prince dislikes this alliance, but he sees it through with princely dignity. (His dancing with the girl at the ball is one of the great scenes of the picture.) He cannot help being aware that his class is being supplanted. And in the sequel, this *dégringolade* is seen to have gone a good deal further. The rising power in Palermo is now a very low-class *mezzadro*—that is, a kind of sharecropper—who is gradually getting into his hands a good deal of the nobles' property. Beside him, the Mayor's family look almost distinguished. The disgruntled nobles sit around their little club, obsessed—though they do not know him and would not think of going near him—by the idea of the money he is piling up, as to the amount of which they argue bitterly, either wildly overestimating it or contemptuously trying to belittle it. One swears that this entirely crass character has built himself a luxurious pleasure villa, embellished with erotic paintings specially done for him by a Paris painter, where he “entertains women by the dozen”—in other words, the kind of thing that this gentleman would like to have for himself. There occurs in this fragment, also, the description of a rich dinner, but this time a dinner of *maccheroni* that “literally swam in the oil of their sauce and were buried under avalanches of *caciocavallo*” and of meat “stuffed with incendiary salami.” But all this to Ferrara, the *mezzadro*'s accountant, seemed “exquisite and the height of really good cuisine; the rare meals he

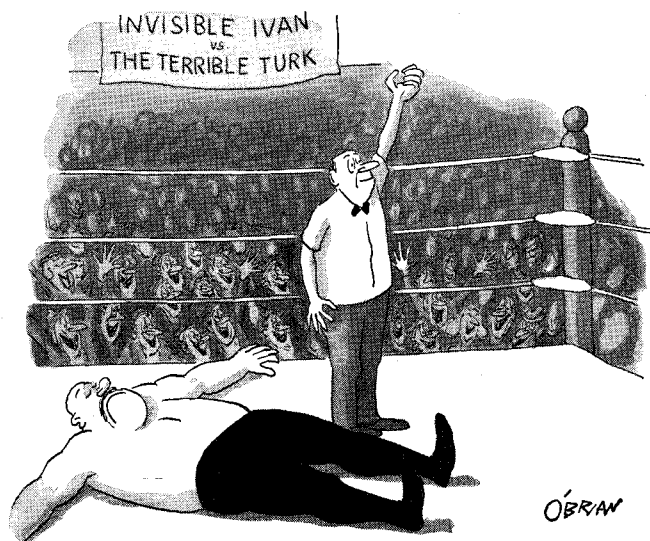
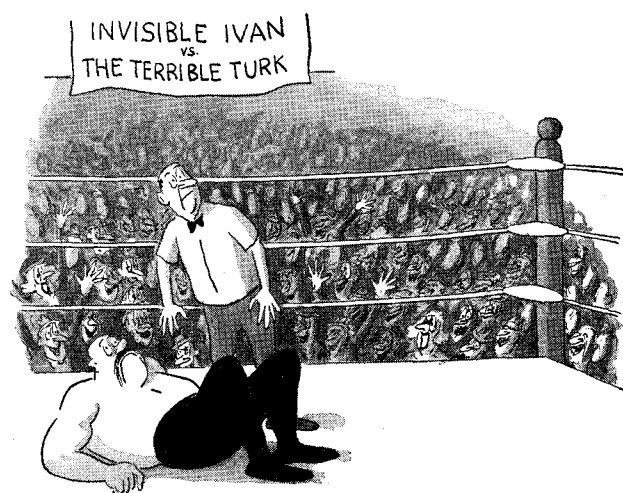
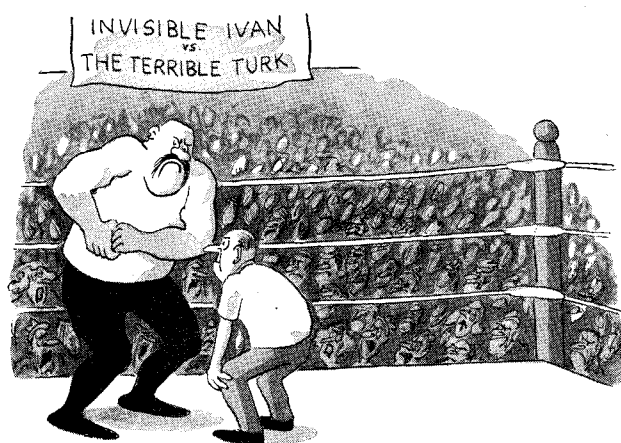
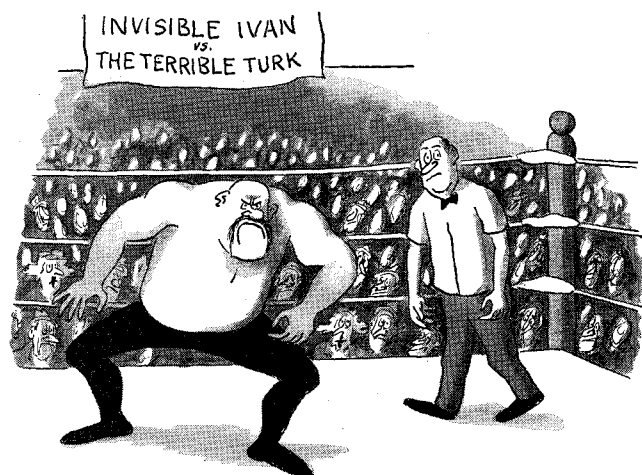
had eaten at the Salina house [that is, at the house of the present Prince] had always been disappointing in their insipidity.” This is all very like the ascendancy of Faulkner's unspeakable Snopeses.

There are also memories of childhood, which deal with the town house and the country mansion already described in the novel, but here in a quite different way, as seen through the eyes of a child. Lampedusa's youth, he says, was enchanting. The “mastodonic” country place was provided with so many rooms—as well as having attached to it a theatre, a church, enormous stables, and a very elaborate garden—that one never got to the end of it, never had it completely explored. “It will be seen that the Santa Margherita house was a kind of eighteenth-century Pompeii, in which everything had been miraculously preserved intact; something that is always uncommon but that is almost unique in Sicily, which, on account of its indifference and poverty, is the most destructive country that exists.” The town house in Palermo, he says, was bombed by “the liberators” in the Second War; the great palace had been sold by a Socialist uncle just after the preceding war, and is now an unrecognizable ruin. He mentions that no eyes but his own will ever see what he is writing, but these memories are done with the brilliance and love of an unfailingly first-rate writer and make one regret and wonder that Lampedusa had not recognized his métier.

One regrets and wonders even more



when one encounters the long short story “Lighea,” which was the last thing Lampedusa wrote. This story seems to me a masterpiece. It is so beautifully built up and written that it is impossible to give any real idea of it by attempting to summarize it. A young man of a noble Sicilian family is working on a newspaper in Turin. He frequents a limbolike café, where he makes the acquaintance of another Sicilian, an old Greek scholar of tremendous reputation. This scholar has degrees from all over the world, has been a pre-Fascist senator, and “finally—his greatest glory—is not a member of the Accademia d'Italia.” He is arrogant and eccentric. He reads learned papers and spits on the floor. This annoys the other habitués, and they present him with a brass spittoon. The young journalist asks him why he does not do something to cure his catarrh, and the old man haughtily answers that he is not suffering from catarrh: he is spitting on the opinions of the idiots whose papers he is always reading. He remarks that the Greek professors do not



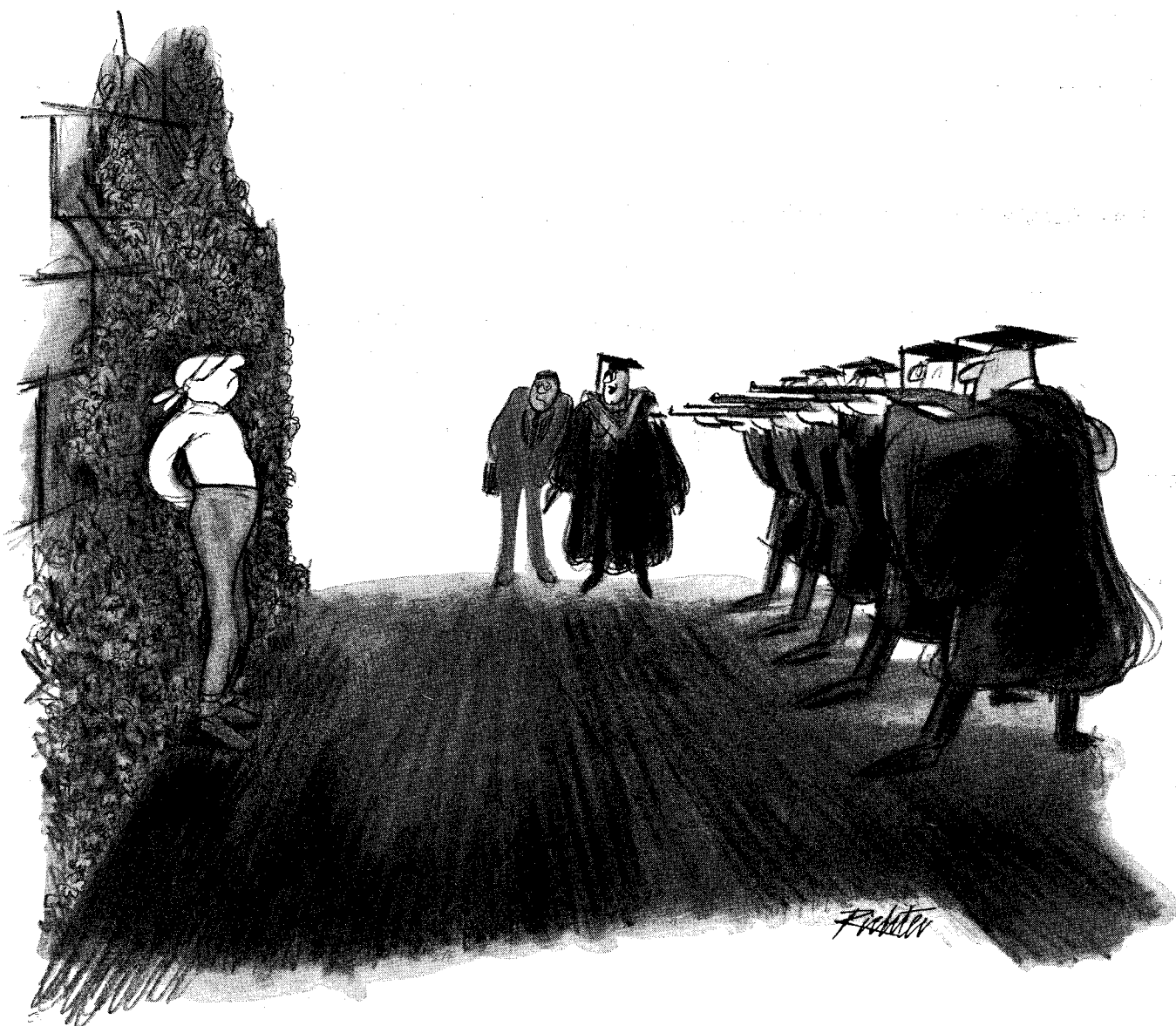
have the faintest notion of how ancient Greek was pronounced. The young man reflects that the scholar, whose name is La Ciura, cannot know about this, either. La Ciura likes to taunt the young man about what he imagines to be the sordidness of his love affairs. The other indignantly declares that there has been nothing sordid about them. When La Ciura refers to the ignoble pleasures that he probably enjoys between dirty sheets, he protests that his sheets are clean. The old man keeps saying mysteriously that the other—whom he persists in addressing as “peasant”—does not “know,” does not understand. But the two Sicilians make friends, and the younger is finally invited for an evening to the scholar’s apartment. He is shown an old photograph of his host in his youth, and he sees that “the poor Senator in his dressing gown had once been a young god.” He sees also Greek bowls and amphoras, which show Odysseus tied to the mast in order to be restrained from going overboard after the Sirens, who are dashing themselves on the rocks in cha-

grin at the loss of their prey. “All nonsense,” La Ciura assures him, “petty-bourgeois nonsense of the poets; no one escapes from them, and if anyone did, they wouldn’t die for such a trifle. And, besides, how *could* they die?” The young man notes in the bookcase the “Undine” of de La Motte-Fouqué, as well as Giraudoux’s “Ondine” and the works of H. G. Wells. “There’s a little novel among them,” the Senator says of these last, “that, if I should re-read it, would make me want to spit for a month.”

The reader will soon be aware that this novel is “The Lady from the Sea,” but he is only gradually prepared for La Ciura’s final revelation, on the eve of his starting on a voyage for a Hellenists’ congress in Portugal. In his apartment, on his last night in Turin, he tells his young friend a strange story. When he himself had been a young man getting ready to try to pass a terribly stiff competitive examination for the University of Pavia, he had had to stuff himself with Greek and, in order to pay his rent, had also been obliged

to give lessons. He had taxed himself to the limit when, that summer of 1887, the eruption of Etna occurred. The sirocco was blowing. You could not touch the railing of a balcony without having to run for first aid, and the pavements made of lava seemed about to melt. A man who knew him came upon him one day distractedly roaming the streets and stammering Greek verses which he no longer understood. The friend saw that the boy was about to break down, and offered him a shack on the coast which he himself was not going to occupy that summer. There the student lived in austere solitude and, though the sun was still brutal even there, he recovered some equilibrium. He hired a little boat and would row about on the water reciting Greek poetry and reviewing the names of the gods.

One morning, when engaged in this exercise, he felt that the side of the boat was being pulled down behind him. He looked around and saw an adolescent girl holding on to the side of the boat. She smiled with pale lips and sharp



"It's publish or perish, and he hasn't published."

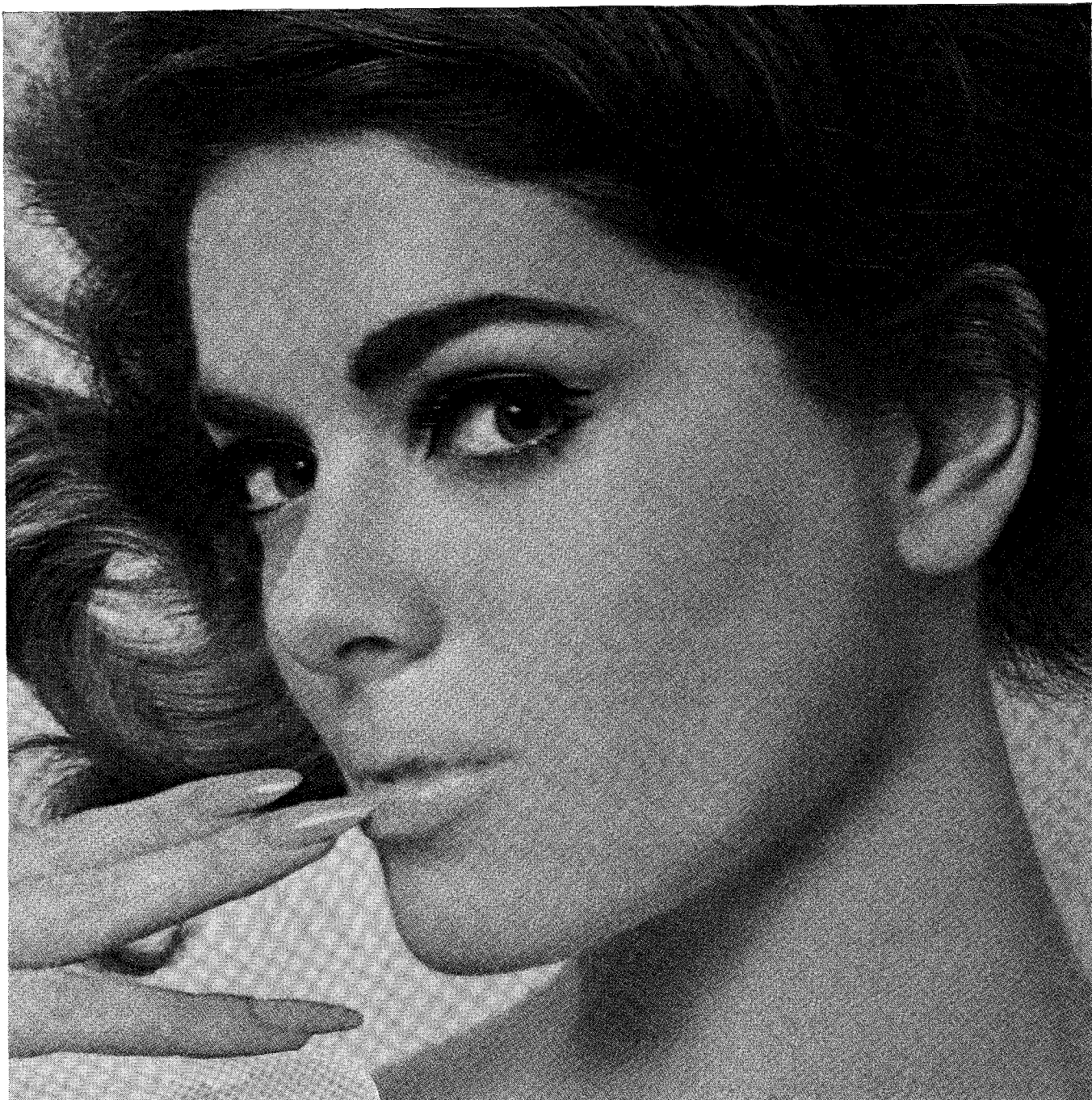
white little teeth like a dog's—a smile which was not "adulterated with any accessory expression, of benevolence, of irony, of piety, of cruelty, or whatever; it expressed only itself—that is, a joy in existing that was almost bestial, an almost divine happiness." He helped her into the boat. He had imagined that she was a bather, but he saw now that she had a fish tail, covered with blue, nacreous scales, with which she slowly thumped the bottom of the boat. The water from her dishevelled and sun-colored hair dripped into her wide-open green eyes, her flesh had a greenish tinge, and she exhaled a strange, voluptuous sea smell. She spoke to him in ancient Greek, which at first he had some difficulty in understanding. Her voice was a little blurred and guttural; one felt behind it the lazy summer surf, the swish of the last foam on the beach, the sound of the wind over the moonlit waves. The Sirens do not sing, says

La Ciura; it is the sound of their voice which enchants. She tells him that she has heard him speaking a language that resembled her own. "I like you, take me," she says. "Don't believe those stories they've invented about us; we never kill anybody, we only love."

So began their three-week affair. She stayed with him in the shack. She would leave him for the sea from time to time, but would always eventually reappear. Once, as a special present, she brought him a huge branch of coral encrusted with seaweed and shells. He had to help her up from the beach, for on land she could only crawl and, though so active and swift in the water, gave the impression of a wounded animal. Her diet was live fish. When she was eating them, the blood would run down her chin, and after a few bites she would throw them over her shoulder and submerge to wash off the blood. She told him of her lovers in the course of the

centuries: fishermen, sailors, Greeks, Sicilians, Arabs, Capresi, occasionally shipwrecked men. All had responded to her invitation, and all, either sooner or later, had come to seek her again. All, that is, with one exception—a handsome young man so drunk that he could not have known who she was and must have taken her for a fisherman's girl.

But I must not attempt too detailed a paraphrase which would not do this episode justice. The young journalist says that when he heard it told, he could not doubt a word of it, and it actually transports the reader, in a way that few fairy tales do, to a state of things beyond our world. This story is perhaps more intense than anything in "Il Gattopardo," for, in creating an imaginary experience, it produces heightened emotions that never cease to seem real. Lampedusa has concentrated here all his feeling for pagan Sicily, which has hardly emerged from an an-



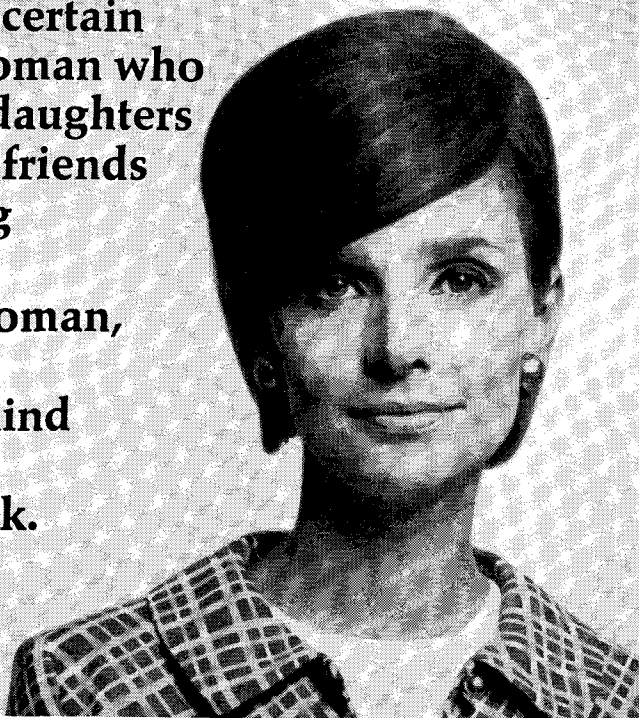
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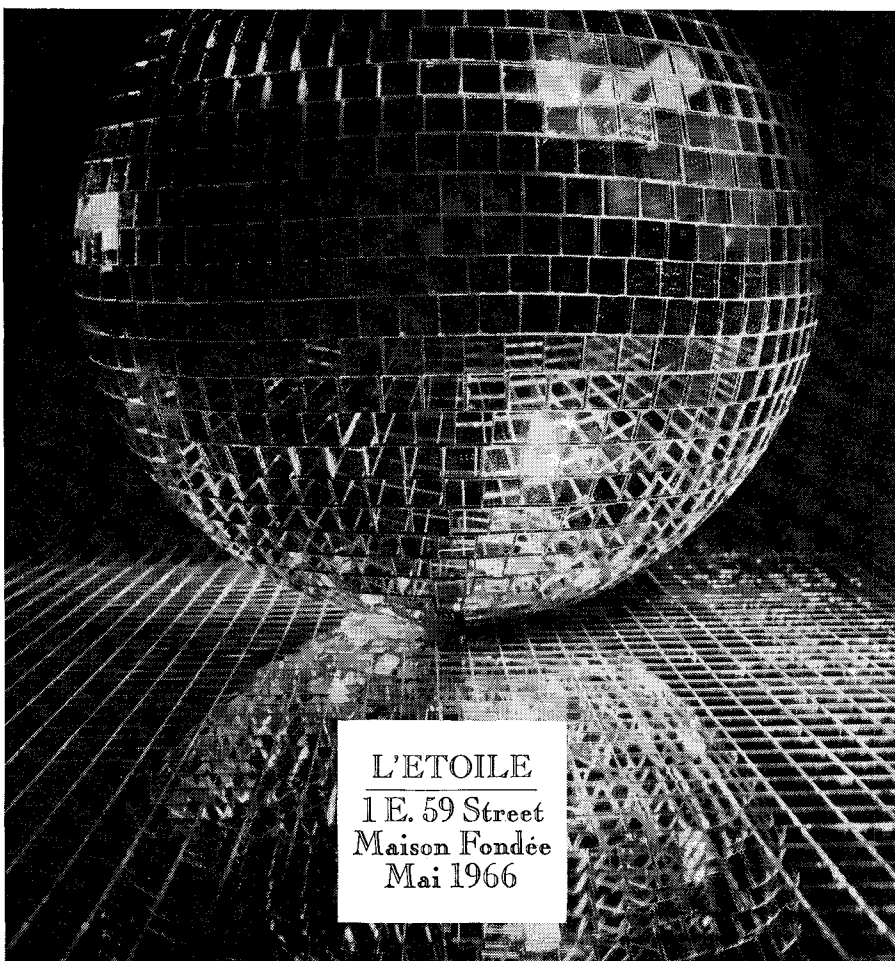
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L'ETOILE
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tiquity as abysmal as its sea. La Ciura's relations with the Siren in some ways, he says, suggest to him the solitary goatherds' amours with their goats. "I am immortal," the Siren says, "because all the dead beings flow into me, from that of the codfish that I ate just now to that of Zeus himself, and, united in me, they return to a life that is not merely individual, determined, but Panic and therefore free. . . . I shall always be with you: I am everywhere, and your thirst for sleep will be satisfied."

As the summer comes to an end, the weather clouds and it begins to rain. The sea becomes dove-colored and mourns like a dove. In the evening, it roughens a little. Then the winds assail the further waters; near the shore, leaden billows swell. She tells him that her comrades are blowing their conchs to call her to the revels of the stormy season. "Goodbye," she says. "You will not forget me." A great wave breaks on her rock. She dives into the irised spray and seems to dissolve in the foam.

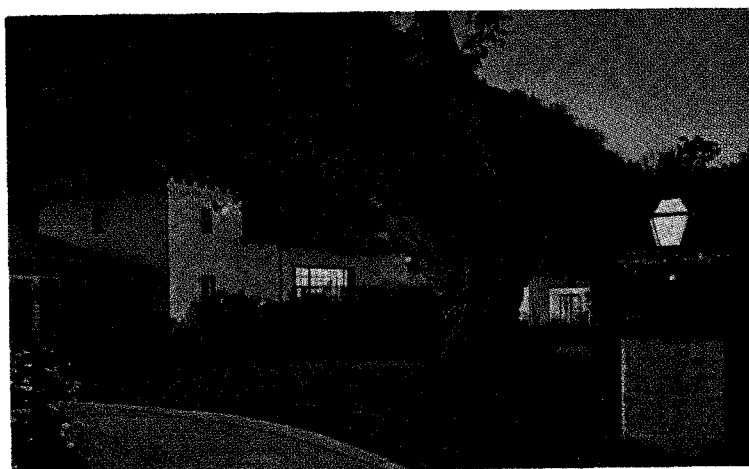
The Senator leaves the next day, and his young friend sees him off at the station. The old man is as sarcastic and cantankerous as ever, but when the train begins to move, he puts his head out the window and pats the young man on the head. A week later, the newspaper office gets a telephone message from Genoa informing them that, on the voyage to Portugal, La Ciura has somehow gone overboard and his body has not been found.*

THE LANGUAGE: There is always something festive about the Italian language, even when what is being said is not. Those verbs that crackle and sparkle: *zampillare*, *spezzare*, *spruzzare*, *luccicare*—I have just encountered these in "Lighea," where they bring to life the salt summer sea. Even the cadences of sorrowful poetry may have a kind of juicy exuberance.

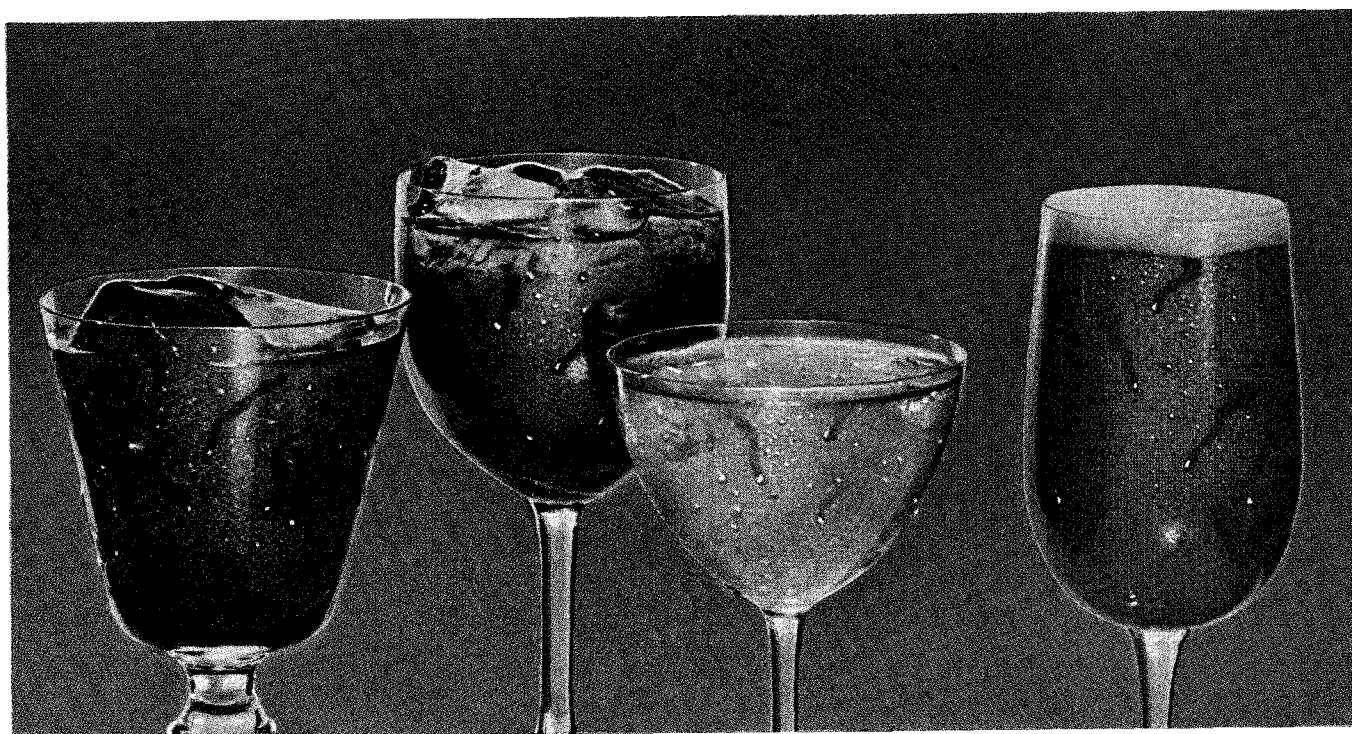
HAZARDS FOR JESUITS: I was told by Silone some extraordinary stories of the inroads of Communism among the priesthood. The Vatican had established a department, with a Jesuit at its head, for the purpose of studying and combatting Communism. It was noticed that a Communist paper was printing exclusive news about the Vatican which could have come only from an inside source. It turned out that his researches into Communism had led

*I find that the greater part of these *racconti* has been translated, with an introduction by E. M. Forster, as "Two Stories and a Memory." One of the original stories has, for some reason, been omitted, and "Lighea" has been stupidly titled "The Professor and the Mermaid."

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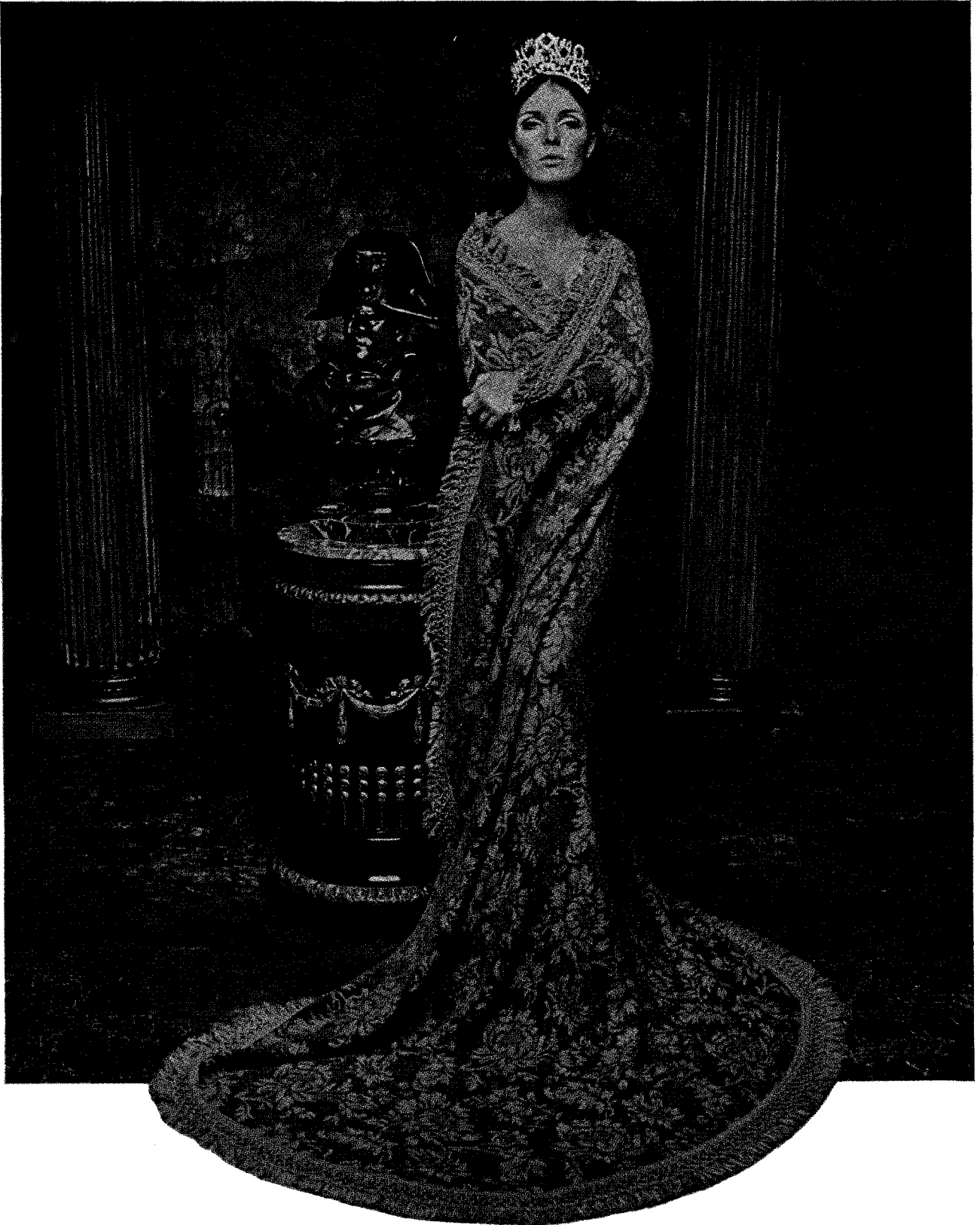
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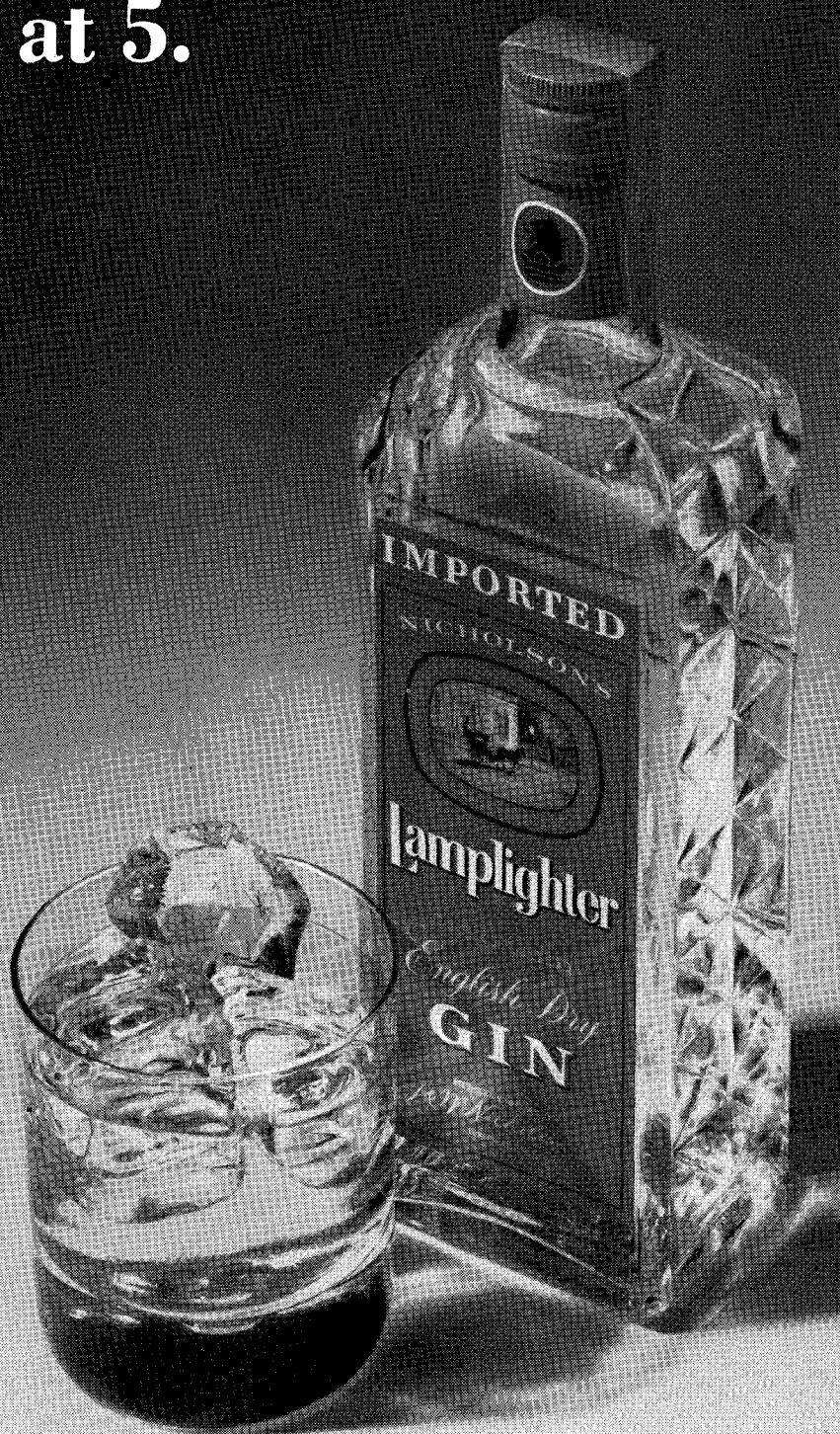
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this Jesuit—no doubt attracted by what the Party had in common with his order: dedication to an all-demanding cause, concentration on a long-term task, strict obedience and rigid discipline, secret manipulations—to become converted to it. He was expelled, and he joined the Party as an expert on Vatican policy. But then the Party changed its line: it thought it wise to try to conciliate the Vatican, and the ex-priest was no longer needed. He disappeared from Rome. Sometime afterward, he was recognized by a journalist in a restaurant in Albania. Asked what he was doing there, he explained that he had been sent by the Party to lecture to the Albanians on the incomparably better life now enjoyed by Albania under Communism—“*le dernier des pays!*” said Silone—than that of the wretched Italians, still shackled by the capitalist system. “*Le pauvre homme!*”—a dismal story. There had also been two Jesuits in China who were brainwashed into Communism. When they returned, they were taken in hand. Their order has confined them in a monastery and is brainwashing them back into the Church.

“**G**ALILEO”: Bertolt Brecht’s “Life of Galileo,” done by the Piccolo Teatro of Milan. Extremely disappointing. I am really not qualified to appreciate Brecht. I only know him in German through the libretti of “Mahagonny” and the “Dreigroschenoper,” which are certainly well turned and witty, and I have never seen a first-rate Brecht production—actually, the best I have seen was that of “The Caucasian Chalk Circle” done by the Harvard students at the Loeb Theatre in Cambridge. But I do not care, in his more serious plays, for the mixture of musical comedy with more or less straight drama, and I somewhat distrust his Marxism, as I do that of Sartre—the Marxism of a bourgeois who pretends that his Communism has been able to survive Stalin and who is still trying to hew to the line. Sartre attempts to be rigorous and lands himself in impossible positions; Brecht gives the impression of wobbling. The “Galileo” is primarily derived from Shaw—history with modern comic irony and contemporary implications—but Shaw, in his plays, at least, always keeps to a clear point of view; he knows what points he is making. One cannot be sure about Brecht: the dramatist seems to be one thing and the doctrinaire another, and they rather get in one another’s way. The social and political situation has, between Shaw’s genera-

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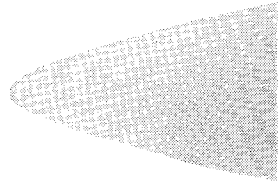
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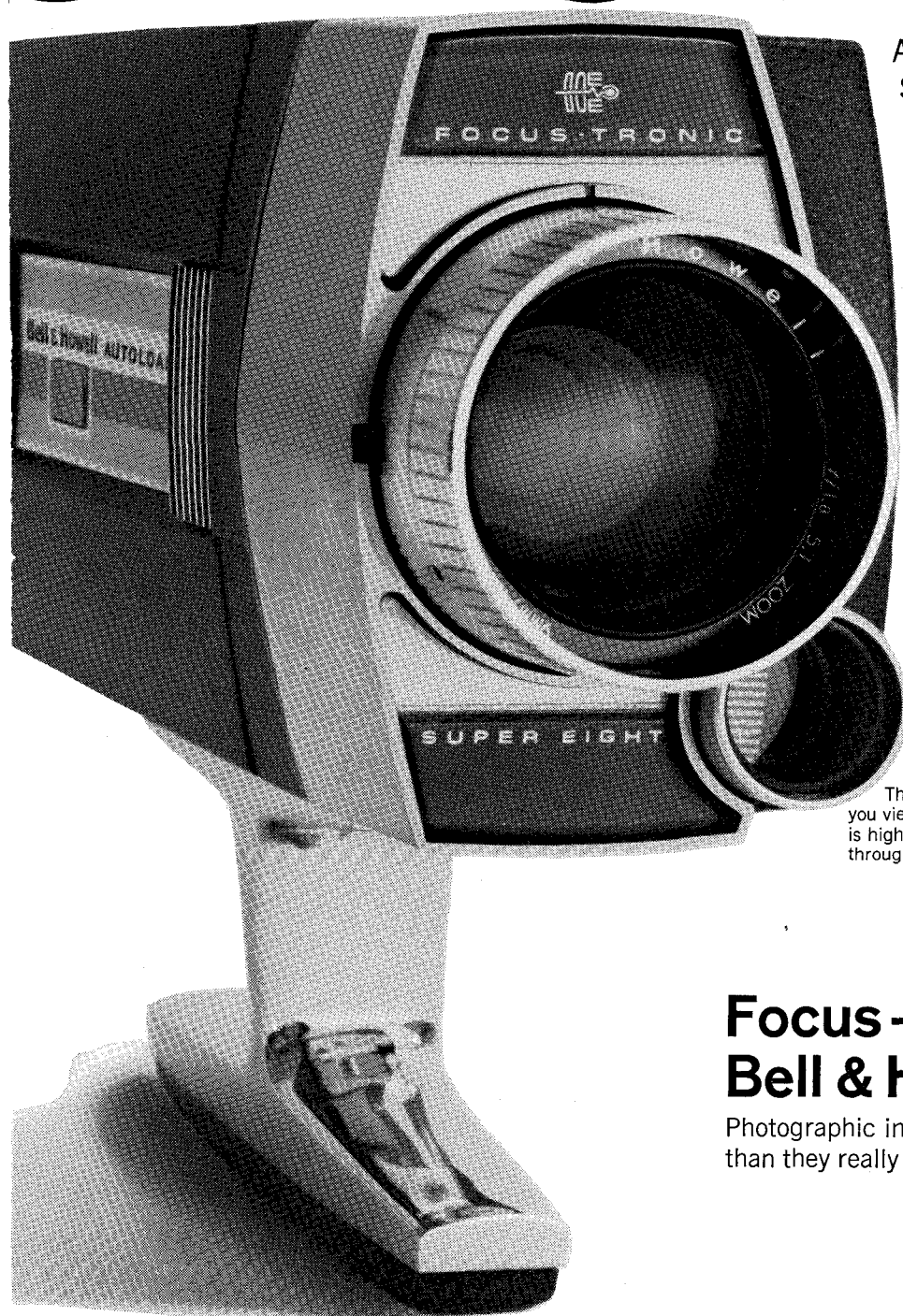
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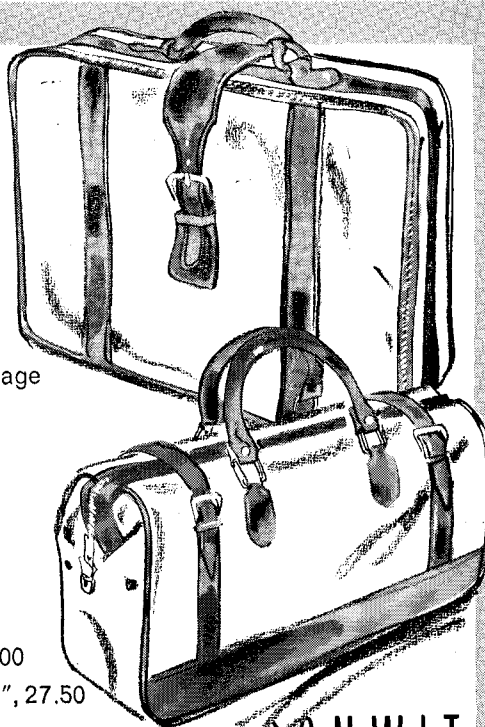
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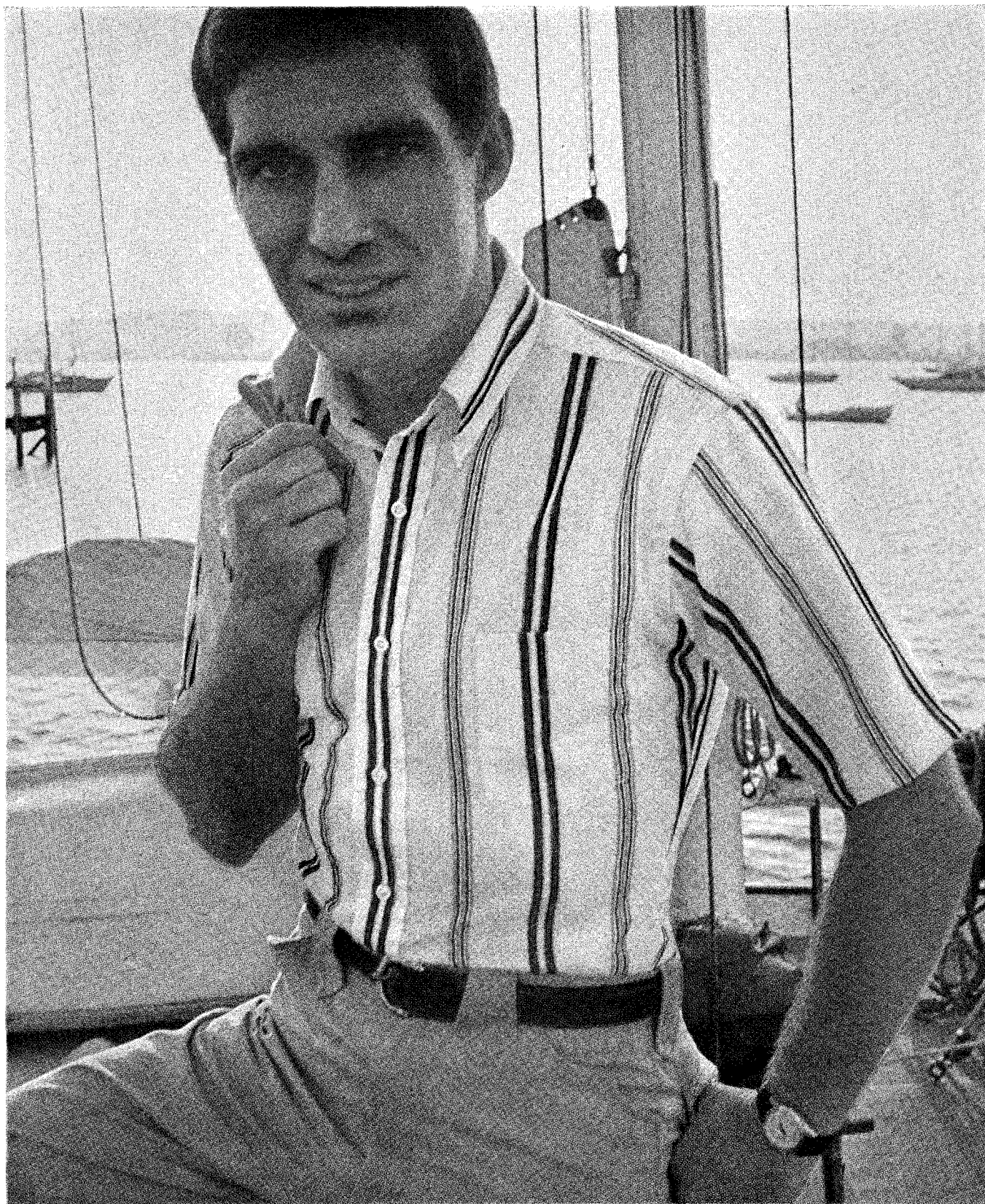
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tion and Brecht's, of course very much changed. Shaw is an educated man writing for an educated audience; Brecht is an educated man trying to write for a popular audience—ideally, a proletarian audience. He attempts to amuse this audience by interpolated songs and buffooneries and to make sure that it doesn't miss the point by inserting little explanations at the beginning of each of the scenes. But what is to be the point of the whole thing? What is to be the moral? The first version of "Galileo," written in 1937-39 in Denmark, whither Brecht had gone to get away from Hitler, made the scientist an intellectual who retreated from an oppressive regime by repudiating his own conclusions but by doing so secured his survival in order secretly to develop his ideas. The second version, written in the United States in 1945-47, must be a product of the atomic bomb. In this version, Galileo is cast somewhat in the role of Einstein, about whom, it seems, at this time Brecht had also contemplated writing a play. The man of science is here made culpable for having allowed his discoveries to be exploited by the bourgeoisie. There is apparently an analogy intended between the use of atomic research in warfare and the practical uses of Galileo's discoveries in facilitating navigation, hence trade. In a perhaps too prophetic final speech, Galileo is made to declare that the scientist must not let his instruments fall into the hands of the exploiters but must reserve them for the betterment of the human race. I have not seen the original text of this play, but from reading the text used here I get the impression that the Italian translators have made for themselves a version which is clearer and more consistent than Brecht's own rather cockeyed propaganda.

The Piccolo Teatro of Milan has high pretensions and considerable prestige, but if its performance of "Galileo" really represents the best of the Italian theatre, that theatre is low in vitality. The performance began at four, and it dragged so that at nine it was by no means over. Even so, the scene in which Galileo is shown carrying on in spite of the plague was omitted—a cut which I did not regret, since I had dreaded having to sit through this. The actor who played Galileo was intolerably slow and monotonous. Certain scenes are bound to be effective: A monk who is a student of physics is convinced by Galileo's ideas but cannot bear to upset the world that his poor peasant parents live in, to which Galileo replies that he ought to want to put



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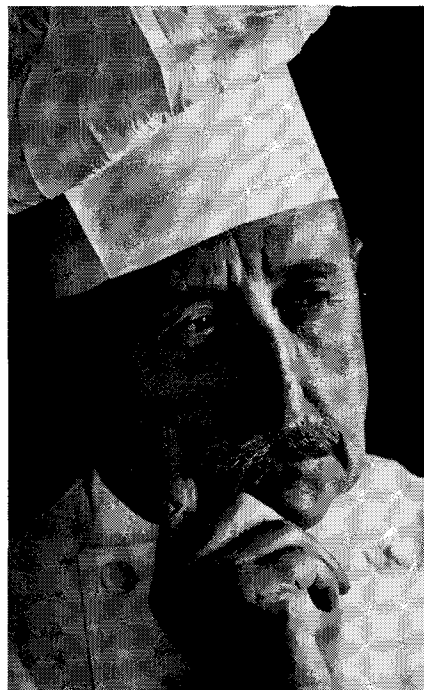
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an end to their miserable way of life; the interview between the Pope and the Cardinal Inquisitor, in which the Pope, who knows very well that Galileo is "the greatest physicist of his time, the luminary of Italy," is putting on his sacerdotal robes and, by the time he is fully attired and has assumed his official role, acquiesces in the wishes of the Cardinal and tells him to bring pressure on Galileo by showing him the instruments of torture. The production given the play by this Milanese company is not at all appropriate to Brecht, whose action always moves very quickly. We were bored and hungry, and left.

ITALIAN LOVE SONGS: They are still singing "Oi, Mari," as they were in 1945 and as they were in 1908, when I first heard it, on a steamer of the old North German Lloyd line. It was sung by a man in the steerage, which was then at the back of the ship, shut off by a barrier from the rest of the deck. Italian songs never die: "Santa Lucia," "Torna a Sorrento."

PUNCH AND JUDY AND PULCINELLA: I made a point in Rome and London of looking up street puppet shows. I have been since an early age an amateur Punch-and-Judy operator and have given the subject some study. The Punch-and-Judy show seems almost to have died out in the United States, but it is still going strong in England. There are supposed to be in Britain about fifty performers. The tercentenary of Punch was celebrated in London in 1962. The date of this celebration was fixed by the first performance of which there is a definite record: an entry in Pepys's diary of May 9, 1662, which mentions that he has visited Covent Garden; "thence to see an Italian puppet play, that is within the rails there, which is very pretty, the best that ever I saw, and great resort of gallants." A plaque with an engraved inscription commemorating this occasion was put up on the wall of St. Paul's Church, opposite Covent Garden, and a huge Punch-and-Judy booth was erected. Forty professional Punchmen assembled, and forty Punches appeared simultaneously, followed by forty Judys, who cheered the unveiling of the plaque. An immense birthday cake was cut, and crocodiles and dragons leaped out. The crowd sang "Happy Birthday" and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." The Rector of St. Paul's, the Reverend Clarence May, walked up the aisle of the church, cradling in both hands a puppet of Punch, and preached a "special Service of

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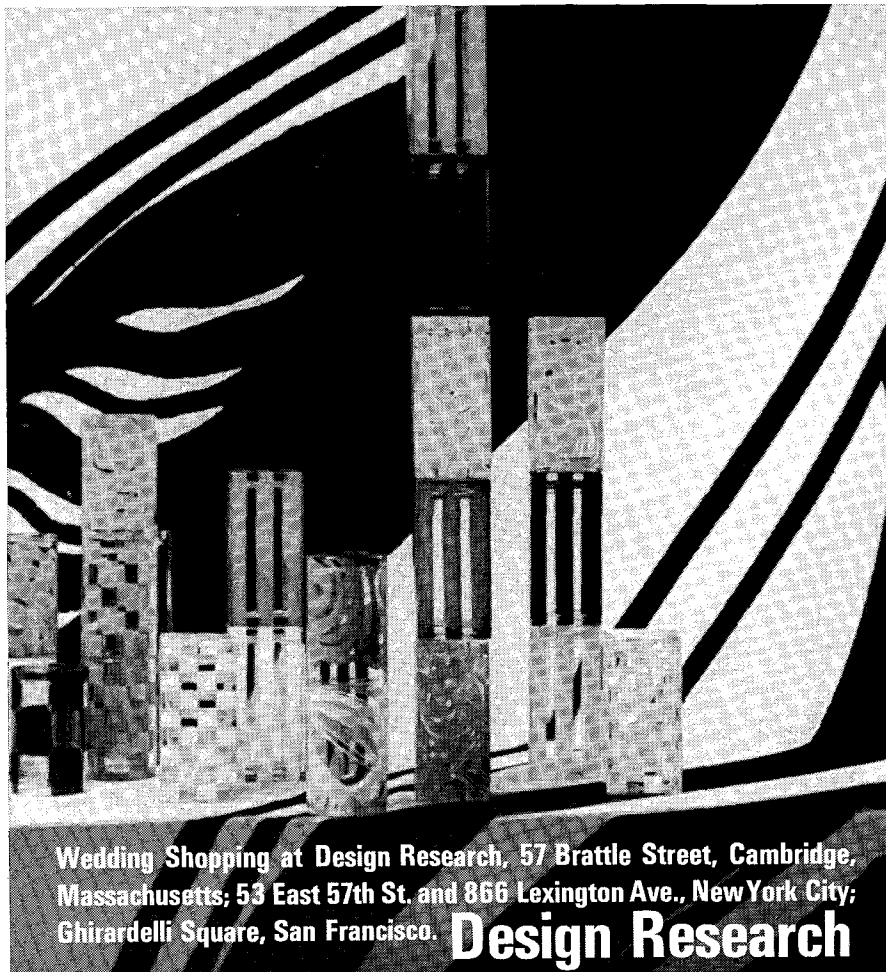
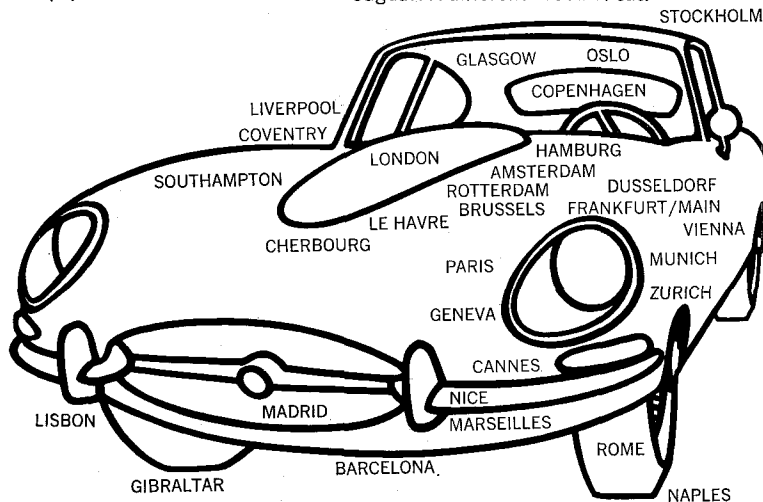
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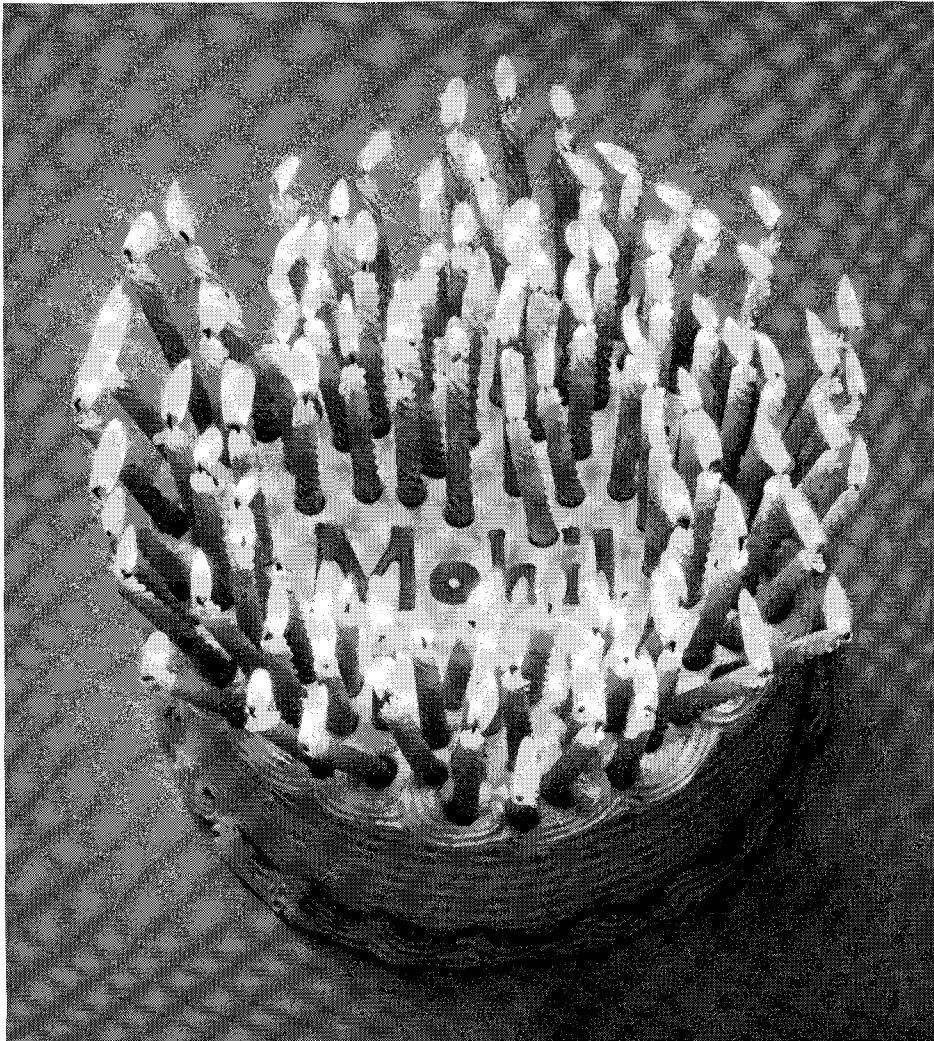
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Praise and Thanksgiving for Punch's 300th Birthday."

This last feature of the celebration was particularly significant and interesting because Punch is, of course, par excellence one of the most immoral figures of drama. He came to England from the Catholic countries of the Continent, following immediately the return of Charles Stuart, in 1660, and there is a tradition in the Punch profession that Charles himself gave the showmen licenses. The play of Punch and Judy is thus in some sense a naughty Restoration comedy. After disposing of almost everyone else—his family and the agents of law and order—Punch must always in the end beat the Devil. One finds a few records of performances in which the Devil carries Punch off, but these are in the minority; the tradition is all the other way. Dr. Johnson, writing in 1765, remarks that "in rustic puppet plays I have seen the Devil very lustily belaboured by Punch" and that "in modern puppet shows, which seem to be copied from the old farces, Punch sometimes fights the Devil and always overcomes him." The crocodile which afterward devoured Punch in the versions I saw in my youth is said by Mr. George Speaight, the leading authority on the subject, to have been introduced only in the middle of the nineteenth century. My theory about it is that though the tradition did not make it possible for Punch not to vanquish the Devil, Victorian morality demanded that the sinner should not go scot-free. (J. M. Barrie seems to have borrowed this crocodile for the crocodile in "Peter Pan.") The audience of children would have accepted it as something already familiar.) But that the Devil should get the worst of it was essential to the real story. At the end of the old productions, Punch used to proclaim triumphantly, "Hurrah, boys, the Devil's dead!" The men who had been watching the show were sometimes so enthusiastic that they would go up to shake Punch's hand and offer to buy him a drink.

Now, why did Punch become for the English, like St. George and John Bull, one of their mythical heroes, a national symbol? He had originally been the boastful Neapolitan in the Italian *commedia dell'arte* (he is supposed by some to go even further back, to the *Fabulae Atellanæ* and the Fescennine buffooneries of Rome). He was brought to France by the Italian players sometime in the sixteenth century. They played the *commedia dell'arte*—that is, partly improvised comedies with a tra-

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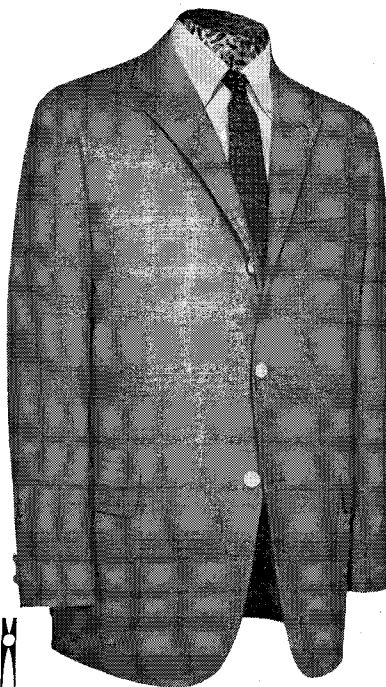
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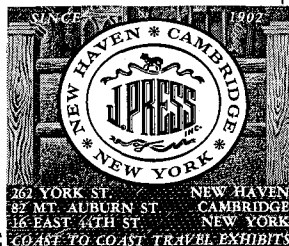
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ditional cast of stock characters: Harlequin, Columbine, Scapin, Pierrot, Pantaloon, who turn up later in the English pantomime, as several of them do in Molière—and became extremely popular. But in 1697, as a result of some satirical cracks about the King's mistress, Madame de Maintenon, the Italians' theatre was closed and the troupe was expelled from Paris. The French comic performers at the fairs then took these entertainments up and were eventually so successful in Paris that the actors of the Comédie-Française got the police to prohibit the performance of comedy except by the members of this official company. The definition of the kind of performance banned was "any spectacle in which there is dialogue," and *les forains* evaded this by having only one actor on the stage at a time. He would deliver a line and withdraw, and then another actor would emerge from the wings and reply. There were police raids in 1709, in which the theatres were burned and wrecked. The producers resorted to puppet shows to which permits were given only on condition that there should be no speaking except through *un sifflet-pratique*—an instrument I shall explain later—and that is how Pulcinella-Polichinelle-Punch arrived in a puppet booth. Pulcinella first modulated into Polichinelle, then in England had a new incarnation as Punch. Both these Continental personages, however, are quite distinct from Punch, yet the description of Polichinelle in Maurice Sand's "Masques et Bouffons" does show that they once had a good deal in common: a hump, a big belly, a stick, a temperament of extreme truculence, and a tendency to unscrupulous philandering. During the Terror of the French Revolution, it was one of the features of the executions, which became public entertainments, that Polichinelle in his booth should also be guillotined as the other heads were falling, but then, after the Terror had relaxed, with the advent of Thermidor, he would turn, like Punch, on the executioner and hang him and the Devil by the same rope. Polichinelle in France was something of a popular hero, but he never became so important as Punch has been for the English. One can understand Punch's first success in the reaction against Puritanism, and I used to believe that the brutality of the puppet, who is always knocking people on the head, appealed to the brutality of the British. But a more satisfactory theory—which does not, however, exclude the other—has been suggested to me



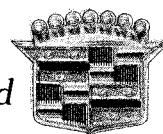
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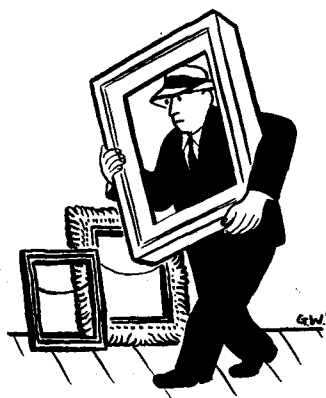


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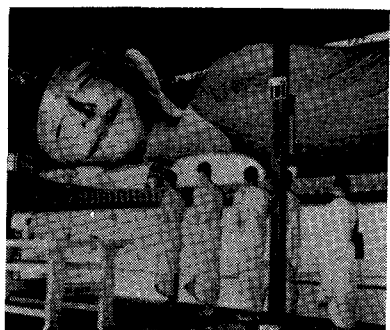
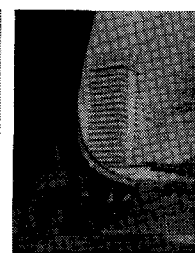
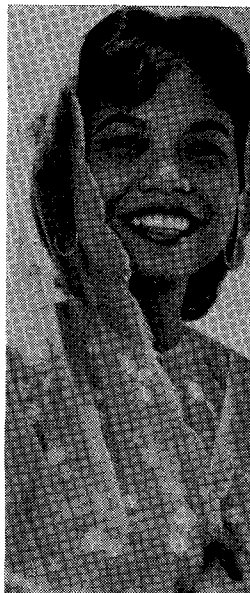
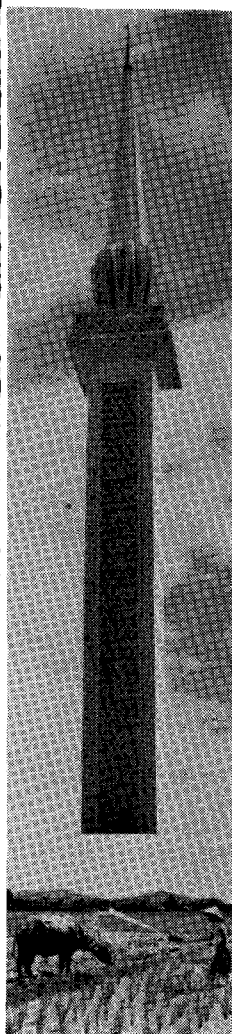
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by Mr. John Wain, who pointed out that Punch was allowed to give way, and allowed to give way with impunity, to all those impulses of violence and defiance that had usually to be repressed by the common man. He throws the baby out the window; he disposes of his scolding wife; he murders the complaining landlord (there was sometimes also a tradesman); and when—scared to death by the ghost or believing himself to have been injured by Judy—he resorts to calling in the doctor, he gets out of paying the fee by annihilating him, too. When Punch has at last been arrested and tried and sentenced to be hanged, he manages to hang the hangman by inducing him to put his own head in the noose on the pretext that he, Punch, does not know how to go about it—"I've never been hanged before!" When the Devil eventually comes for him and puts up a stiff fight, he escapes eternal punishment, too. In the intervals between his crimes, he merrily sings and dances, and he formerly flirted with a Pretty Polly, a figure who seems now to have disappeared. The monotony, however, of his misdemeanors is sometimes varied at Punch's expense by his failure to get even a crack at an elusive Negro or Clown, who plays him embarrassing tricks, and he is powerless against the ghost, the only creature of whom he is frightened.

Punch-and-Judy shows in England and the Pulcinella shows of Italy are usually performed out-of-doors, in parks or other "pitches," in summer, when the children are out of school. They stop when school starts again. (The well-known Guignol of France has nothing to do with Polichinelle, except that he knocks people about with a stick. He dates only from the end of the eighteenth century, but has quite displaced his predecessor. Guignol was created in Lyon; he was originally an innocent silkwormer, and he is still more or less of a simpleton, though he is capable of clever tricks and always comes out on top. His comedies are



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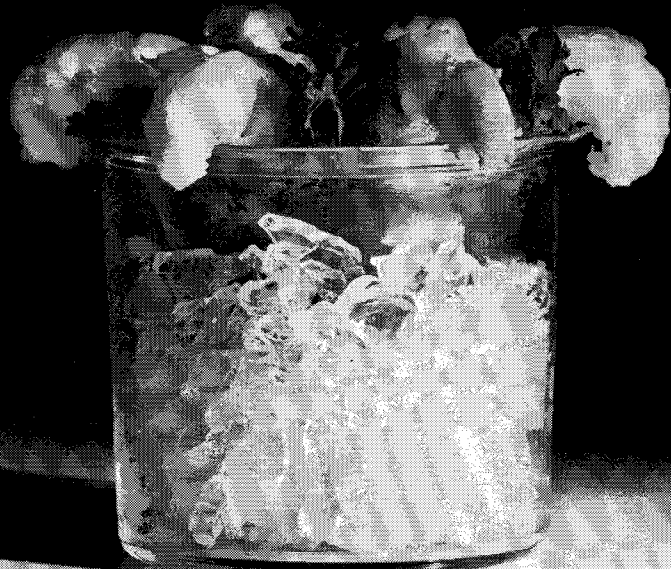
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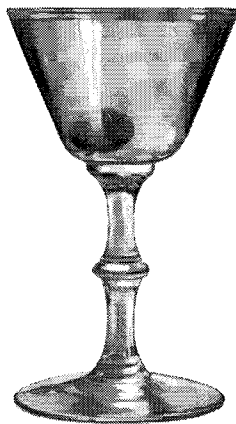
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likely to hinge—which is characteristic of France—on the possession or the acquisition of money, a subject which never figures in Punch and Judy. The Guignol shows spread all over France and gave their name to the Grand Guignol in Paris.) Since I only arrived in England in October and left Europe before school was out, I had difficulty in seeing these puppets. I found one show on the Pincio, in Rome, but a very inferior one. The spectacle had no structure and never came to an end; it was continuous and always going back on itself to scenes that had been done before. What I had taken at first for a wolf, or a crocodile disguised as one, turned out to be meant for a dog, a mispronounced "Lassie" from our movies. When she fixed her teeth in Pulcinella, her owner put his price up and up before he would call her off. Most of the rest of the show was simply banging about, which was no substitute for imaginative drama. I had somewhat better luck in London. I found there a Punch operator of high reputation, who was about to give a show for children at a Friends' recreation center. The performance was first-rate, but, to my disappointment and the operator's, it had to be cut short when the lady presiding at the entertainment explained that the parents had come for their children and that they had to go home to their suppers. The Devil had not yet appeared. I asked whether he was not to be vanquished and was assured by the operator that he was. I did not see any crocodile.

The name Punch comes from the Italian Puncinello, who nevertheless in Italy, so far as I heard, is always called Pulcinella. It is supposed to be a diminutive of *pulcina*, "chicken," and to refer to the character's peculiar voice. This voice is produced by a device called a "swazzle," the nature of which was for decades kept a secret by the Punch showmen. A Punchman interviewed by Henry Mayhew, who tells about it in his "London Labour and the London Poor," published in 1856, referred to the swazzle as "an unknown tongue, that's known to none except those in our profession." It was evidently never described in print till 1866, when it turned out to be two pieces of metal, bent out from one another in such a way as to leave a small channel between them, and fastened together by tape. It is held by the tongue to the roof of the mouth, and the performer, when he is doing Punch, speaks through it in a whistling squeal. The swazzle is quite difficult to manage—especially since the showman must use



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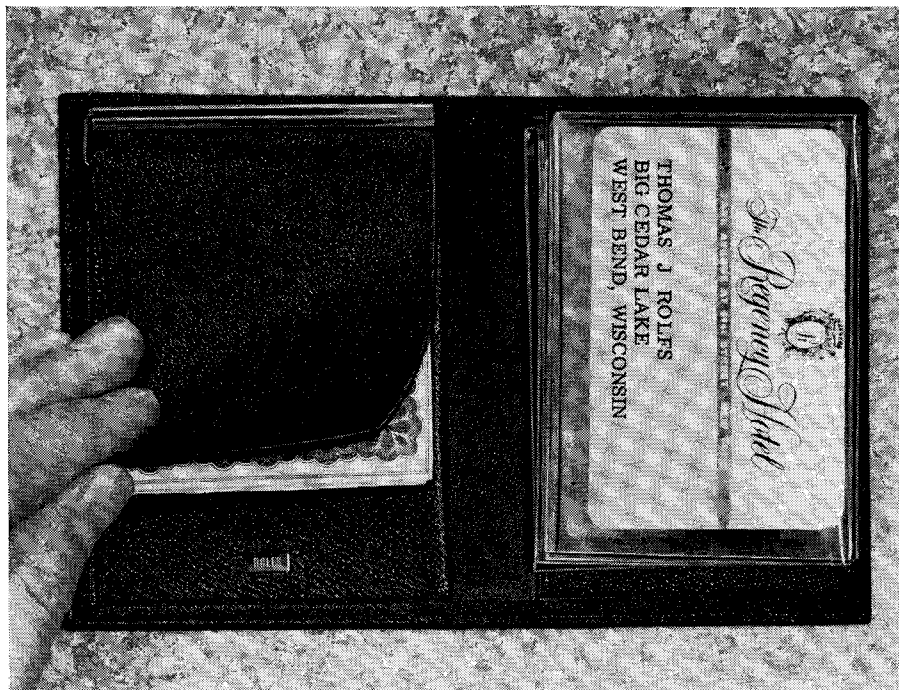
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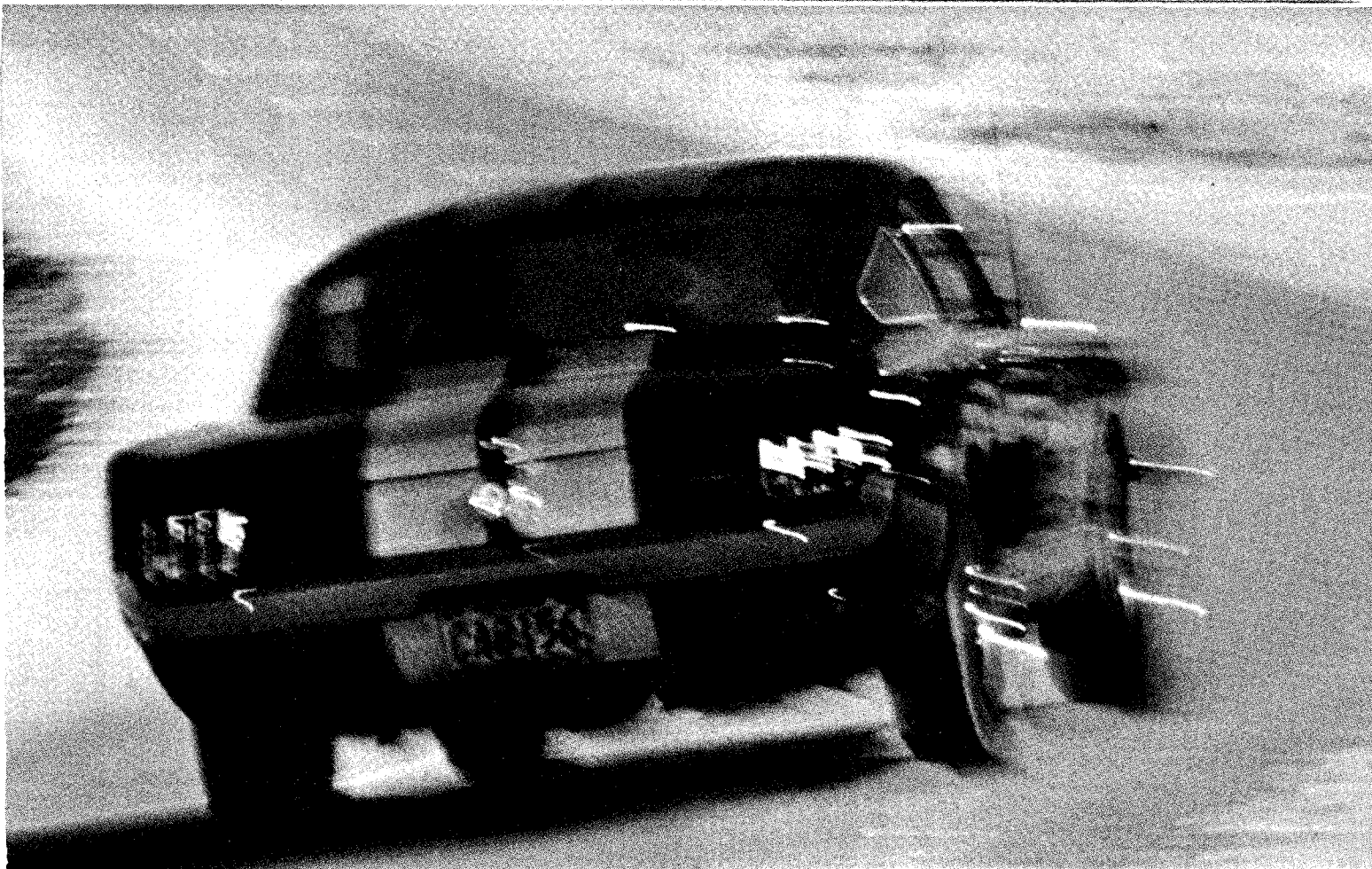
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his tongue in the natural way when he speaks for the other characters. There is a saying in the profession that one must have swallowed the swazzle three times in order to qualify as a Punchman. The dose recommended for expelling it was "plenty of plum pudding." One that I recently purchased was accompanied by a warning that, when practicing, it was as well to have a heavy thread attached to it. I have never mastered the swazzle. In my youth, I had a simpler device—a double disc, with a hole in the middle—which does not now seem to be on the market. There is a story of an eighteenth-century French nobleman of fashionable and frivolous tastes who became a great amateur of these puppets and delighted in giving shows himself. One day, he swallowed the swazzle, which is called *sifflet-pratique* in French, and was thought to be choking to death. A priest was immediately summoned, and the gentleman was heard confessing his sins in the voice of Polichinelle. Then suddenly he coughed up the instrument and sent the priest packing. Besides the difficulty of manipulating the swazzle, the Punchman has other problems. He is obliged to perform standing up and holding both hands above his head. This position requires endurance, and the handling of the puppets great dexterity. The operator must take special exercises to discipline his fingers and wrists.

The puppets made now in the United States—procurable through dealers in magicians' supplies—are of rather inferior quality. The heads are not carved out of wood but molded in some hard kind of papier-mâché, which makes them lighter but much less impressive than the old-fashioned wooden kind. In England, the production of these puppets is an ancient handicraft, and you can have them made to order. One of the best of the English puppet-makers is an old man who lives in Gravesend. He does not have a telephone, and you have to go to Gravesend to see him. He made me a beautiful Punch, Judy, and Baby fitted to the size of my hands, and charged me an incredibly low price for them. My coarse American Punch has no hooked nose and no hump and is otherwise also entirely uninteresting, but this English one is quite traditional: he has the right kind of Punch personality. (The big, sagging belly of Punch which used to balance the hump and which is prominent in Tenniel's drawing for the cover of the humorous weekly has been abandoned in practical puppetry. It makes it too difficult to wield the stick with



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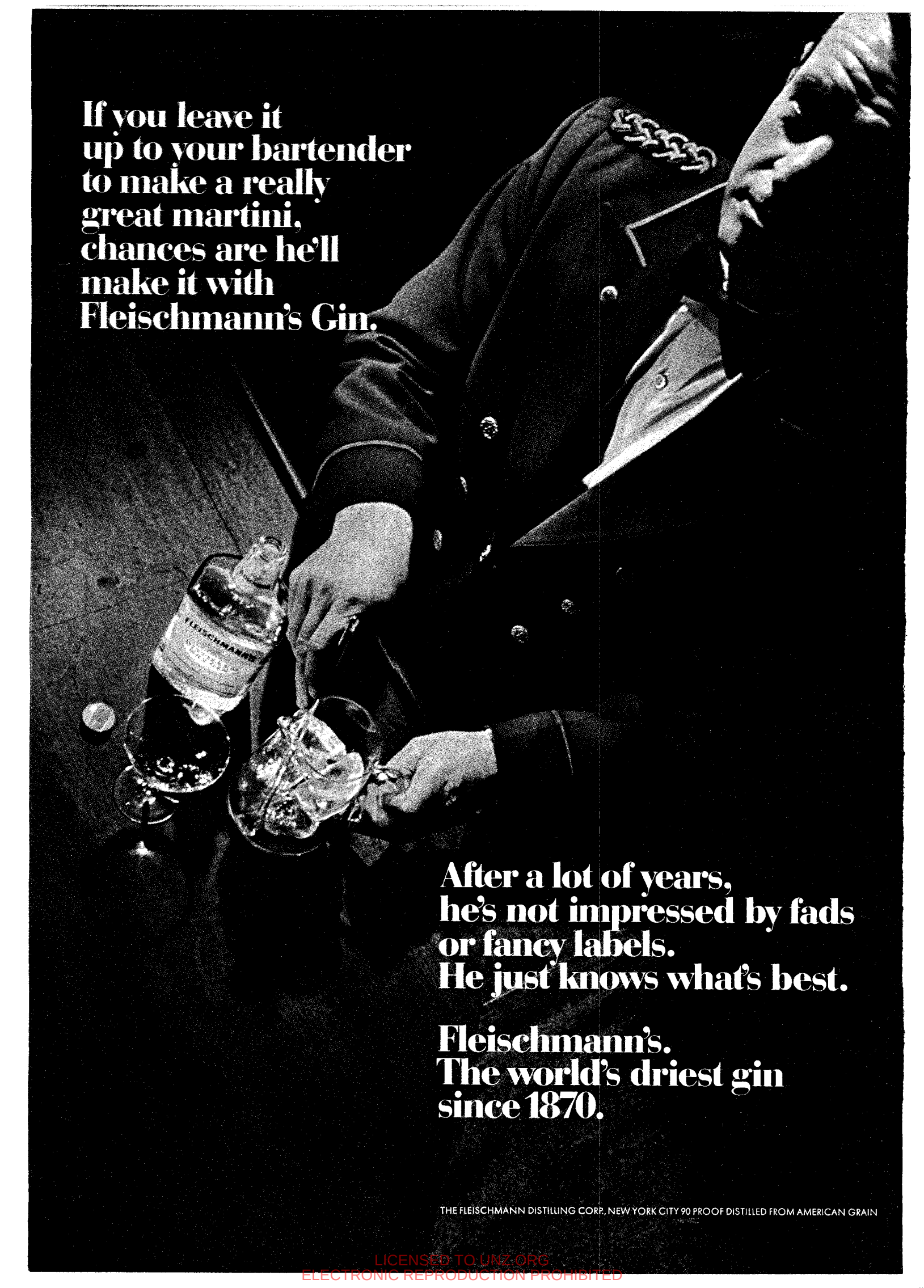
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which Punch has to knock out so many people. I have one old example of a Punch with a paunch in a small set that came from Saratoga, but I do not see how it could have been used for the purposes of the regular drama.) The costume of my English Punch is brilliant; a great deal of pains has been taken with it. The coat, with its ruff, is red, with a dark-blue velvet facing; the hump is of the same velvet. The peaked cap is pink and green, with a pompon of yellow. The knee breeches are a lighter blue; the stockings are painted on the legs in yellow, with tops of some pink material, and the red shoes have black and pink bows, secured with a large brass button. The face of the American Punch which I have had to use for years has no well-defined expression—its bulbous red nose and popeyes might be those of a glaring old drunk—but the other has sharply carved features and that “frank” and “glad” smile of which Max Beerbohm says so well that it is that “of a great sinner well-knowing himself to be also a great force for good.” The Judy, as is proper for an English wife, is much more plainly dressed than her husband. The Baby shows the influence of the well-known drawings made by George Cruikshank from the most popular London Punch show of his day. These were published, with the dialogue, in 1828, and the book has several times been reprinted. It is one of the most important sources for the Punch-and-Judy tradition. Here the Baby is not a true puppet but a small, inanimate object, with a Punchlike tall cap that gives it a shape rather like an hourglass. It hardly looks human, but is easier to handle and less susceptible to damage when thrown around than the more convincing full-sized model, whose pink cheeks are likely to get chipped. My new one, a block with a head, is red-haired and blue-eyed, with a red cap, orange hands, a red belt with a green bow, and a pink flowered gown. The old man who made these figures was extremely friendly and was pleased that I was so pleased with them. He had his wife bring me tea and taught me a trick that I did not know. He also presented me with one of his swazzles—he was a performer in a modest way himself—and a script prepared, with strict expurgation, to be performed before Queen Victoria, for which he would not let me pay. He referred me for ready-made figures to a dealer in magic supplies, whom I found in an old building in a very Dickensian basement at the approach to London Bridge. There I bought a splendid



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Horizons in Bermuda

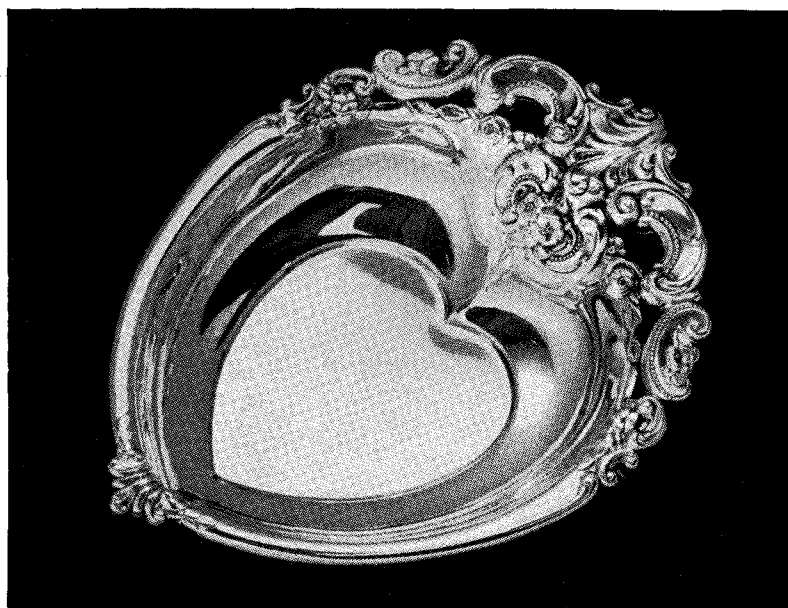
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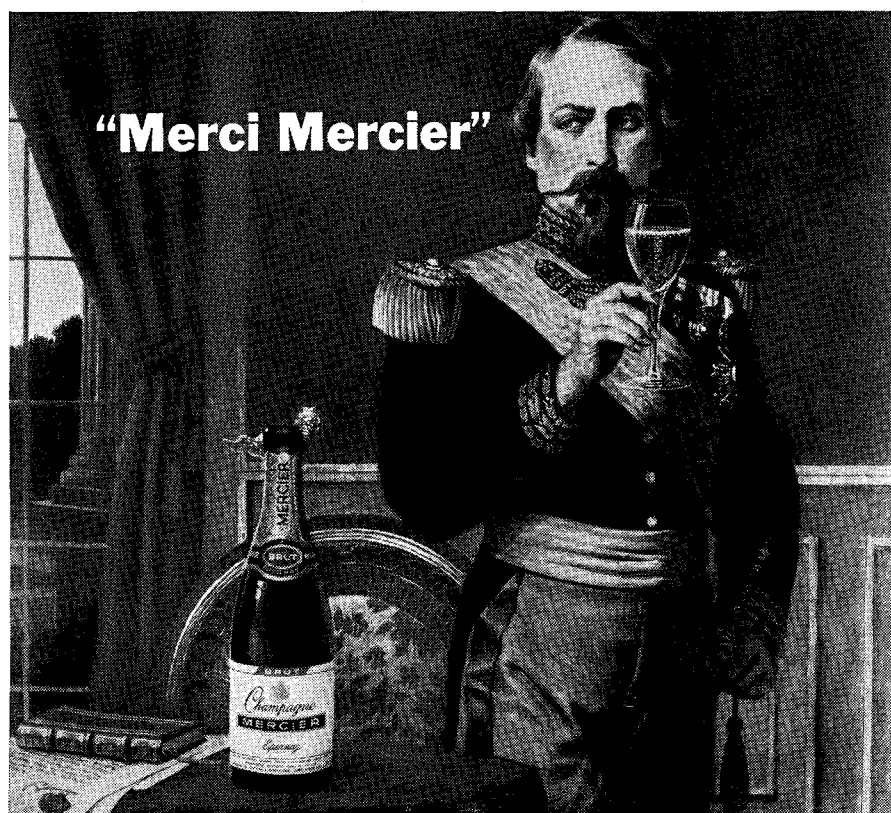
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purple-robed Beadle, with a somewhat birdlike beak and wide-open blue English eyes. The maker of this figure had recently died, and his work seemed to be highly valued.

I have a collection of Punch-and-Judy scripts and several books about glove puppetry. The most complete and authoritative work is "The History of the English Puppet Theatre," by George Speaight, himself a puppetmaster and one of the organizers of the Punch tercentenary. The first Punch-and-Judy I ever saw—it must have been before 1900—was a sideshow in the Barnum & Bailey Circus in Madison Square Garden. The Punch was dressed in red and was extremely loud and dynamic. He would plunge around the stage after every outrageous exploit, singing that favorite song of the Spanish War—"There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." I was fascinated but also frightened, and when I revived the puppet theatre for my children, I was afraid the real Punch and Judy would be too alarming for them, and, instead, gave them a kind of soap opera—improvised from night to night—in which the Punch and Judy were transformed into a comfortable domestic couple who never quarrelled about anything but were plagued by a mischievous devil. Later, I acquired new puppets of the kind that were then coming over from Germany. These were made not for Punch and Judy but for such fairy tales as "Hansel and Gretel," and they enabled me to extend my serial to the scope of a small kingdom, the king of which was always asleep, so that it had to be run by the princess, very pretty and dignified and always wearing a small crown. The devils became more and more a nuisance—I had by this time collected several of them—and the princess was now ably served by a guard of loyal animals. (The Germans have excelled at these animals and now offer a considerable variety, though their puppets are not so well made as they were just after the Second War.) But this taxed my creative powers, coming at the end of the day, and I decided to reconstruct the true Punch, with his "That's the way to do it!" and his roistering Spanish War song, and it was now as if more than I had thought I remembered were emerging from buried impressions, perhaps from a racial subconsciousness. I discovered, on consulting my literature on the subject, that lines and business I imagined I had just made up had been part of the performance for centuries. I also began to feel—I suppose like an actor playing

Hamlet—that I understood the character of Punch as something with an uncanny life of its own that had always been in existence and only needed to be revived. One episode I was sure was an innovation. I provided a happy ending. When Punch had sent the Devil back to Hell, I had the latter, as the result of a council, decide to hire a floozy seductress to lure him into the Crocodile Swamp. This gave me an opportunity to exploit my by then large and varied collection of dragons and crocodiles. These monsters become ever more formidable, but just when Punch has lost his stick (undoubtedly a phallic symbol), which has been swallowed by one of the crocodiles, and, trembling and helpless, is being dragged down by the most ferocious of these, poor old Judy pops up and rescues him. She explains that she had only been pretending to be dead to see how Punch would take it, and when she heard him dancing and singing she swore that she would never go near him again. But she had realized, seeing him in the jaws of the dragon, that she could not let him be devoured. I found, however, in Speaight, that this resuscitation of Judy has also been sometimes used.

The puppets that I bought in Rome in a toy store on the Via Veneto were decorative and rather expensive. They are closer to the characters of the *commedia dell'arte* than to the more ruffianly types of the Punch show. The women play a much more attractive and more important role in Italy. There is no shrewish Judy, no German witch. In the show I saw on the Pincio, Pulcinella had a great love, the beautiful Rosalie. I purchased another beauty—a brunette with a high-built black coiffure, lashes of black gauze, a lace collar, a pearl necklace, and pearl earrings. Also, a *carabiniere* with a cockaded bicorne, and what I take to be a Crusader, gray-eyed and fair-haired, clad in a befeathered and bejewelled, somewhat beret-like soft red cap that droops dashingly over the left ear. All have gray or black glass-bead eyes, and the men mustaches and eyebrows finely embroidered in silk. I bought also a Pulcinella, who could not differ more from Punch. It is clear from Maurice Sand's book that the several variations on this name cover two quite distinct personages: one the braggart who turned into Punch and the other a mere playful imp. My puppet closely resembles Sand's drawing labelled Pollicinella: a slight figure with a black half mask, a white foolscap, and a white pierrot costume.

The Italians, of course, also excel at

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But, as we've suggested, the superiority of NBC's reporting in such matters is a claim we'd rather not make.

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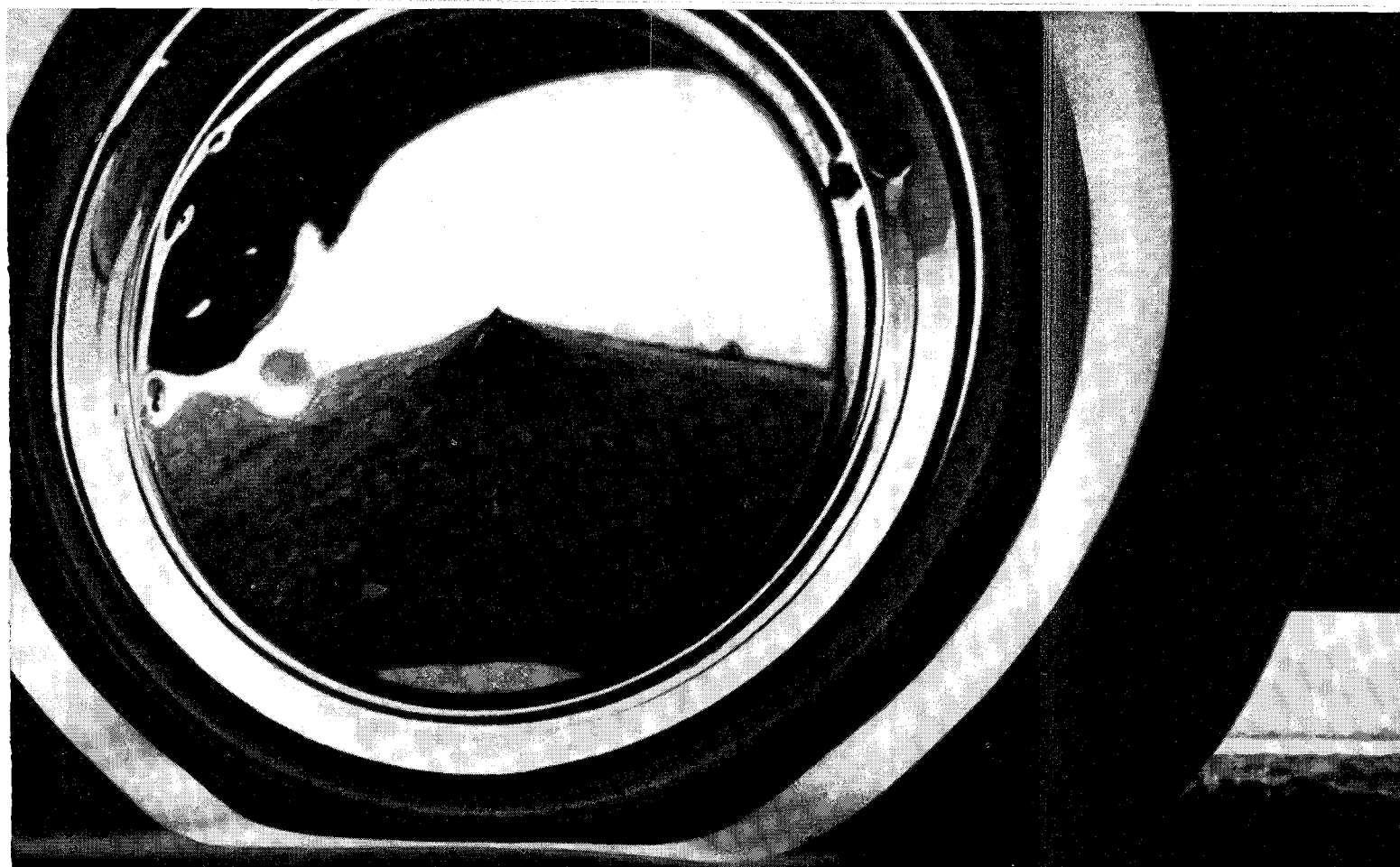
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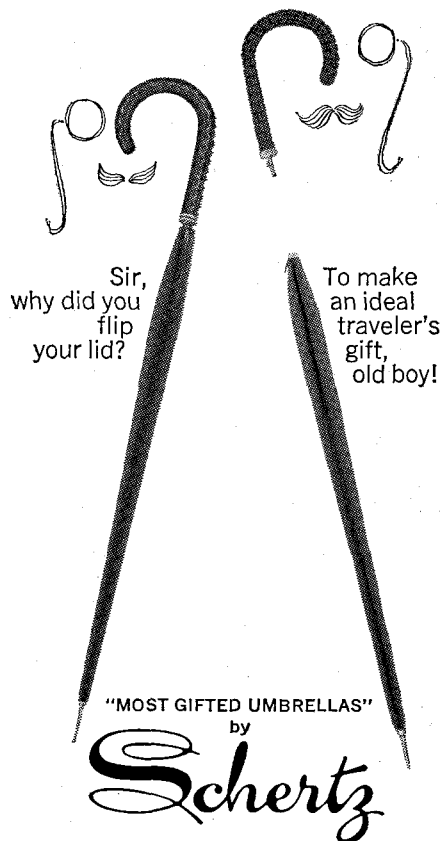
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the more complicated marionettes, and the shops are full of puppets on wires and threads, of all sizes and prices. One of my vividest childhood memories of Rome is of buying, together with my cousins, some cheap marionettes, which included Roman gladiators with swords, and of staging plays for one another—when we had tired of being taken to churches—in a theatre improvised in the hotel room from a chair laid on its back and draped with towels. But even though the Venetian puppeteers can make marionettes do the most wonderful things and almost seem to be living actors, no genuine glove-puppet fancier has any real use for marionettes. The fact that they are worked from above and that in the more ambitious performances several people may be needed to animate one puppet, while the voices are supplied by still others, makes them seem much too labored and mechanical. I agree with Frank Peschka of the New York Little Players, the greatest master of glove puppetry whose work I have ever seen (who, however, does not do Punch and Judy but puts on more elaborate productions created by himself in collaboration with his stage manager, Wilbur Murdock), when he says that its satisfactoriness lies in its not being an engineered group effort but a performance which without machinery—all the characters, all the voices—comes straight out of the performer himself, who becomes in his own person an organic drama.

I also agree with Sand, whose mother was George Sand, that a puppet theatre in a household may prove a delightful resource and give life a kind of new dimension. He tells of a family—his own, one supposes—who, obliged to spend their winters in the country, rigged up a charade theatre and produced in it little plays. The story would be invented every night at dessert, then the lines would be improvised as they acted it. They began with the characters of the *commedia dell'arte* but mixed them with other things. "Pierrot, now a choirmaster, was sent to the court of Prince Ireneus, by way of the Tales of Hoffmann; Scaramouche, become a brigand, to the palace of the Sleeping Beauty by way of Perrault's fairy tales." One winter, there were only four actors, so they could not provide an audience. They resorted to a theatre of glove puppets, with two watching and two performing, and instead of restricting the entertainments this led to more interesting developments. They acquired some fifty puppets, and permanent characters

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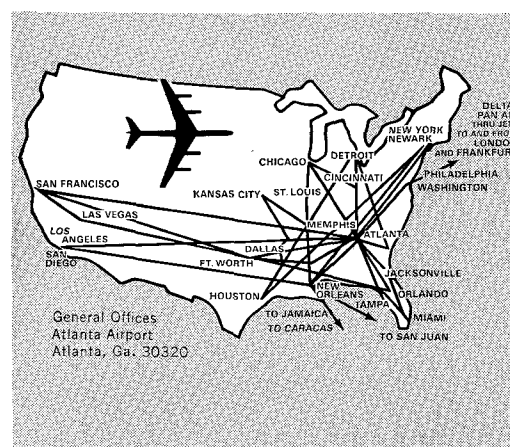


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THE PLAZA

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came into being. They adopted a soap-opera technique, like mine, of making each episode at the end lead on to the one to follow. When they were able to go back to a real stage, their *commedia dell'arte* had come to life and taken possession of them—as I found, in my own experience, when my daughter was old enough to collaborate with me, that our version of Punch had done with us. Sand says that when professional actors were invited to participate, they found it excessively difficult; they were supplied with no written roles, whereas the young people were living theirs.

FAREWELL TO ROME: It is impossible for an American not eventually to feel frivolous in Rome. He eats and drinks well, he listens to Roman gossip, he meets charming writers and artists and scholars who are among the most cultivated and the most cosmopolitan in the world. He has a choice of the relics and monuments and masterpieces of two or three millennia. But expeditions among these—like a trip that we made to the Etruscan tombs—are likely, with the heat and fatigue, to give way, before the ground has been covered, to gay and prolonged lunches. I am now going on to Budapest, where I suppose that life is "real and earnest;" where the breaking of the old system and the problem of adaptation to the Communist world are imposing more hardship and demanding more effort.

—EDMUND WILSON

(This is the second of a series of three articles.)

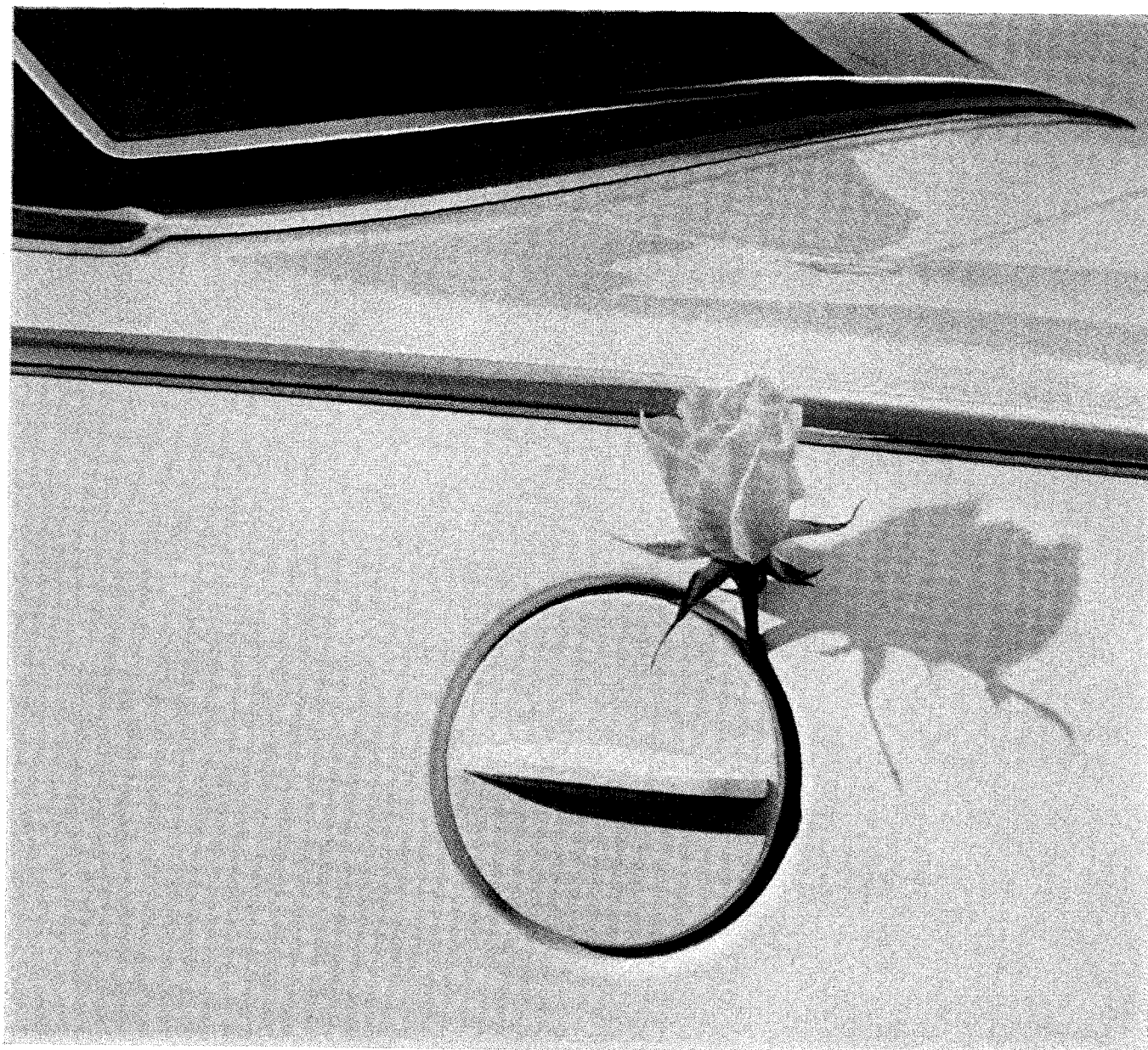
Wallace followed his wife's traditionally short appearance at the microphone with new attacks on liberal newspapers and said Alabama citizens "should not roll over and play dead" at the attempt by "these liberal socialistic beatnik outlaws" who he said were attempting to "crush the power structure of this country."

They whirled inland through Lakeland and a cluster of smaller towns—Winter Haven, Auburndale, Haines City and Davenport — before striking Cocoa and ripping just south of Cape Kennedy around 10 a.m.

Nine were injured at St. Petersburg, 68 at Tampa, 92 at Lakeland, and 133 at Cocoa, you can see what the past administration has done for you." She pledged again to carry on her husband's policies.

—Birmingham (Ala.) Post-Herald.

And never mind the carnage.



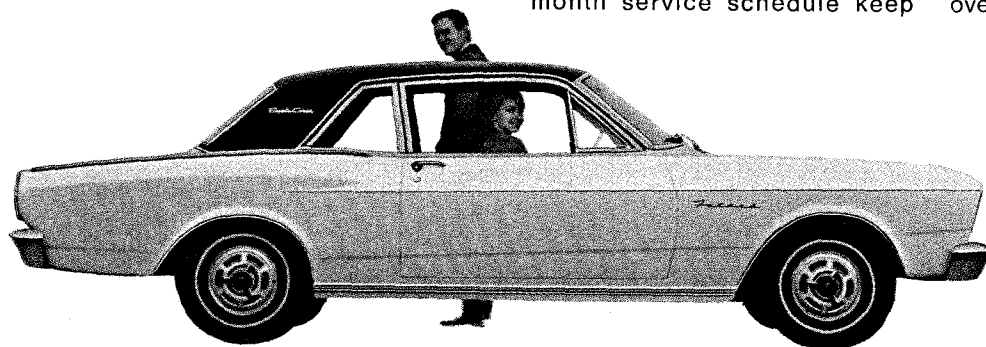
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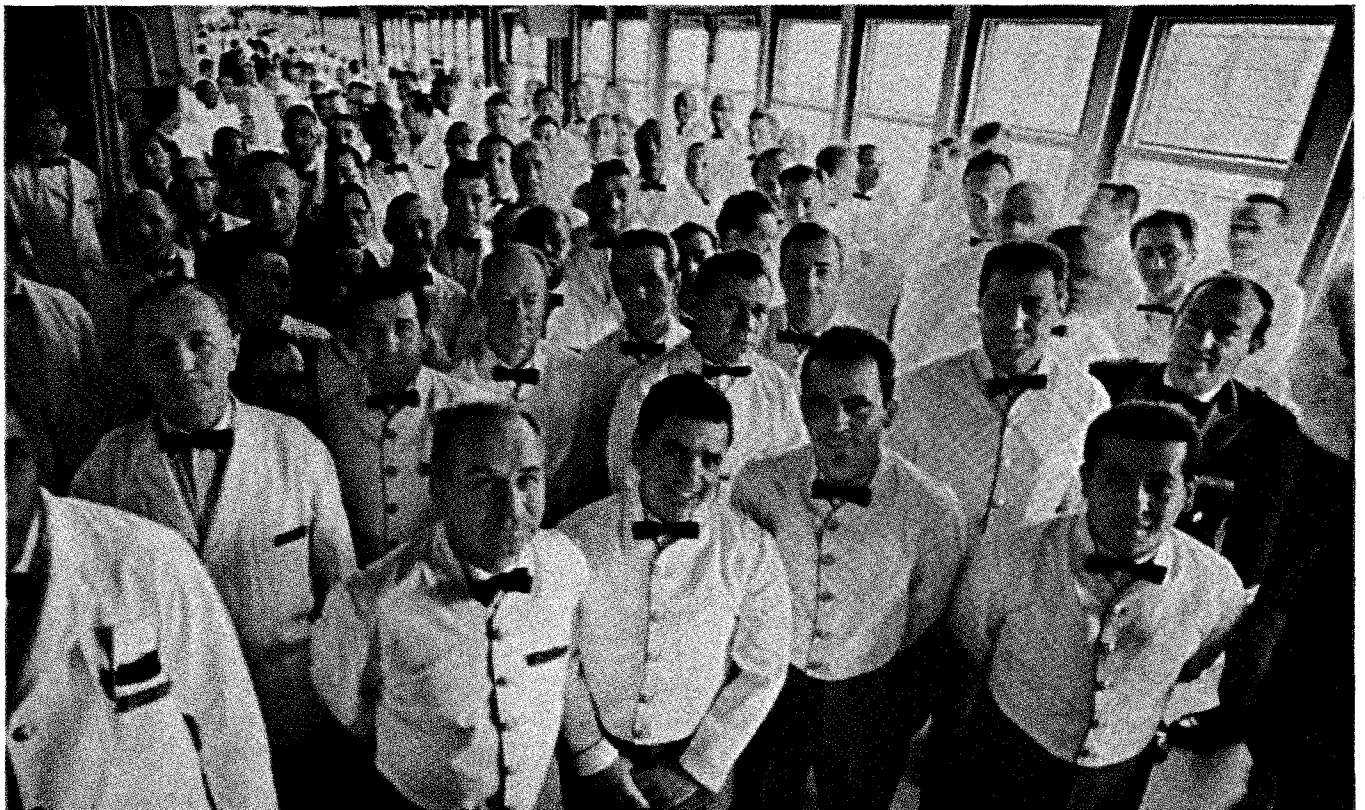
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CLINKER

A LINE from one of the lyrics in "A Time for Singing," at the Broadway, runs "Let my lips partake of you." This sort of thing might be appropriate in a musical with a venue in which missionaries are a blue-plate special, but it's rather jarring in a play aimed at revealing to us, in the utmost seriousness, the plight of coal miners in Wales when the living was anything but easy. The line I've quoted is by no means the only jarring one in this adaptation of Richard Llewellyn's "How Green Was My Valley." As put together by Gerald Freedman and John Morris—the former serving as director and the latter as composer, and both pitching in on the book and lyrics—"A Time for Singing" is the sort of enterprise that dramatists during the Depression were always threatening to write but seldom did, thank God. When I set out for this one it was my hope that I would be beguiled by airs appropriate to Wales, where singing comes as naturally as breathing, but what I met up with instead was labored recitatives, actors thickly congregated to no purpose, and a determined effort on the part of the authors to engage my attention with a group of characters not far removed from the hillbillies of the comic strips. As you may know, Mr. Llewellyn's novel was once made into a movie that was not without merit. In this version, though, the suds of the soap, which were fairly well concealed on the screen, are all too evident. Following a solid choral number called "Come You Men," Ivor Emmanuel, as a reminiscing interlocutor, sings "How Green Was My Valley," and after that everything more or less fades away. Mr. Emmanuel plays a minister who loves a daughter of the house of Morgan, a powerful valley clan, which, as represented here, might be compared with some of our Jukes folk. As it happens, the minister never gets up steam enough to marry the girl, so she takes

as her husband the son of the owner of a coal mine where her father and her brothers (except an urchin of eight) are employed. Father—or Dada, as they call him here—is a company man, but his sons are unionists, and you can readily see how tough things are in the family when a strike occurs. As a matter of fact, not only the family but the whole valley goes to pieces, yet Mr. Freedman and Mr. Morris never succeed in making the struggle dramatically viable. Mr. Emmanuel and the rest of the cast—a large one—do what they can, but I'm afraid that this regrettable venture is too far gone for a salvage job. Mr. Freedman's direction—he has a revolving stage going for him—is simple, forthright, and ineffective, and the choreography, by Donald McKayle, falls into the same category. The sets, by Ming Cho Lee, are suited to the occasion.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Mixed Nuts

A NEW dramatist named Lawrence Weinberg has demonstrated in "Big Man" (actually two short plays called "Duet for Three"

and "Big Man") that he can always generate something—laughter or tension or whatever—on a stage. The stage is that of the Cherry Lane, where the plays opened last week. Nevertheless, it must also be said that both plays are about deranged people, and the trouble with plays about the mentally afflicted is that their inherent drama is prefabricated and the audience's recognition of the characters is built in. (As displayed on stages and screens of assorted sizes, mental patients are everybody in italics.) Also, both plays break down mostly into scenes for two; these days, new dramatists rarely have even a shot at conversations for three or four.

The action of "Duet for Three" takes place right after the last war, and it is about a veteran named John, recently (and prematurely) discharged from the psychiatric ward of an Army hospital, and a whore, also somewhat addled, named Elise. John is brought to her room by a mutual friend, the third member of that "Duet." The opening scene bodes no good. John asks "Can she sing? Can she dance? Does she know Shakespeare? My friend Johnny Keats?" or something to that tiresome effect, but the play does pick up when the girl comes in and the friend leaves. John, a violent, frightened, and sadistic fellow, delivers a clinical wrap-up on himself: "'Homicidal Oedipus complex.' That's not so different." "No. You're right," Elise replies. She contributes a quick run-down on herself: "I am a whore. I am



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a degenerate. I am a graduate of a university, an intellectual household, and four psychiatrists. I am not a well-adjusted degenerate." Why a play about two such dismal-sounding people should be sort of funny and touching is a mystery to me, but it is—three-quarters of the way through, anyhow, until it gets lost in its own heroics and sentimentality and in a blundering reach for a tidy ending. The characters are not really believable, but their conversation is quirky and full of surprises, and John P. Ryan and Maya Kenin do quite well by them.

The big man of "Big Man" is a successful New York businessman named Al Pecter, who has gone to a Baltimore hospital to be cured of stomach-aches and has ended up taking shock treatments. He is alone when the curtain rises, in bed in a semiprivate room. Shortly afterward, a fellow named Benny Grossman—an obvious non-success with an accent and such bad jitters that he can barely keep still—is brought in and put in the second bed. The talk of the men as they quarrel, connect and disconnect, go up in smoke, and soothe each other is flavorful, revealing, and comical. It takes some doing to make Jewish comic cross-talk sound anything but tarnished these days, but Mr. Weinberg, with the help of Rudy Bond, who is wonderful as Pecter, and Lou Gilbert, who is amusing as Grossman, manages it. Mr. Bond and Mr. Gilbert were so funny at the preview I saw—Mr. Gilbert's performance is the kind that might tend to broaden as the weeks go by—that it was hard to assay the playwright's contribution. For a while, it is almost impossible to believe that Pecter and Grossman belong in a hospital at all—a table at Lindy's would be more like it—but it soon becomes evident that both men are in terrible shape, and that they are where they are because their lives are literally unbearable. The play is full of vivid bits and clues: Pecter's angry, loud discussion of the new son-in-law who married his daughter in mid-pregnancy, as Mrs. Pecter, who has come to visit, wearing a blond-mink stole and flashing diamonds, glances nervously at the eavesdropping Grossman; Pecter casing the backs of some birthday cards for the prices; his total, silent dismay when his wife has to remind him that the hospital is in Baltimore, not New York. (Mr. Bond's "Balteemore?" was funny and not funny both at once.) It is too bad that Barbara Hayes, who probably could do well in the right part, seemed so miscast—far too Gentile to play any-

body's Jewish wife named Rachel. The dear, venerable Cherry Lane has been having a losing streak over the past year or so. Perhaps "Big Man" will bring it to an end.

THE group at the Greenwich Mews that calls itself IASTA (amplification of acronym furnished on request), and that produces plays from various foreign countries under the direction of various foreign sons and daughters, last week presented a Chinese classical comedy, "The Butterfly Dream." The play, an adaptation of a novel written during the Ming period (1368 *et seq.*), was staged in the Chinese manner by an actress from Hong Kong named Hu Hung-Yen. It is about a noble sorcerer who plays dead to test his wife's fidelity and transforms his spirit into a young man,

who courts her. She flunks. But the matter is the least of it; it is the manner that counts—the set pieces and the signals and gestures that compose the Chinese theatrical tradition. "The Butterfly Dream" makes a pretty show—the costumes and movements are extremely decorative—which is charming and amusing in itself for a while, and then just mildly entertaining as a curiosity. When it was over, my impression was of a double tongue-in-cheek—American actors not quite pretending to be Chinese, plus the Chinese convention of never letting us forget for a moment that what we are seeing is artificial. Suspension of disbelief was never imported by China. The wife's comic servant, sent to buy a coffin and a couple of paper effigies, bargains with three shopkeepers who are invisible behind a screen, and then turns to the house and says, "Same actor." The dialogue would not have surprised me if it had run something like this—Wife to husband: "How are you?" Wife to audience: "I have just asked him how he is." Servant to audience: "She has just asked her husband how he was." I must say that we Off Broadway audiences, exposed to any number of mysterious coterie performances in the course of a season, are not used to that kind of consideration.

All the actors handle the maneuverings of fans, the formal steps that are almost dances, and the other physical requirements of their roles quite well. Eric Tavares has some funny slapstick moments as the servant, and so has Tom Keo as a paper effigy brought to life. Reid Shelton, who plays the husband, is properly impressive as he

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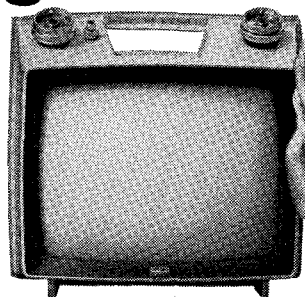


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stomps and sways about the stage in a portly manner reminiscent of Charles Laughton's Henry VIII. Natalie Ross seemed to me to add a bit too much sauciness of her own to the numbing sauciness of the wife.

AT the opening of Maxime Furlaud's "Fitz" and "Biscuit" last week, I realized, and not for the first time, how unprotected a weak play is on an arena stage; a proscenium stage, just by confining it within three walls, gives it some support. "Fitz" and "Biscuit," a couple of one-acters performed for six days on the long, rectangular floor of Circle in the Square, were scattered all over the house; a lot of the lines were lost, and a lot of the movements were meaningless. Both plays would, I think, have seemed fey and wispy even in a wooden crate, but both had a few good moments. The first, which I preferred, was a Pirandellian effort about a pair of lovers frisking around a New England beach on a summer day that turned out not to be their last day together. Underneath their chatter and man-made sound effects and games of make-believe, stresses and feelings rose to the surface but never quite broke it until the end—a sort of interesting thing to try, even though it didn't come off. "Biscuit," a fantasy that started out whimsical and wound up sombre, was set on a private dock, and was a dialogue between a boy on the run and the family dog, with interpolations—aural and visual—by an unseen spook. The spectacle of a man on all fours barking and growling and leaping and talking was too much for me, I'm afraid, no matter how well he tackled the god-awful assignment. As the boy, Jeff Siggins, an engaging young fellow in an impossible role, saved the play from total disaster. Sam Waterston did well, too, as a Harvard student in "Fitz."

—EDITH OLIVER

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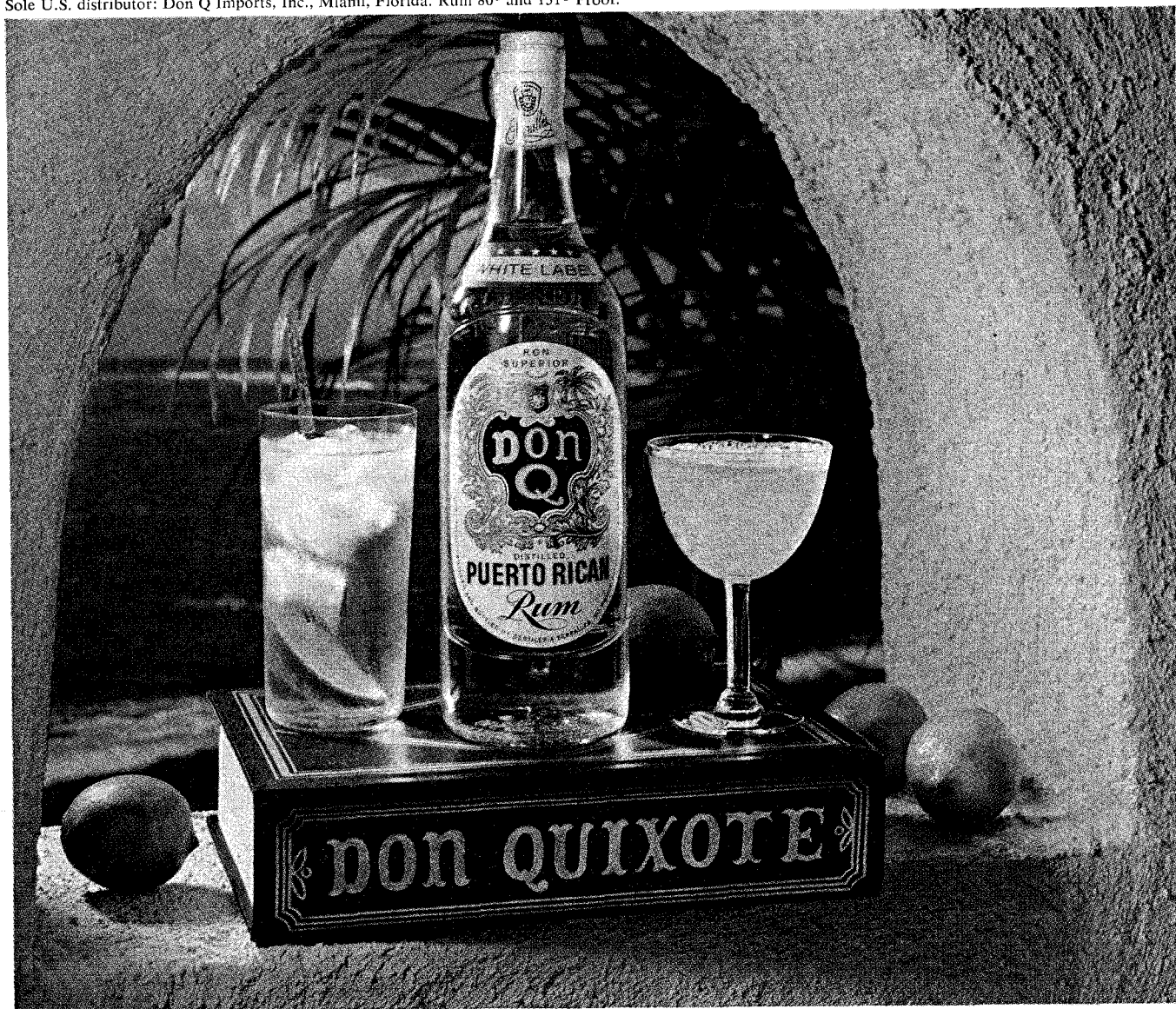
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MUSICAL EVENTS

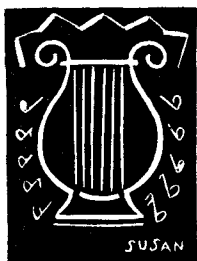
Twin Bill

IN an article in *Tempo*, the British musical quarterly, which has just arrived on my desk, Hans Keller proposes the interesting idea that *Sprechgesang*, or the use of the speaking voice in music according to certain regulations about rhythm and pitch, is related to atonality, and he cites Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" and "Die Glückliche Hand" as early examples of combined *Sprechgesang* and atonality, which, in his opinion, belong together. I do not agree with his subsequent deduction—that Schoenberg was bringing his audiences back to the elemental beginnings of vocal expression by human beings. Nobody, including Mr. Keller, knows whether or not speech preceded song at a date perhaps fifty thousand years ago. And the idea of making Schoenberg into a primitive strikes me as ridiculous. His theories of dodecaphony were propounded at the end of one of music's most civilized eras, and he himself thought of them as an advance over ordinary tonal music. However, there is something that seems to ring true about Mr. Keller's contention that *Sprechgesang* and atonality "belong together." In fact, in my experience, an atonal score automatically reduces anything that is sung along with it to a variety of speech rather than song, and this happens simply because the ear is deprived of its musical bearings and hears whatever is sung as a kind of nonmusical declamation.

I was reminded of this point last Thursday night, when I made my way uptown to the Juilliard School of Music to hear two atonal operas—"Purgatory," by Hugo Weisgall, and "The Trial of Lucullus," by Roger Sessions. I approached them both with what I hope is an open mind. Both Mr. Weisgall and Mr. Sessions are respected figures in the field of atonal music; both had seen fit to expend the enormous amount of time and effort that is required to write an opera of any sort. "Purgatory" is based on a play by William Butler Yeats, and "The Trial of Lucullus" on a play by Bertolt Brecht. Each libretto has its claims to distinction, the first through the beauty of Yeats's language, the second through Brecht's peculiar theatrical instinct. Neither libretto could have contributed to good opera in the usual sense of

the term, but both were admirably served by the atonal music that accompanied them. This music, with its natural grayness of color and its poverty of emotional vocabulary, allowed the words to predominate in each case, and thus helped the text while providing nothing much in the way of a strictly musical experience.

As for the virtues of the two plays simply as dramas, that is another matter. The Brecht thing was the more exciting of the two, simply because more was going on on the stage. To me, it seemed a period piece, somewhat adolescent in attitude



and typical of the prewar era of social protest. It recounts the death and trial, in some otherworldly court, of a man who has been one of Rome's most unlikely generals. As could be predicted from the start, the general is found to have contributed little or nothing to human betterment and to have done quite a lot of damage. The witnesses for his side are able to dig up only two points in his favor: he has praised his cook, and he has brought back a fruit-bearing tree from one of his campaigns in Asia. Otherwise, he is a pretty bad guy. It was all done in dress of ambiguous period, some of it suggesting the First World War, some the French Revolution, and some the present day. Photographic slides depicting the horrors of war were projected from time to time on a small screen above the stage. Masks were used by many characters. The sets, by Ming Cho Lee, and the costumes, by Hal George, were effective, and the whole thing was ably directed by Ian Strasfogel. The student cast sang—or, rather, declaimed—well, the diction was good, and Mr. Sessions' score often had a rhythmic pulse that helped to keep things going.

Mr. Weisgall's "Purgatory" has a much simpler story to tell—something about an Old Man, a Young Boy (his son), and the shades of the Old Man's Father and Mother. It seems that the Old Man's Mother had married beneath her, that she had died in childbirth, that her lowlife husband had got drunk and set their house on fire, and that the Old Man had thereupon murdered his Father and thrust his body into the burning building. Ghosts of the Mother and Father appear. The

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Young Boy attempts to make off with the Old Man's purse. Then the Old Man kills the Young Boy, for reasons that, according to the program notes, involve an attempt "to end the reenactment of his mother's 'sexual act.'" Well, anyhow, there was a lot of violence, either remembered or actually present. A quite evocative stage set, by Neil Peter Jampolis, depicted the ruins of the burned house. The direction, by Christopher West, was expert, as it usually is, and, again, a student cast performed well.

The point to be made about both these operas, it seems to me, is that they are concerned with intense feelings of hatred, and, as I remarked a few months ago in speaking of Alberto Ginastera's opera "Don Rodrigo," atonality, whether of the systematic twelve-tone variety or of a more casual sort, is uniquely equipped to express this emotion. It is the "angry man's" natural mode of expression in music. It does not, however, wear very well. Long before either of these operas was over, I found myself growing a bit impatient. Shouting (that's what it amounts to) over an undercurrent of atonal music is highly appropriate to the musical setting but of dubious interest to an audience. I did not like either "Purgatory" or "The Trial of Lucullus," and I don't imagine that they will ever become standard items in the operatic repertory, but it was interesting to hear them.

MR. WEISGALL and Mr. Sessions belong to what is nowadays the Establishment in music. They are both teachers of composition at the Juilliard School, imparting heaven knows what to a younger generation of students. Mr. Sessions, in particular, is an almost monumental figure, who has headed composition departments at Princeton and elsewhere. Last Wednesday morning, I attended an affair put on by a composer, if that is the correct term, to whom both Mr. Weisgall and Mr. Sessions are very old hat indeed—practically Wagnerian, in fact. He is Vladimir Ussachevsky, who was presenting a demonstration of electronic music at the Bernard M. Baruch School of Business and Public Administration, at Lexington Avenue and Twenty-third Street. Mr. Ussachevsky is a dark-haired, earnest, but not humorless man who is fascinated by electronic experimentation, and he played, using tapes, a number of items that gave a small résumé of the history of electronic music, following them with electronic

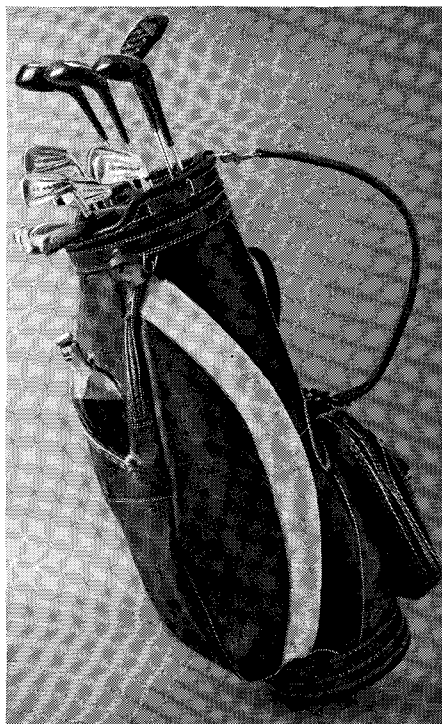
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compositions, also taped, by Mario Davidowsky, Luciano Berio, Pierre Henri, Alice Shields, and himself. These compositions were quite distinct from one another in style. Of all of them, Mr. Ussachevsky's own creations seemed to me the most interesting, because, unlike the others, he often uses a steady rhythm that suggests an aim at coherence. Judging from this sampling, however, electronic music is still concerned almost exclusively with the development of varieties of sound, and thus is still a sort of pseudo-science rather than an art. It can apparently produce any kind of sound imaginable, but I have noticed, on this and similar occasions, an omnipresent reverberation that makes everything appear to be heard in a basement swimming pool or some other enclosed aquatic environment. Whether an art can be made out of contrasting colors of sound is a question in my mind. The field does not seem very rich, despite the variety. During the whole history of Western civilization, and in what we know of cultures elsewhere, music has been concerned with *relations between* tones rather than with tones in isolation. Even Mr. Sessions' music is built on such relations. Electronic music, so far, is not. Hence there is a sense of chaos and irresponsibility about it. The possibilities are staggering, but there is no discipline, no vocabulary, no set of symbolic conventions by which it can convey a genuine musical experience.

However, the week's adventures did provide a couple of observations. Mr. Weisgall's and Mr. Sessions' contributions represent the *end* of something—the last, attenuated mode of Western music, deprived even of its fundamental generating force: tonality. Mr. Ussachevsky's contribution, on the other hand, represents something with vast future possibilities. An art? Not yet, at any rate. But in a hundred years, perhaps, a basic way of conveying some sort of art to some sort of public. I also found it rather interesting to reflect again that our age, uniquely, is subject to countless peaceful revolutions—those in the arts coming at least as often as once in a generation. There are plenty of composers around today who are not revolutionary at all; there are plenty who represent Mr. Sessions' revolution, and plenty who represent Mr. Ussachevsky's. The astonishing thing is that these composers all exist at the same time, and the inference to be drawn from this fact is that none of the revolutions has been definitive.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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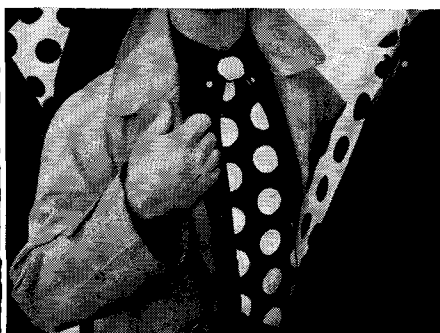
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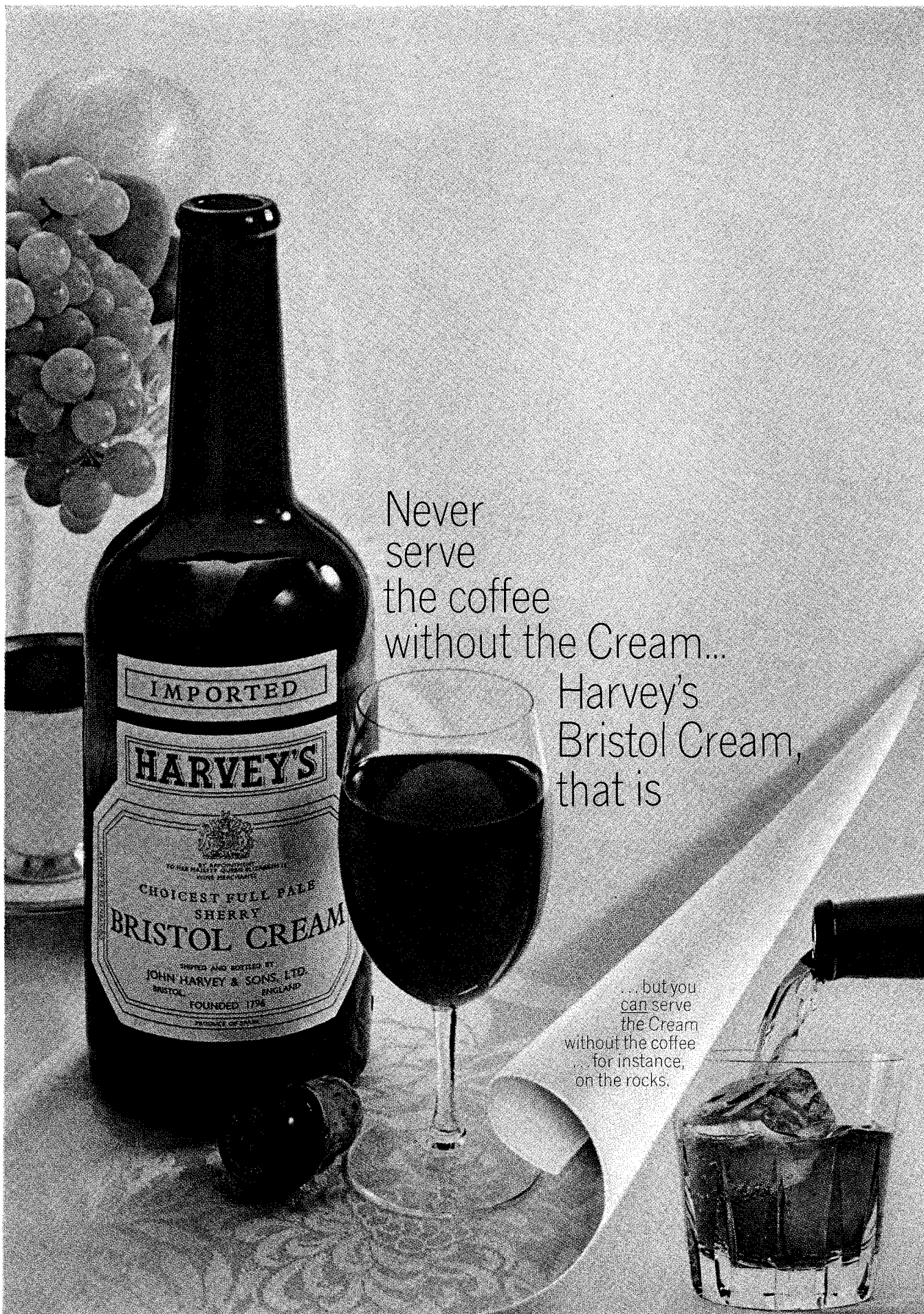
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I love it! Soft blue, clear blue, subtle blue,
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than sumptuous- they really sing with
color! And what beautiful colors they are!
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make wonderful towels- but you've also made me
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TOURNAMENT RECORD

Tournament	Playing Titleist	Nearest Competi- tive Ball
LOS ANGELES	45	35
SAN DIEGO	47	33
BING CROSBY	139	54
LUCKY OPEN	55	28
PALM SPRINGS	211	99
PHOENIX OPEN	60	33
TUCSON OPEN	72	27
PGA SENIORS	220	57
PENSACOLA	54	35
DORAL OPEN	39	36
FLORIDA CITRUS OPEN	50	34
JACKSONVILLE OPEN	63	37
GREENSBORO OPEN	68	27
MASTERS	28	21
AZALEA OPEN	69	33
TOURNAMENT OF CHAMPIONS	6	4
DALLAS OPEN	70	32
TEXAS OPEN	69	29
TOTAL	1365	654

Sold Thru Golf Course Pro Shops Only

elaborate, fragile gold bottom is very engaging. The price is \$11.

Consider next Jensen's enamelled-metal bird feeder, a trim hanging pavilion, six and a half inches high, whose coolie hat of a roof reposes upon a circle of thin bars arising from a round floor eight and a half inches in diameter. The color possibilities are white, blue, dark green, and orange, all with white bars. This is not the most naturalistic feeder in the world—it is more reflective of Calder than of Audubon, and, indeed, I am sure that something of the verve and gaiety of a mobile in action will be evoked when birds are flying in and out of it. The space between the bars is only an inch and three-quarters, blue-jay haters will be interested to learn, and an inch-high rim protects the feed from spilling; \$16.25.

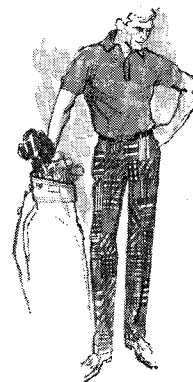
Then, still at Jensen, there is a very likable picnic basket. It is woven of strips of a thin, stiff wood or fibre called *spån* in Swedish, and it has something of the look and feel of the baskets that strawberries come in. It is rectangular (sixteen inches long, ten and a half inches wide, and four and a half inches deep), and stands upright on four little feet. There are two loop handles and a fresh-blue cotton lining. The repast it's intended for is more a diet lunch than the Feast of Trimalchio, but there's no reason you couldn't also use the basket as a repository for bathing suits or wild mushrooms. It costs \$12.

Other delights of the Jensen collection include a good-looking brass watering can, some teak-handled fireplace implements, and hand-painted paper placemats that can be wiped with a damp cloth.

DESIGN RESEARCH, 53 East 57th Street, has a tea cart (or bar cart, as they call it) made of two-inch-thick maple butcher blocks and narrow, English-style bicycle wheels, and if it doesn't sound very serious, it doesn't *look* very serious, either, but it is perfectly well equipped for the business of transporting tea and scones or Scotch and canapés, as the case may be, and has the advantage over less laughable carts of being able to trundle smoothly along on rough ground, thanks to those twenty-six-inch wheels. The body is a double-decker table, thirty-four inches long, twenty-five inches wide, and twenty-nine inches high, that resembles a workbench in its unvarnished plainness and stolidity, but the roughhewn look is deceptive, because the table actually is a highly finished piece of joinery. There



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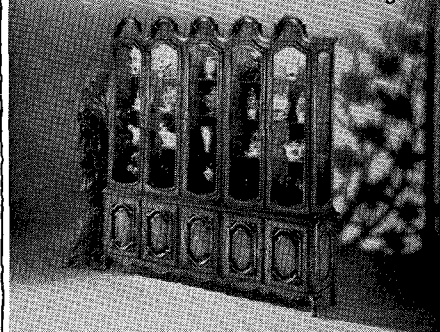
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About eighteen dollars at good stores and college shops



1407 Broadway, New York 18

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is a sturdy handlebar, and a brake, which resides in one of two auxiliary casters hidden beneath the lower shelf. The cart is \$250, and a smaller version, twenty-four inches long, is \$175.

ANOTHER eccentric-looking piece of equipment is the playpen at the Children's Workbench, 217 East 51st Street, which in no way resembles the conventional enclosures made of chrome and nylon and turquoise plastic but still seems quite up to its job of safely restraining an active infant. It is a circular colonnade, four feet in diameter, of slender beechwood dowels that stand twenty-six inches high and are bound at top and bottom by smooth, flat hoops. The pen is firmly constructed but is light enough to pick up and tote back and forth between house and garden, and it looks like a piece of furniture, rather than something retrieved from a used-car lot. Moreover, it has a longer active life than the ordinary playpen, for when the baby turns into a child, the playpen turns into a plaything. (This may make the price, which is \$69.50, easier to countenance.) The hoops come apart and the pen breaks down into three bridgelike pieces for a child to climb, swing on, crawl under, and brood about. The metamorphosis from enclosure to toy can be achieved by means of a screwdriver.

ON the seventh floor of Bloomingdale's there is a remarkable large object called a safari chair. It is a low rattan throne over which has been pitched, tent-fashion, a kind of narrow, high-ceilinged booth made of beige canvas, and I think the idea is to spare the owner, sitting inside the booth trying to read, the distracting sight of the outdoors. The chair, which is sixty-two inches high and has a seat twenty inches square, affects a sunshade, which depends from the roof and can be rolled up and secured by a leather strap, and on each side a little square peephole, of a size to accommodate a small, jaundiced eye, has been introduced into the canvas. On the seat there is a soft cushion covered with the same canvas. The price is \$310, and a matching ottoman may be had for \$140. This is not a chair that everyone will want to buy, but it is a fine spectacle to encounter in a department store.

Also beautiful and daft, but not quite so impractical, are the old-fashioned peacock-back wicker chairs selling in a number of shops around town at wildly disparate prices. I settled on one at Be Seated, Inc., 43 Green-



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wich Avenue (near Sixth Avenue) and 950 Second Avenue (51st), which costs \$80. Its enormous rounded back, shaped like a peacock's tail, emanates from a small, round caned seat on a pedestal base, the seat height being approximately eighteen inches and the back measuring about forty inches high and forty inches across at the widest point. At least five different wicker weaves are employed in the chair, some of them very elaborate, and the ones in the back really do suggest eye-studded peacock feathers. The very stance of the chair is pavonine, and, sitting in it, one would like to take out a little hand mirror and openly preen. It is not a chair for men to sit in.

THE Erkins Studios, 8 West 40th Street, is a place replete with enough statues, fountains, urns, and birdbaths to furnish several Hampton Courts, but it is also a place where one can find, for less than twenty-five dollars, an ornament that should not be out of order in the most unpretentious of gardens, and might be exactly the thing to transform a small garden's air of nondescript unruliness into one of distinction. The object is a sundial, and the bronze and brass specimens on hand are beautifully evocative of damp old stone and the innocent names of the old-fashioned flowers. There is a round bronze dial, ten and a quarter inches in diameter, engraved with Roman numerals, compass points, and the message "Let others tell of storms and showers/ I'll only mark your sunny hours." It costs \$22.50. A brass dial (\$22), eight inches in diameter and decorated with griffinlike creatures, reminds us that "Tyme flies." These sundials are quite useless for telling time, and consequently their inscriptions are less apt to plunge one into a state of melancholy over the shortness of life than to recall Hilaire Belloc's mordant couplet:

I am a sundial, and I make a botch
Of what is done far better by a watch.

A store-bought sundial, as you probably know, is not meant for use, in most cases, since the angle of the gnomon—upon which the whole trick depends—has to correspond to the latitude of your home, and there are a lot of latitudes. If you want a sundial that really keeps time, you could make your own. In the "Amateur Scientist" section of the March, 1964, issue of *Scientific American*, there are lucid instructions for making a sundial that is supposed to keep within five minutes of standard time and to take less than an hour to

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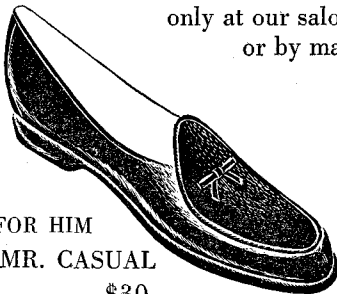


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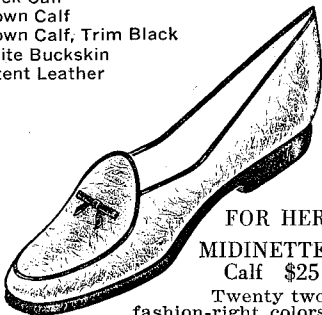
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Twenty two
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| ☐ White | ☐ Black Trim |
| ☐ Brown Trim | ☐ White |
| ☐ Black | ☐ Gray Trim |
| ☐ Gray Trim | ☐ Black |
| ☐ White | ☐ Brown Trim |
| ☐ Yellow Trim | ☐ Burgundy |
| ☐ Black | ☐ Burgundy Trim |
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construct. The author, Charles J. Merchant, is a mathematician at the University of Arizona, and if you decide to look up the article and make the dial, it would probably help if you were a mathematician, too.

Whether your sundial means business or not, it ought to have a stone pedestal to repose upon, and Erkins offers a large selection, from \$24, for a fairly simple fluted column, thirty inches high, with a ten-inch round top, to \$125, for a fancy thirty-eight-inch-tall pedestal carved with acanthus leaves and surmounted by a twenty-inch round top. In between are a number of fine pedestals for around \$40.

I was also very much taken with the Erkins teakwood garden furniture—commodious slatted park benches and tables made in England of boards stripped from the decks of superannuated British ships. This furniture is expensive—a four-foot bench with a back rest is \$236, for example—but when you consider that its life expectancy is eighty years, that it requires no maintenance, doesn't rot or warp or interest termites, it seems almost cheap. The rosy-brown teak weathers into a comely ash gray, so that the pieces fairly disappear into their sylvan surroundings. The four-foot specimen is two feet seven inches high over all, and the seat is twenty-one inches from front to back. It comes with a choice of flat or curved arms, and is solid, very comfortable to sit on, and carefully made; all screws, for instance, are hidden beneath plugs of matching wood. A group of four chairs and a square table, called the Thunderer set, after the man-of-war that provided the wood for the original models, costs \$475. One can order this furniture to just about any measure, and delivery from Blyth, Northumberland, to your garden takes about six weeks.

INSTEAD of dumping industrial waste in the river or sending it up in smoke, a factory in Canada is converting its leftovers into planters—an undertaking in itself so praiseworthy that it scarcely seems to matter whether the product is any good or not. As it happens, the planters in question are perfectly all right, and they are available at The Greenhouse, 254 East 51st Street, in a number of heights, depths, and shapes, the prices running from \$13 to \$68. Stylistically they resemble the concrete pots on Fifth Avenue, though they are not so heavy, and the color of the material—cement asbestos—is a pleasant light gray. A

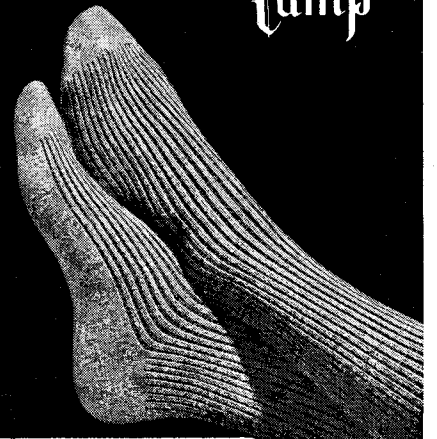
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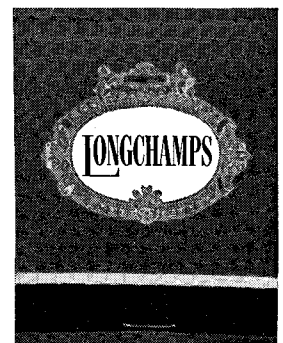
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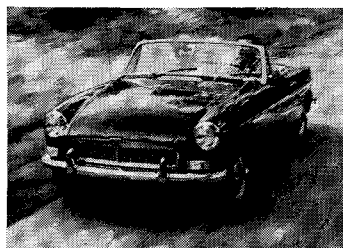
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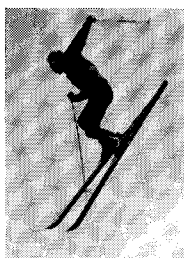
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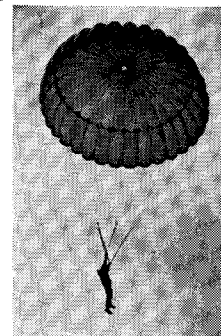
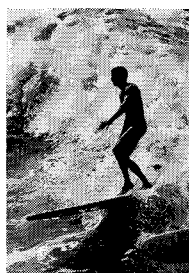




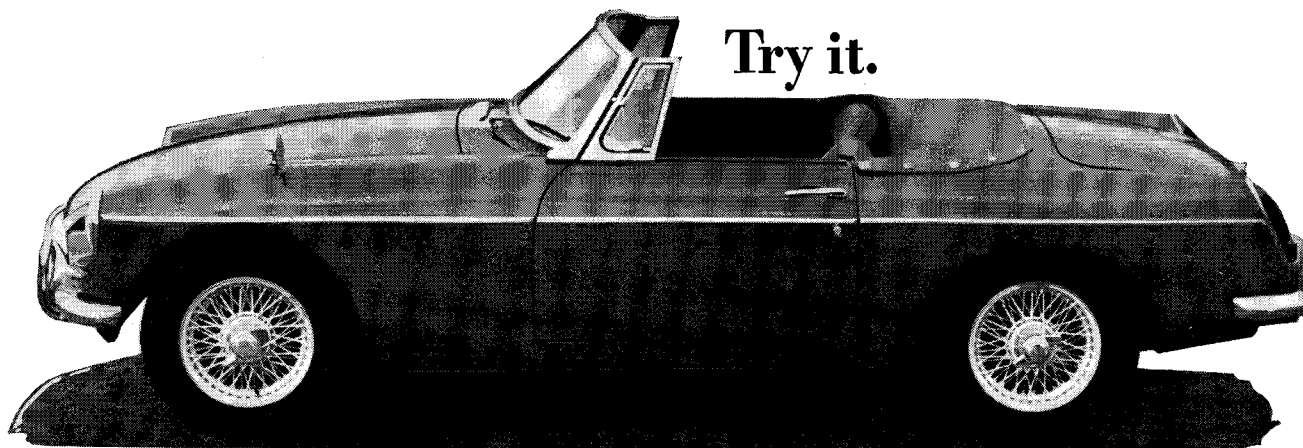
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for men**

Created by Elizabeth Arden
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bowl-shaped container that would lend itself to occupation by a crowd of low-growing annuals is eighteen inches high and thirty-six inches wide, and costs \$45; an urn twenty-four inches high and twenty-four inches in diameter, at \$30, would nicely accommodate a fig tree. All the planters have drainage holes, and The Greenhouse will send them out to your country place by motor freight at a reasonable cost.

THERE are some people who frankly detest the country, and, accordingly, spend as much time away from their rural retreats as they possibly can. During the summer months, one sees these escapees sitting out on their tiny apartment-house terraces, enjoying the exhaust fumes and regarding the sluggish traffic with a kind of conscientious stupefaction, like boxholders at the old Met peering down upon the last act of "Parsifal." One also notices that few of the terraces have plants on them, but the reason for this, if the manufacturer of a new device knows what he is about, is not abhorrence of nature on the part of the terrace owners so much as sheer lack of space on the terrace floors of the new apartment houses. The device is a holder for window boxes. A pair of S-shaped aluminum brackets that will hook over any terrace railing no wider than three and a half inches form a cradle for a standard-size (six inches wide) window box. Each bracket is braced against the balustrade by a sliding bar that is adjusted to the proper length by setscrews, and the brackets come in two versions—one for flat and one for rounded railings. In either version, the price is \$2.75 a pair at the City Gardener, 437 Third Avenue (31st).

RON-DEAN TAFFÉL, the proprietor of the Manhattan Gardener, Ltd., at 201 East 74th Street, is selling a hand cream that he concocted himself and that he says is good for the hands, elbows, and knees of people who work in the garden. It costs two dollars the four-ounce jar and has a very pleasant smell, something like lemon verbena. The cream has a thicker base than ordinary hand unguents, and it probably isn't a bad idea for people who scorn garden gloves in their dealings with delicate seedlings, or simply because they like the feel of soil between their fingers.

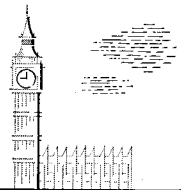
MAX SCHLING, 14 East 46th Street, has a wicker basket on wheels that would be just the thing for some-

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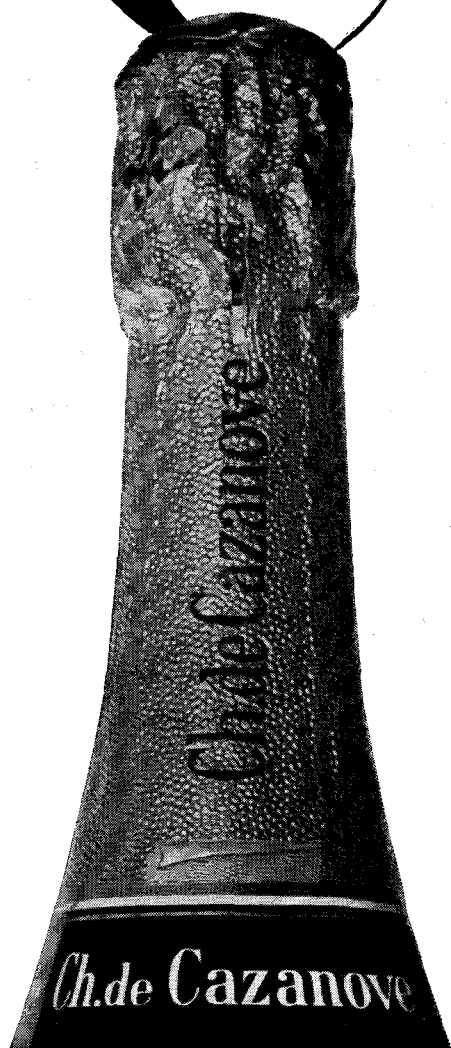


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CHAMPAGNE

de CAZANOVE

MAISON FONDÉE EN 1811
CHATEAU D'AVIZE



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one who is always running out to the garden to do a little weeding between telephone conversations with her electrician or her mother, for it is handsome enough to leave around all day yet capacious enough to hold a day's garden refuse. The vehicle has two small rubber wheels, and a wooden peg grounds it when it isn't being pushed around by its large, curved handle. The basket is approximately eighteen inches in diameter and twenty inches high, and the price is \$15.98. —J. M.

THIS AND THAT

New Wine in New Bottles

NO matter what ills (in fact as well as in fancy) engulf private enterprise, it keeps on burgeoning, putting forth one evidence after another that there is life in the old party yet. Among its fairly recent manifestations is the venture known as Outrageous—the first shop in memory to be named after the city's own special brand of year-round weather. It is at 1299 Second Avenue, at 68th Street. The clothes (many of them of the shop's design) it contains are not really outrageous; *outré* is more the word. Sheaths of hand crochet, with a drawstring at the bateau neck to give the wearer as high or as low a décolletage as she wants, are orange, speckled with Shocking-pink floppy flowers, lined, and \$175. The two-piece pajamas of the stuff (these reverse the color scheme) are *not* lined; no-drawstring necks, and bell-bottomed trousers, and \$190. Two weeks will get you pajamas in other color schemes, though, at the same price. Women who are not purse-proud can fold some of the shifts of synthetic jersey right into their purses without creating too vast a bulge; plenty of colors, and \$35 short-sleeved and \$45 long. For some guileful reason, the square-necked, long-cuffed shifts of Paisley silk (Shocking pink, plus touches of gold and peacock blue) look exactly as if they were made of Paisley shawls. They are \$75; the far-into-the-night shifts of white, black, or écreu cotton with rows of lace and velvet ribbon at the shoulders are \$50. Stunning is a reasonable word for the long wraparound skirts of heavy cotton—flowered, striped, or Paisley; heavenly is a reasonable word for the hues.

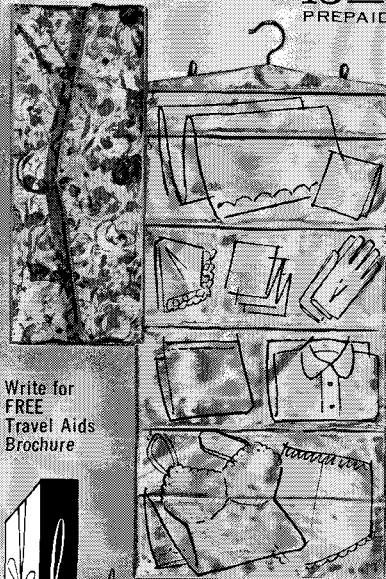
GAVROCHE is another recent manifestation of private enterprise at its most enterprising. It is at 827 Madison Avenue, at 69th Street, and its stock in trade is all French, and its

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Zippered see-thru pockets for lingerie, handkerchiefs, gloves, etc., keeps everything in perfect order. Hangs full-length in a garment carrier... or folds to fit a weekend case. Rich floral satin-like fabric for ladies, charcoal twill for men.

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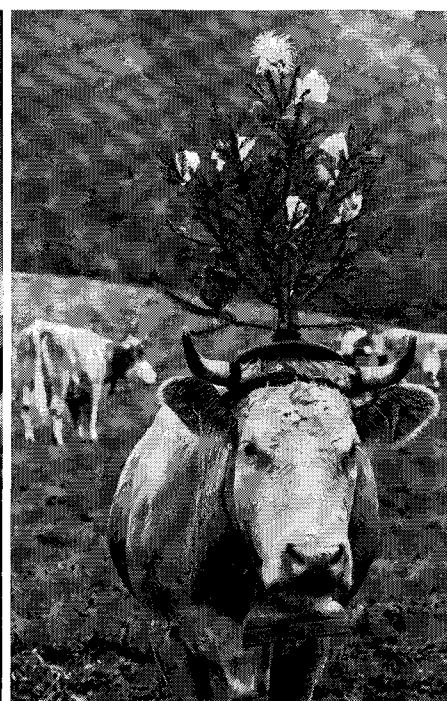
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Continental cuisine
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131 East 54th St.

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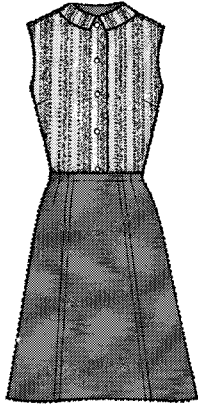
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bright and

Flash through summer without ever quite touching ground. Whistle. Run lightly. Take flying lessons. Wear the sleeveless polyester and cotton shirt, with trellis-work of very small flowers and leaves, like embroidery, in Fern Green, Suntan, Sky Blue, or Coral. At nicer stores. 7 to 15.

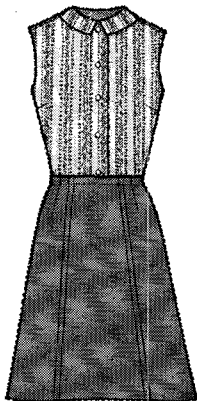
Shirt about \$6.



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breezy

Wear it with the crisp and breezy classic skirt. Although almost weightless in the lightest Dacron polyester and cotton, it remains quite tirelessly fresh and smooth through the long whistling summer days. Coral, Sky Blue, Buttercup, Fern Green, Shell Pink, Suntan. Write for your nearest LADYBUG® shopkeeper. 5 to 15. Skirt about \$12.



Ladybug®

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prices are all lower-brackets. (Some of the things, it could be suspected, were designed by the Mod Hatter.) Cotton in celadon green with a mild floral print takes care of some single-breasted little-boy jackets and perky skirts; apricot cotton takes care of the blouses, sleeveless or not, that go with them; mustard cotton with other floral prints takes care of sportier (above-the-knee) wraparound skirts that fasten with a double row of buttons; strawberry-pink cotton knit takes care of the pullovers, short-sleeved and with a crossbar stitch, that go with these skirts; permanently pleated grass-green cotton poplin takes care of lampshade skirts whose draw-string waistbands let you wear them at whatever altitude pleases; very sheer yellow cotton knit takes care of the flower-printed camisole tops that belong with them. Dusk-to-dawn décolleté sheaths of white nylon matelassé wear chevron stripes and a tag of only \$35; ingénue nighttime sheaths of denim in light blues, pinks, or grays wear horizontal tucks on the Empire bodices and vertical ones down the front of the skirts, which end in ruffles of white eyelet embroidery.

BERGDORF GOODMAN's new burgeoning is Bigi (the B. G. spelling is "bigi," and anyone can guess the origin of the name), a lively bit of scenery devoted to girls who wear junior and pre-junior sizes. Among the scenic delights are smock raincoats/topcoats of Dacron-and-cotton in pink or natural covered with tiny flowers and held closed by four gold balls down the chest. Afternoon and later is the regime of dresses in navy oxford cloth—slender bodices, tiers of red voile flounces flipping out at the hems; \$23. For still later, there are long T-shirt shifts of synthetic cotton ribbing in strawberry pink or moss green, with touches of white at the crew necks and on the short cuffs, to say nothing of décolleté dresses of piqué (white Empire bodices gathered onto navy skirts, on which minute strawberries and their leafage are embroidered), to say nothing of frocks of white chiffon that is appliquéd top to bottom with horizontal rows of puckered white ribbon.

CCLIMB one flight of stairs at 125 East 47th Street, and there is the Tree House, another newcomer. The topic here is one-of-a-kind African cotton prints, and sprightliness is the moving spirit—one-piece pajamas that burst into huge flounces below the



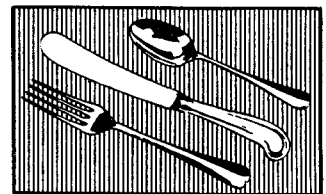
OUR HUMPTY-DUMPTY SITS ON THE FLOOR, \$9

Brightening the nursery with his delightful yellow, white and blue face, our machine-washable cotton pile rug has a skid-resistant latex back. 24x36-inch oval. Nursery Furniture, 11 East 49th Street. Mail and phone orders filled.

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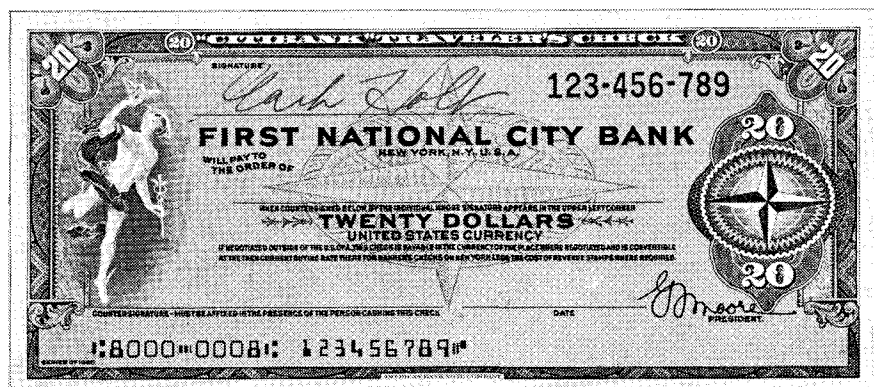


No fishing for compliments

This bright Schwarz exclusive of fine cotton zingy tangerine broadcloth. Chalk white piping, white appliquéd fish with pearl button eyes. Buttons down the back. Sizes 3 to 6X, \$7.00; 7 to 12, \$8.00. Postage paid.

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At the best men's shops and department stores, or write:

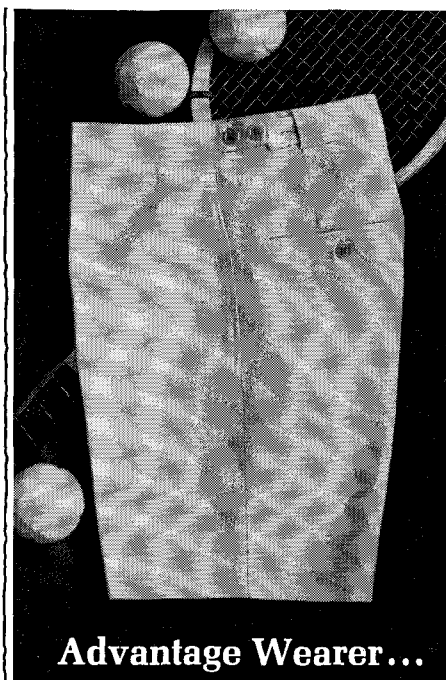
**Caswell-Massey
Co. Ltd.**

America's Oldest Chemists & Perfumers, Est. 1752
114 East 25th St., New York, N.Y. 10010

knees, and two-piece pajamas (knee-length or ankle-length) that are harem in feeling, and lots of sheaths, some of them short, some of them long, some of them hooded. The décor can be birds, flowers, feathers, shells, horns of plenty, parasols, and combinations of these. Africa is in another time zone—maybe eleven to six or so, and Saturdays solely by appointment. The phone, as recent as the Tree, is 688-7483.

NEW and most presentable quarters are the lot of the Shop for Pappagallo, at 11 East 54th Street. Pappagallo has always been a specialist in shoes, but some time ago it branched out into stocking clothes, and it has now branched out into making clothes, too. Square-yoked, lantern-sleeved tent dresses appear in crinkled cotton crêpe of relaxed blue, peach, or lime; the yokes are of white cotton lace. More urbane are the dresses that are completely of patchwork—India cotton prints that are Paisley, flowered, striped, abstract, and whatever; great, and \$35, the starting-up point for the shop's own dresses. Four Paisley cotton scarves are transformed (by a fine Italian hand) into bateau-necked, long-torso dresses that tie in knots on the slashed shoulders. There are inverted pleats low at the sides of the gathered skirts. The prettiest color device is this: tomato red predominating, and olive making the lining of the inverted pleats; \$55. Privacy-of-the-home notion: one-piece tank-top pajamas in vivid Art Nouveau Italian silk or in Roman-striped domestic silk twill; \$70. And there are slacks of white cotton in a bamboo weave (anybody ever hear of that?), and long shifts, slit way up at the sides, of gloriously beautiful Brooke Cadwallader rose-and-butterfly or swag-and-tassel cotton prints, and patch-pocket raincoats of black vinyl with a print of white daisies and a yellow lining, and (to complete the list of Pappagallo pleasantries) matching umbrellas with whangee handles, as well as boots with uppers of the prints and mudguards of fake black patent leather.

VINYL is emphatically involved with Abercrombie & Fitch's sporting-life, all-at-sea department. Coveralls of navy vinyl (for sailplaning) are topped off by crash helmets of white plastic leather that are tied under the chin with streamers of polka-dotted crêpe. For just plain everyday sailing there are pullovers of white vinyl with navy coin dots, and mid-thigh skirts



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in cream toned tennis shorts. Tailored trim. Very comfortable in action. Adjustable side-tabs. Rubber inserts to keep shirt in. Roomy pockets. Plain front. Cool, washable flannel blend of rayon, Orlon® acrylic and acetate. Sizes 30-40. \$12.50
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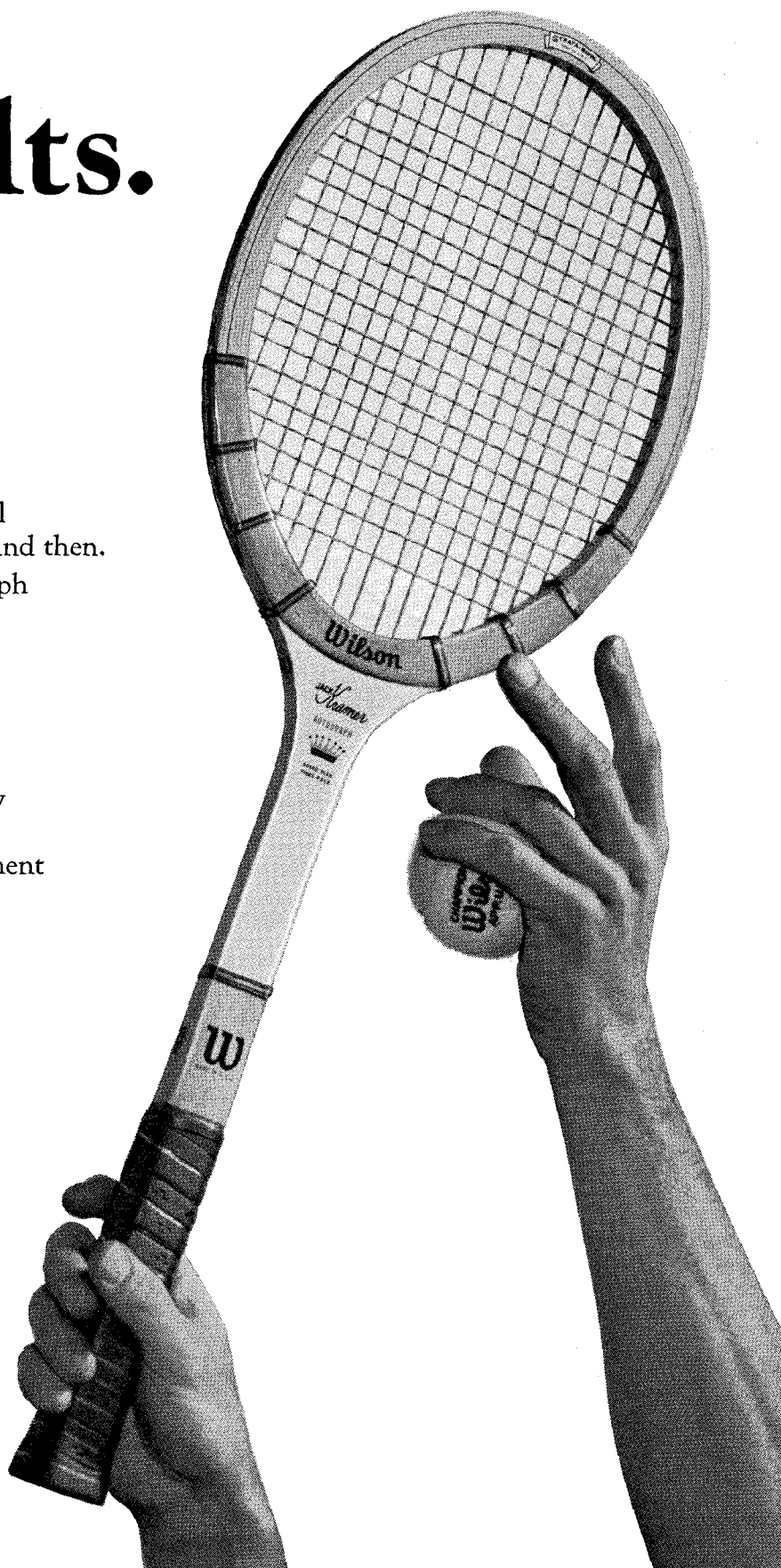
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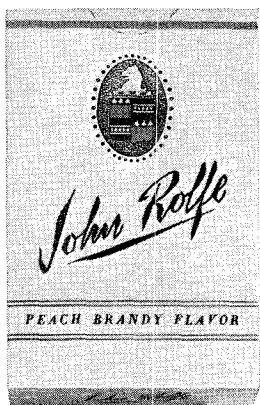
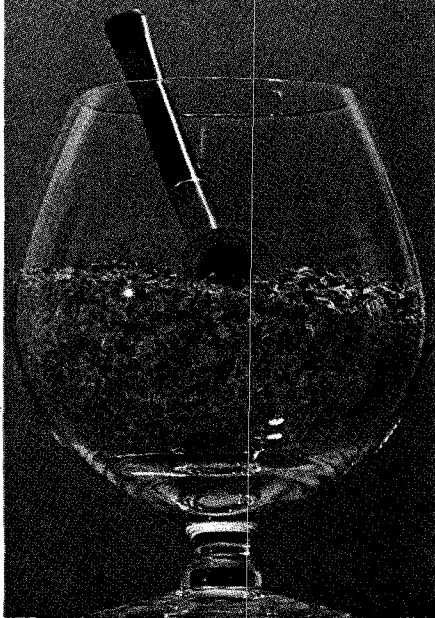
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Jack Kramer is a member of the Wilson Advisory Staff.

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and sou'westers of navy vinyl. Scuba-necked sailing parkas of powder-blue vinyl are the boon companions of handsome trousers in white duck. (How did duck get in with *this* crew?) A. & F., still going along with the times, is doing one-piece culotte versions of its safari suits in—and why not?—a yellow safari cloth, not to mention bush jackets in white safari cloth. Safari, so good.

MAD JACS, at 543 Third Avenue, right close to 36th Street, is prepared for other outdoor occupations—gardening, beaching, swimming-pooling, and the like. Among the playthings are Casey Jones overalls (the standard blue denim, *but* with red-and-white ruffles at the shoulders and down the legs), coveralls of Turkey-red white-dotted cotton with three-inch white fringe at the knees and on the short sleeves, bare-midriff boleros and long, bouffant culottes of gray-and-white striped seersucker outlined by red-and-white braid and sporting white tassels, and handsome beach robes of black-and-white terry cloth bearing black-and-white ball fringe. Mad Jacs begins at eleven in the morning and ends at six during the week except Thursday, when it stays open a couple of hours longer.

YOUNG ÉLITE SPORTSWEAR is a seventh-élite province in the vast enclave of Saks Fifth Avenue; juniors in sizes 3 to 15 and misses in sizes 6 to 14 are the ones to whom this paragraph is addressed. They can get themselves up in a combination of blouses in crinkled yellow cotton crêpe and straight-legged trousers of maroon cotton hopsacking with yellow rosebuds, or in Empire dresses of white cotton cord with emerald daisies and green rick-rack, or in sleeveless jackets and six-gore skirts of the same goods. Or jump suits and hipster slacks, also of the cotton cord, accompanied by pullover sweaters of navy cotton knit. Or Empire at-home dresses, these of black cotton with giant white daisies, or—of the same fabric—tunic tops that are slit at one side, and trousers so flowing that they are a yard wide at the ankles, and slim hipster trousers.

FOR the very young, there are brother-and-sister acts in the Prince and Princess Boutique on the premises of F. A. O. Schwarz, some of them in washing-machine navy-and-white striped cotton knit—one-piece jobs striped up and down for boys and across



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Tailored for us in plush cotton velours, our short-sleeved jacket with four flapped pockets is available in white, gold or blue. Small, medium, large and extra-large sizes. Men's Furnishings. Mail and phone orders filled.

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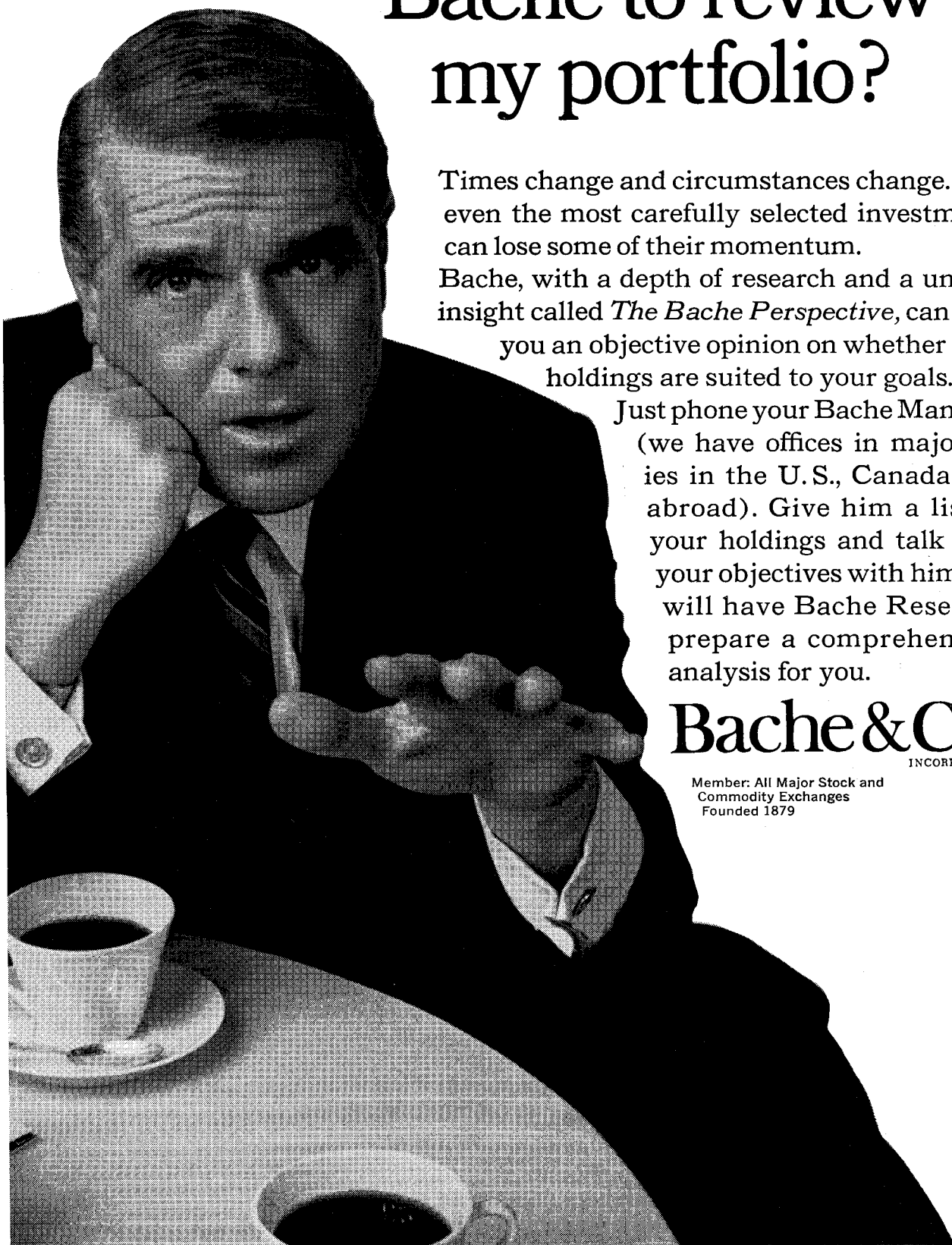
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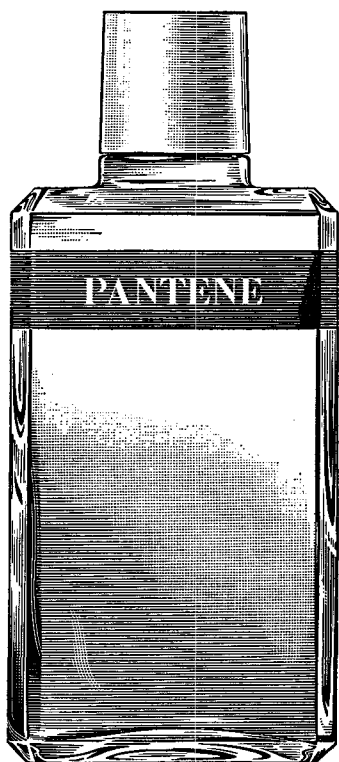
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European men
have something
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have not?**



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Now that the great
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It is here. From Europe. Pantene Men's Hair Lotion. The deep conditioning lotion with a pro-vitamin that works to give fine hair new body. To help thinning hair look thicker. Younger. All these accomplishments as the hair is held impeccably in place. Clean. Shining. Healthy-looking. Pantene. The first truly reassuring conditioner for men. Have it in one of four ways. Gold for usual hair colors. Blue for white or graying hair. Each with or without oil. About \$3.50 the 5½ ounce bottle and \$5.50 the 10 ounce bottle. At these and other enlightened stores: Henri Bendel, Bonwit Teller, Julius Garfinckel & Co., The J. L. Hudson Co., Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin & Co. Pantene, 555 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Pantene® Men's Hair Lotion
for healthy-looking hair.

for girls. (Makes it easier for census takers?) For bigger girls, but only of 4-to-6X stature, there are frocks, striped girls' way again, of the same fabric and looking quite Courrèges. One thing more: French beach capes, for boys, of terry cloth in a tiger print, with briefs to match. And with an attached hood that is printed to look like the whole head of a tiger. This is how little acorns can be grown into Princeton cheerleaders.

THERE is not ever much to say about lingerie, and the topic could be skipped this time, too, if it weren't for what Elizabeth Arden has in store, because some of the things could pass as dresses any time. One is a short shift-robe—bateau neck, brief sleeves, three floppy bows above the left hem—in a conglomeration of rayon and cotton, either lilac, strawberry pink, or citron. The double duty it does indoors and out costs just \$15. Six incredibly thin stripes, alternately yellow, mauve, and Shocking pink, encompass the round neck of a sleeveless shift in white rayon linen; a mere \$13. The best-dressed of the tribe is of white cotton with strawberry vines and a flower or two engraved as décor. It is décolleté, pleated and flouncy along the hem (moss-green velvet baby ribbon is involved in this), and a stupefying \$23. Long dinner-at-home shifts of white rayon linen seethe with grapes, tropical flora, and dreams of the faces of fair women in Cleopatra headdresses. The colorations are Tiffany-glass.

VERY, very Italian footwear is kicking up its heels in Altman's Casual Shoe division—the sandals of the Roman soldiery who divided Gaul into three parts (putty or chalk suède with kid striping over the foot), gladiators' sandals (beige buffalo hide, they say), page-boy sandals whose tongues rise almost to the ankles (suèdes in a choice of seven radiant colors). Even the soles are suède, but Altman says that they are all right outdoors if it doesn't rain. And there are bare-back suède slippers, sort of mules, with low heels; they tie around the ankles with matching streamers—turquoise, mauve pink, purple, or beige—and minute white scroll embroidery adorns the vamps. The fare here is comfortable—\$14 to \$20 a clip, or clip-clop.

IS everyone tired of Judy Bond paper shopping bags and such? All those who say aye can repair to T. Anthony, at 772 Madison Avenue (66th Street),



The Greatest Summer Boon Since Air Conditioning

The whole suit weighs only 22 ounces. You can hardly believe it's Dacron because it looks and feels like the silkiest Sea Island cotton. The cut?—unmistakably Dunhill Tailors! Made for us in Italy to our own exclusive design. You'll find it nowhere else. Sun Tan, Navy, Gray. \$105.

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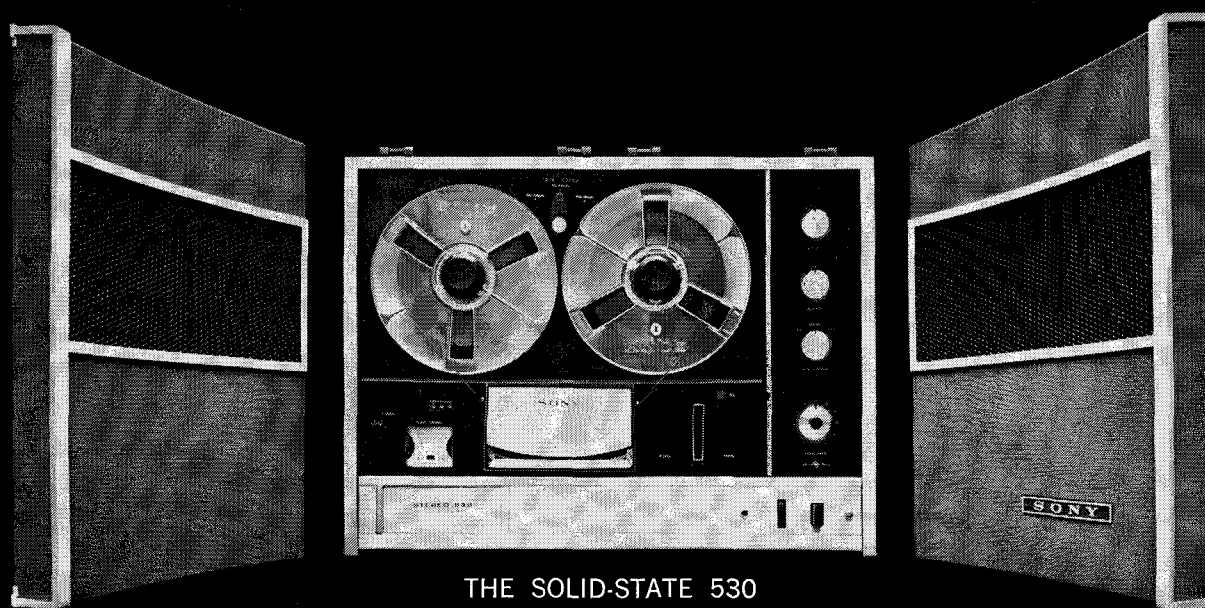


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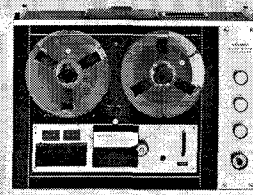
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Midwife to ecstasy
Silver and thrilling free,
Where is your place of rest
Ending an aeon's quest,
Shot from the catalyst
Of the world's wounds?

Fast from this rock of earth
Spring waters run.
Here, till I bring to birth
Daughter or son,
How should I emulate
You in your loss of weight?
All those encircling rings
Fire into distance flings,
Touch not the hour that brings
Labor begun.

Darkness encloses light;
Light pushes free.
Brilliant, abounding night,
Think of this tree.
Swathed in the swaddling silk
Under galactic milk,
You that ascending fly
Through the transfigured sky,
When shall the infant lie
Safe on my knee?

Ponder the secret hearth,
Manger and cow,
You whose dynamic path
Crosses the Plough.
Sucked by unconscious night
Into the speed of light,
What can you know of this
Falling from Genesis
Into the pulse of bliss
Near to me now?

Wheel upon wheel in flight,
Whines the far sound.
Napkin and stone are white
In the moon's round.
Midwife to ecstasy
Silver and thrilling free,
While they conspire to break
Silence for wonder's sake,
Wonder itself I make—
Here it is found.

—VERNON WATKINS



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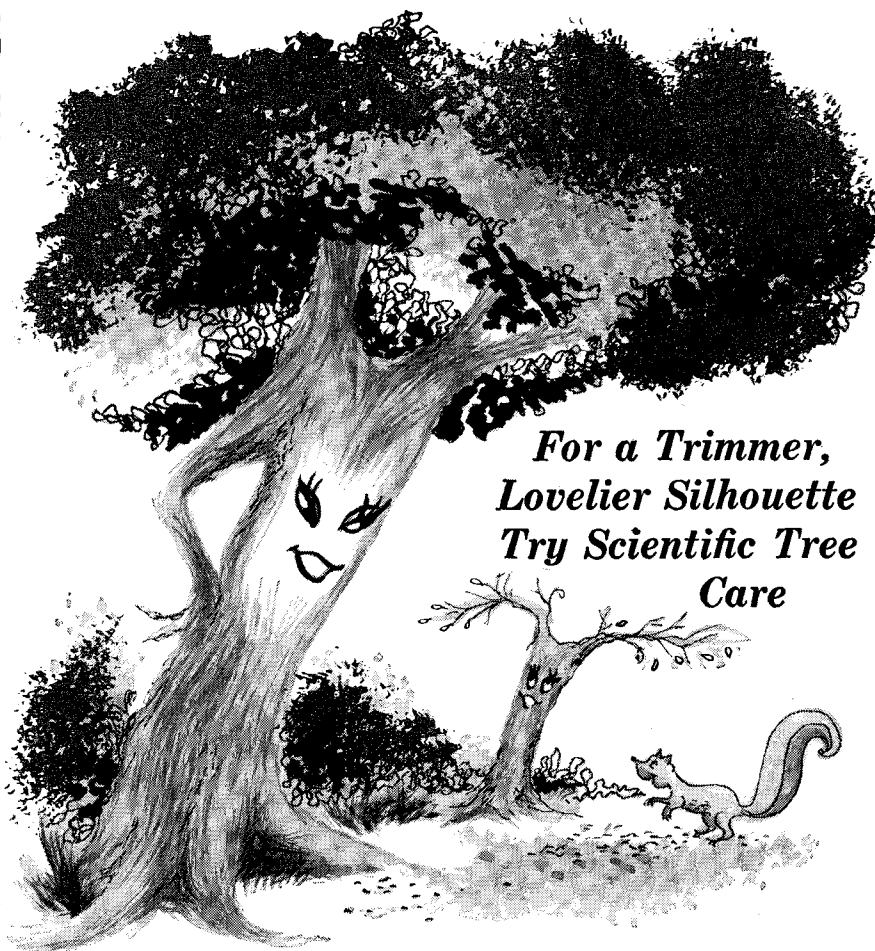
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Nature of Happiness



IN seventy-odd years of commercial movie-making, there have been few women screenwriters and still fewer women movie directors, and offhand I can think of no woman who has successfully practiced both callings at the same time except Agnès Varda, a Frenchwoman whose latest picture, "Le Bonheur," has just arrived here. "Le Bonheur" is Miss Varda's third picture; she recently finished a fourth, "Les Créatures," which is scheduled to be shown at the Venice Film Festival this fall. To have accomplished so much in a field so thoroughly and—when one stops to think about it—so unreasonably dominated by men, Miss Varda, who is young and small and pretty and looks quite defenseless, must possess Spartan perseverance and stoutness of heart. A hint of these hidden attributes is perhaps to be detected in the naming of her picture. Imagine daring to select an abstract noun for a title, and not an eye-catching noun like "Greed" or "Lust" but a soppy-sounding one like "Happiness"! Moreover, Miss Varda plainly intends the word to be taken at its full value, without the least taint of satire or frivolity; her movie really and truly *is* about happiness, which she seems to see as something like a lay equivalent of the theological state of grace: a state of pleasurable, sensual equilibrium, non-competitive, non-proprietary, and almost non-verbal, in which two or more people (in Miss Varda's ideal game of happiness, any number can play) exchange the good of themselves as continuously and unthinkingly as they breathe. This kind of happiness, if it is capable of existing at all, is capable of enduring a lifetime; death terminates it but can cast no punitive shadow backward over it from the far end of life.

To depict this state, Miss Varda has devised a simple and charming story about a good-looking young Parisian cabinetmaker. He has a loving and attractive wife, two rosy children, and agreeable relatives and working companions. He is a man perfectly attuned to his vocation and to his appetites; hence, his life is an idyll. One day, he meets a girl who works in a post office. They fall in love, and from the man's



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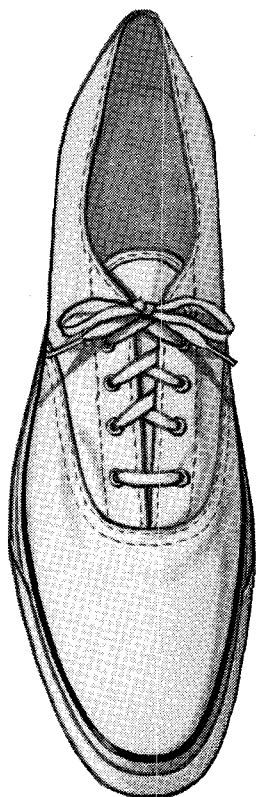
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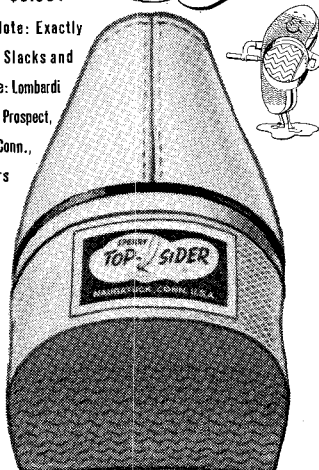
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point of view the unlooked-for gift of her love should prove a gain for everyone; since he is happier than ever, surely his family will be also. In the course of a characteristically blissful picnic in the country, while the children nap he tells his wife about his mistress. The wife is puzzled, rather than astonished or dismayed. She will do her best to understand. Never more ardently, they make love. The husband falls asleep, and when he wakes his wife is missing. He discovers that while he was sleeping, she went down to a nearby lake and drowned herself. The husband grieves for her for a time, as is only natural; then, as is only natural, he is back in his mistress's arms. Soon she is helping him care for the children, and soon the children will be loving her. She will take the wife's place in his bed; they will marry and be happy, and who knows whether it may not happen that he will again be faced with the awkwardness of being offered more happiness than he can bear to accept without sharing?

"Le Bonheur" is an exceptionally beautiful and touching movie, and to my mind it has but a single, crucial flaw—the mystery of the wife's death. Still, I so greatly admire the art with which Miss Varda has posed the question of the nature of happiness that I forgive her for not explaining a little more clearly how it came about that a tenderhearted wife and mother, incapable of an emotion as base as revenge, would so ruthlessly abandon the people whom she loved and who returned her love. The cast of "Le Bonheur" is small and admirable, and it is no wonder that its leading players appear to have an especially good time acting together, because, with the exception of Marie-France Boyer, as the mistress, they are all members of the Drouot family. Jean-Claude Drouot plays the father; his wife, Claire, plays the wife; and their children play the children. The photography, which is in Eastman-color, is by Jean Rabier and Claude Beausoleil, and is very nearly as exquisite as the music, which is by an often happy young Salzburger named Mozart.

—BRENDAN GILL

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THE RACE TRACK

That Horse Again

KAUAI KING has done it again. Last Saturday, he won the Preakness Stakes at Pimlico in Baltimore more easily than he had won the Kentucky Derby a fortnight before. Stupendous, who led on sufferance for a good part of the mile and three-sixteenths, was second, nearly two lengths behind, and Amberoid came in third, five lengths farther back but well ahead of Rehabilitate. Indulto was fifth. The race itself was a carbon copy of



the Derby but without the thrills in the stretch. From an even start, Kauai King broke "real good," as Brumfield, who rode him, put it later, and he led passing the stand the first time. Approaching the clubhouse turn, however, Stupendous rushed around him and into the lead. This surprised nobody, for Eddie Neloy, who trains Stupendous, had said that his riding orders for the Bold Ruler colt would be quite different from those he gave for the Derby, in which Stupendous began slowly and finished fourth. So Stupendous sailed along, with open daylight between him and Kauai King, down the backstretch and past the far turn. Nothing behind them had a chance.

Brumfield has never been given very high marks for jockeyship, but I must say that he handled Kauai King with confidence and judgment. Perhaps he felt, as I do, that the sons of Bold Ruler don't like to run more than a mile. At any rate, with about two furlongs to go, Brumfield eased Kauai King smoothly out from behind Stupendous, and from that moment it was Kitty bar the door. Kauai King swept past Stupendous and on to the winning post, but Brumfield had to pop him several times with his whip to keep him on a straight course. (He has a tendency to bear in toward the rail in the stretch.) Not in years has there been such a popular victory in the Preakness. For one thing, Kauai King is the first Maryland-bred to win the classic since Challedon, in 1939. Also, he is a son of Native Dancer, who is still a local hero and lives not far from Pimlico. Kauai King is no stranger to Baltimore racegoers; they saw him win the Prince George's Stakes and the Governor's Gold Cup at Bowie in April. It's no wonder he was an even-money favorite. Incidentally, he runs like Native Dancer, with his head held slightly

to one side. Henry Forrest, his trainer, finds him easy to handle and not given to attacks of nerves, as some horses are. He eats well, too—ten quarts of oats a day, plus carrots and other extras, and great quantities of hay. What's most important, he is sound in wind and limb. His next start will be in the

Belmont Stakes at Aqueduct a week from Saturday. He wasn't named for it when the list closed last February, but Michael Ford, who owns him, is making a supplementary nomination. This costs \$5,000, but since Kauai King has earned \$375,147 so far this season—\$129,000 of it in the Preakness—the fee won't put too severe a strain on his bankroll.

I thought Stupendous had never run better—he did the first quarter in 0:23 $\frac{2}{5}$, the half mile in 0:46 $\frac{4}{5}$, six furlongs in 1:10 $\frac{3}{5}$, and the mile in 1:36 $\frac{2}{5}$ —but there's no getting away from the fact that a mile is his limit in top company. (By the way, I've forgotten to say that the final time was 1:55 $\frac{2}{5}$, which makes it the second-fastest Preakness on record.) Baeza, who rode Stupendous, had apparently suffered no ill effects from the fall he took the day before, when he was tossed from My Boss Lady at the start of the Black-Eyed Susan Stakes, won by Holly-O. My big disappointment in the Preakness was Indulto. As far as I could see, nothing happened to him. Maybe he's just a miler, too. Advocate didn't have the drive he showed in the Derby.

There never is the hoopla at the Preakness, I'm pleased to report, that there is at the Derby, but I do think the band should be more considerate when it plays the horses to the post. "Maryland! My Maryland!" went off well enough, but "Dixie" in Watusi time got on the nerves of several runners; it sent Blue Skyer, who was third in the Derby, into a conniption, which may be why he finished last.

FAR and away the most enthralling performance at Aqueduct last week was Bold Lad's in the Roseben Handicap. Although he carried 126 pounds and gave from eight to sixteen pounds to half a dozen seasoned sprinters, and had only a smidgen of racing luck, he won easily from Davis II, who beat Hoist Bar by a head for second

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money. The time for the seven furlongs was 1:21 $\frac{4}{5}$, which is the fastest for the distance at the meeting. (It was also a fifth of a second faster than the mark that Roseben himself—who is still fondly remembered by old-timers as the Big Train—established at Belmont Park in 1906, which stood for more than forty years as an American record.) While Brooklyn Bridge was setting a lickety-split early pace, Bold Lad was fourth; as Baeza, who rode him, said after the race, he was back of horses with no place to go. In the homestretch, however, Brooklyn Bridge tired, leaving a very narrow opening near the rail, and in a flash Baeza sent Bold Lad through it. I wish I knew just how fast Bold Lad ran that furlong—to me it seemed he did it in nothing flat. It was his third victory since he returned to the races. His next start will be in the Metropolitan Handicap on Memorial Day, and I expect he'll win it, too.

Another smart effort at Aqueduct last week was that of Moccasin, who was rated by many the best two-year-old last season. Maybe she liked the track better than the one at Keeneland, where she was beaten twice last month, or maybe running in blinkers kept her eyes on the job; in any case, she beat five colts as easily as breaking sticks. She'll meet members of her own sex in the Acorn Stakes, at a mile, this weekend. Then, there was Summer Scandal, a winner at Garden State Park and Bowie earlier this season, who made a show of her company in the Top Flight Handicap at the Big A last Saturday, leading by lengths from start to finish. I wonder how she would have fared had she run in the Colonial Handicap at Garden State that afternoon. In that one, Tosmah mowed down the seven other runners in the stretch, but then Garden State is her favorite track.

—AUDAX MINOR

One show that has been doing standing-room-only business, the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of "Maria/Sadie," ends its limited engagement at the Martin Beck Theater tomorrow after 145 performances. The company is returning to England to film the movie version.—*Newsday*.

Which will be called "Two Jolly Girls."

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[Adv. in the Miami Herald]

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BOOKS

Life in the Universe



ANY coherent discussion of the existence, or nonexistence, of extraterrestrial life must begin with a statement of the rules and limitations of the game. If one is willing to assume that the laws of nature elsewhere in the universe are quite different from what they are in regions accessible to our measuring instruments, one can come to any conclusion one likes about life in such regions, and, from a scientific point of view, the discussion loses any real interest. The scientifically interesting question is (assuming that the laws of nature in the part of the universe that we can observe and study are similar to or identical with the laws that apply to Earth and the solar system): Is it likely, or unlikely, in terms of our present knowledge, that life—living matter—is confined uniquely to Earth? My guess is that in a poll of contemporary scientists the great majority would say that, though there is absolutely no direct evidence of the existence of extraterrestrial life (such as the discovery, say, of a meteorite from outer space containing the remains of non-Earthly organisms), the indirect evidence makes it extremely likely that life is a widespread phenomenon in the universe.

The chain of reasoning for this has grown quite long, and it involves several scientific disciplines. It has also, because of the current "space fad," been the subject of so many books and articles that one hardly knows where to begin reading. Two of the best summaries, I think, are contained in a generally excellent and highly readable book, "We Are Not Alone," by Walter Sullivan, the science editor of the *Times* (McGraw-

Hill), and, on a more technically sophisticated level, in "The Origin of the Solar System" (Macmillan), a collection of semipopular articles that first appeared in the astronomy journal *Sky & Telescope*. Mr. Sullivan's book was first published in 1964, but in view of the knowledge gained from the Mariner IV photographic mission to Mars, in July of 1965, he has revised it. Mr. Sullivan is a believer. In his mind, there is no doubt that extraterrestrial intelligent life exists and that we should attempt to come in contact with it. How to do this occupies a good deal of the book. "The Origin of the Solar System," published this year, is a more staid and an excellently annotated (by the astronomer Thornton Page, of Wesleyan University, and his wife) as-

sortment of articles by some of our most distinguished astronomers and physicists. An especially nice feature of it is that many of the articles are arranged in chronological order, and this enables one to see at a glance how rapidly ideas in the field have been changing. The subject of the collection is nominally the solar system, but most of the writers regard the solar system as a model of how planetary systems could have evolved anywhere in the universe, and several of them end up by stating the arguments for extraterrestrial life almost as enthusiastically as Mr. Sullivan.

All such arguments begin with some observations about the magnitude of the visible universe. A typical galaxy—such as our own Milky Way—contains at least a hundred billion stars.

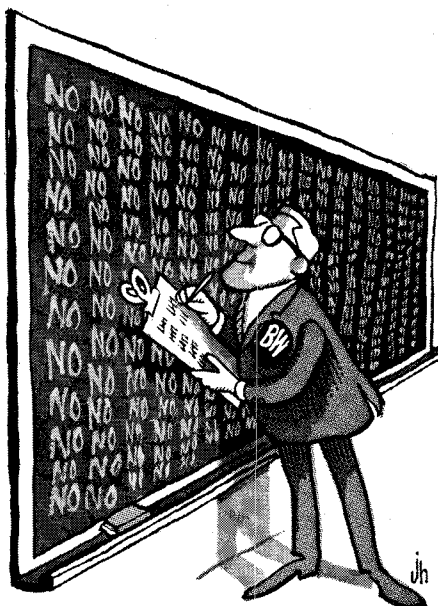
Within the part of the universe visible to us—say, several billion light years of it—there are at least a hundred billion galaxies. As the great American astronomer Edwin Hubble asked, "It seems reasonable to assume—doesn't it?—that among the myriads of stars that we now know to be in the grand universe there are innumerable ones that have planets associated with them. Many of these planets must be suitable for supporting life. On the whole, one is inclined to think that there may be countless other worlds with life, even life such as we do not know or cannot conceive on the basis of our earthly experience." The key word is "reasonable;" Hubble's conclusion is "reasonable" only if it can be demonstrated that there is nothing unique about our own star—the sun—which, after all, is the only star that we know for certain supports planets of which one, at any rate, supports life. The burden of the argument, and most of the discus-



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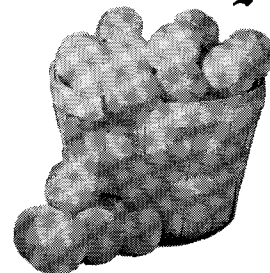


sion in "The Origin of the Solar System," rests on showing that the sun is a typical, comparatively cool, middle-aged star.

Before we proceed to this matter, a slight historical detour may be enlightening. We have become so conditioned by the marvels and sophistication of the space age that it is easy to forget—a point emphasized by Mr. Sullivan—that three and a half centuries ago Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake in Rome for proclaiming a point of view much like Hubble's. Prior to the Renaissance, science was dominated by the Aristotelian cosmology, according to which extraterrestrial matter obeyed physical laws entirely different from ours. (The moon was, however, considered a possible haven for life as early as the writings of Plutarch and Lucian.) It is a legacy of the Renaissance, primarily because of the telescopic discoveries of Galileo, that the laws of nature as discovered on Earth have been assumed to apply to the rest of the universe. We have come so far in three hundred and fifty years that, to our contemporary eye, Hubble's statement appears almost obvious. Lest we overcongratulate ourselves, it is also worth pointing out that the second step of the argument for extraterrestrial life—that, given a suitable environment, life can evolve anywhere—is based on evolutionary biology, which is still considered immoral and unteachable in parts of the United States (Scopes lost a decision in the Monkey Trial in Tennessee, and it is still against the law to teach evolution in that state), and which, until the latest change of regime in the Soviet Union, could condemn a biologist to enforced obscurity and perhaps prison.

Back to the sun. The only parts of it that can be directly observed are the surface—the photosphere—and the gaseous regions above the surface, the chromosphere and the corona. Electromagnetic radiation that has its origins in the interior is trapped there. The only particles coming from the interior of the sun that might be detected are the neutrinos manufactured in the nuclear reactions that are responsible for the sun's energy production. These reactions take place deep in the interior of the sun. So far, no experiments have been sufficiently sensitive to detect solar neutrinos. The surface temperature of the sun is eleven thousand degrees Fahrenheit, and it is believed that the interior, where the nuclear cooking is going on, must have a temperature of twenty or thirty million degrees. (One of the persistent

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puzzles of solar physics is that the outermost region of the sun—the corona, which is made wonderfully visible during total eclipses—has a temperature of at least a million degrees and is thus much hotter than the photosphere, which lies below it. This is thought to be the result of shock waves in the gas that are caused by disturbances in the photosphere; the turbulence created by these waves heats up the chromosphere and the corona.) As stars go, twenty or thirty million degrees is fairly cool, but the sun is constantly getting hotter. (It has been estimated that, because of this, Earth is heating up at a rate of one degree every hundred million years.) As the sun gets hotter, new kinds of nuclear reactions become possible, and so the solar fuel is used up at a faster rate. The sun should continue to supply Earth with a comfortable heat bath for ten billion years more. Since the age of Earth in its present, solidified form is about four billion years, the processes in the sun must have been operating in their present form for at least that long. The quantitative theory of the sun's radiation is only thirty years old. It is due in large part to Hans Bethe, and it is beautifully summarized by him in "The Origin of the Solar System." It is based on the fact that in many nuclear reactions the masses of the particles that emerge are less than the masses of the particles that enter the reactions, and, according to Einstein's formula $E=mc^2$, this difference in mass is converted into energy. Because c , the velocity of light, is such an enormous number, the amount of energy produced in these reactions is substantial even though the loss of mass is comparatively small. (The conversion of just a one-gram mass into energy would keep a hundred-watt bulb burning for thirty thousand years.) That is why the sun has managed to shine for such a long time. The fact that Einstein's formula had something to do with solar energy was realized early in this century; however, Bethe was the first scientist who made a systematic study of the nuclear reactions that were possible in the sun, and he narrowed them down to a couple, whose rates he could estimate rather accurately. Prior to Einstein's discovery, the mechanism of solar radiation was a complete mystery. Chemical burning (that is, plain, everyday combustion) is much too feeble a process to account for the tremendous energy given off by the sun—a situation that has been summarized in the aphorism that the sun is too hot to burn. All the other pre-Einstein estimates about

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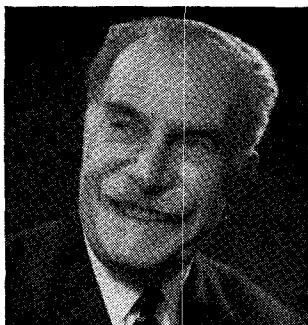
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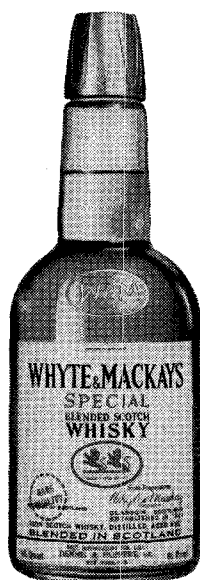
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the generation of solar energy gave lifetimes for the sun of less than a hundred million years—estimates that were sharply contradicted when the age of Earth was established accurately in this century by radioactive-dating methods. It is now known that a large number of the stars in the Milky Way—that is, billions of stars—are at a stage in their evolution comparable to the sun's, so, in Hubble's terms, "myriads" of stars are capable (in theory) of supporting planetary life. Otto Struve, a Russian-born astrophysicist, who fled Russia after the Revolution and worked until his death, in 1963, in the United States, and who is generally regarded as the greatest astronomer of his generation, sums up the status of the sun in "The Origin of the Solar System": "If we imagine an astronomer about three hundred light years from where we are now, and let him observe the sun from that distance, it would appear to him as an inconspicuous, single star of apparent magnitude 7, having a pronounced reddish color, and a surface temperature of about eleven thousand degrees. He should be totally unaware of the existence of any of the planets, not to speak of the comets, asteroids, zodiacal light, or corona." This is not a flattering view of the uniqueness of our faithful star, but if life is a widespread phenomenon, then uniqueness is the last thing one would expect of the sun.

As with many astronomers, extra-terrestrial life became Struve's *violin d'Ingres*. Perhaps his interest was kindled by one of the astronomical discoveries that he made important contributions to—the discovery that stars of the sun's type and cooler than it rotate very slowly. It is known that the sun rotates at a rate of two kilometres a second, taking twenty-five days to complete a rotation. These figures are fairly typical of the cool stars. The hot stars, presumably in rapid evolution, rotate much faster. In the solar system, the planets, which contain less than one per cent of the total mass of the system (the rest is the mass of the sun), have, strikingly, ninety-eight per cent of the system's angular momentum. Angular momentum is the quantity physicists use to measure the amount of rotational momentum, and it is a remarkable fact about the solar system that the light, whirling planets carry most of the system's angular momentum. To Struve, this fact had to do with the explanation of how the planets were formed. One can imagine that in the early stages of its evolution the sun was a rapidly whirling object surrounded by an enor-

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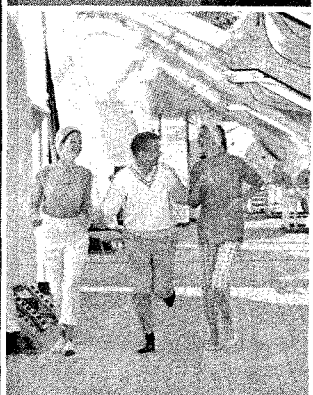
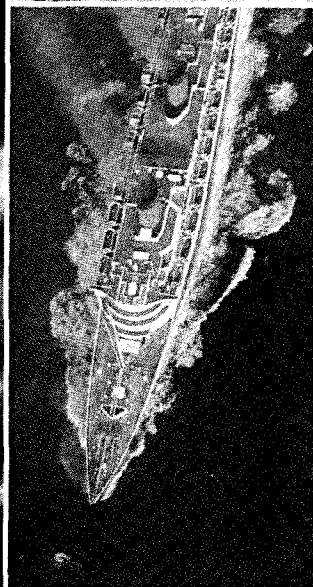
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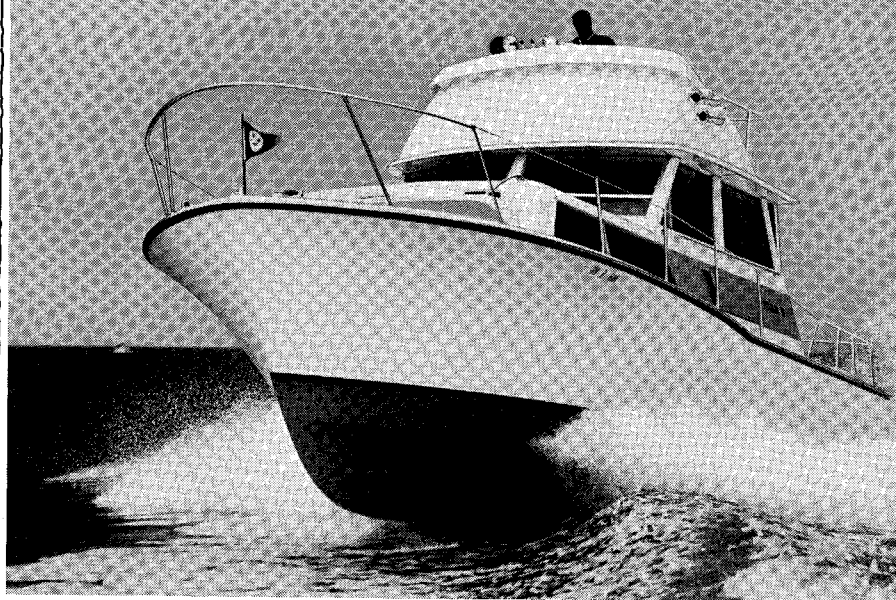
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mous gaseous cloud. In time, the sun threw off parts of this gaseous envelope. There are still intermittent solar explosions in which glowing pieces of the sun's surface are hurled hundreds of thousands of miles away, and these occurrences may resemble, on a reduced scale, the processes that took place earlier in the sun's history. (These explosions eject charged particles that reach Earth, where they disrupt radio transmission and cause visual phenomena like the northern lights.) Many astrophysicists believe that, as a result of complicated electromagnetic interactions, the young sun transferred its angular momentum to the surrounding gas. The magnetic fields set up around the sun acted as a frictional brake, and so the gas took up most of the sun's spin. The planets, in the course of eons, condensed out of this spinning gas, which would explain why they carry so much angular momentum. (Historically, this explanation of the formation of planets can be traced back to the speculations of Descartes and Kant. For a while, it was abandoned in favor of a theory that the sun had lost its angular momentum by colliding with another star. Since stellar collisions are extremely improbable, this theory made planetary formation a very unlikely phenomenon. But the collision hypothesis has fallen out of favor in the last thirty years, for it has been demonstrated that in such a collision the matter torn out of the sun would simply explode rather than condense into planets.) If this explanation is correct, it is quite natural to suppose that there are planetary systems associated with stars of low angular momentum. Such stars are the ones that are in the most stable phase of their evolution, which makes them the best candidates for supporting life. Struve summarizes, "Since all those properties of the sun which we can observe in other stars are normal for a large group of reddish dwarfs [small stars], it is at least plausible that those other properties that we cannot now test outside the solar system are also common to all or most of them. In other words, it is far more reasonable to start with the working hypothesis that planets are normally present in the vicinity of cool dwarfs than it is to suppose that our planetary system is unique, or very rare."

This evidence for the existence of planets near stars other than the sun is, of course, rather indirect. However, there is much direct evidence, and this leaves little doubt that planetary systems exist elsewhere in the universe. This evidence involves the irregularities

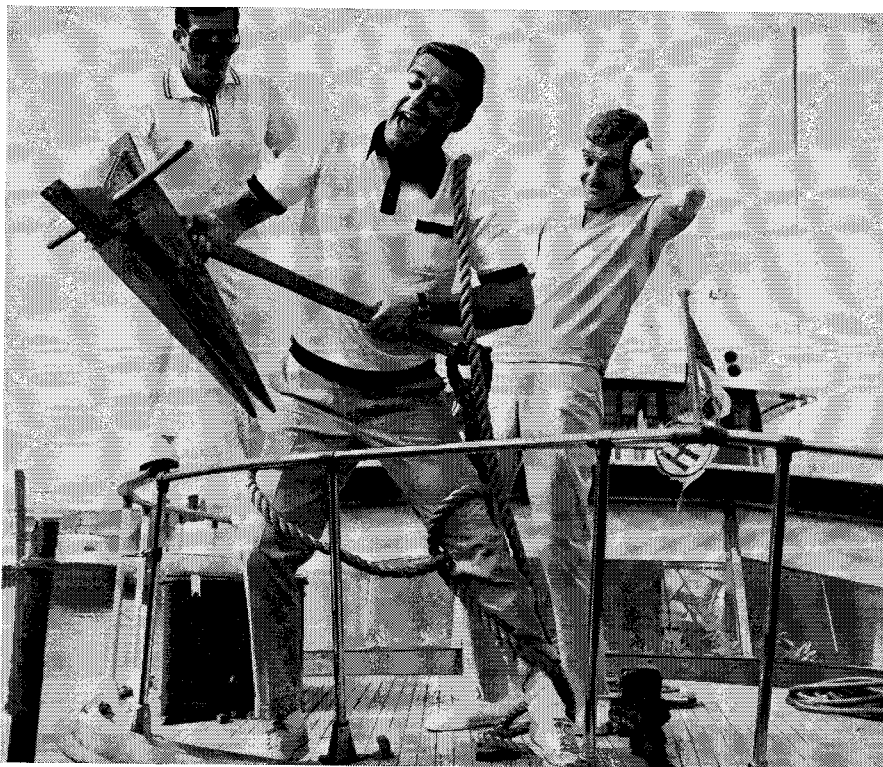
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in the motions of stars. Almost two-thirds of the known stars are multiple; what appears to be a single star is often composed of two or more stars in motion around each other. The simplest such configuration is the binary one—two stars revolving around their common center of mass. Many of these binary configurations exhibit irregular wobbles in their motions. The natural explanation of these motions is that the two stars are being affected by a third body travelling near them; viz., a planet. Sometimes a star that seems single, even through a telescope, will wiggle in its motion. In some cases, the “invisible” companion that is affecting its motion has finally shown up in photographs and turned out to be a faintly glowing object that is between the sun and Jupiter in mass (Jupiter is the largest of the planets, with a mass three hundred and eighteen times the mass of Earth). One tremendously interesting star, known to astronomers as Barnard's star, almost without doubt has a satellite planet about the size of Jupiter. It is described in “The Origin of the Solar System” by the astronomer Peter van de Kamp, the director of the Sproul Observatory, at Swarthmore, which was responsible for much of the recent study of it. Dr. van de Kamp reports:

In 1916, E. E. Barnard discovered that an inconspicuous star in Ophiuchus has the exceptionally large proper motion [proper motion refers to the extremely small motion of the stars with respect to each other, as seen from the Earth. The “constellations” are really not fixed, but the relative motions of the stars that compose them during, say, a year are so small that it takes very exact measurements to observe them at all. Conventionally, relative astronomical distances are measured in terms of angles rather than, for example, miles, the angles of separation between the astronomical objects. Three hundred and sixty degrees is the amount of angle in an entire circle. Each degree of angle is divided into sixty minutes and each minute into sixty seconds. The proper motions usually amount to changes in the angular separations of stars, in a year, of fractions of seconds of angle] of 10.3 seconds of arc [i.e., angle] per year, which is still the record [among all known stars]. This 9.5 magnitude star is drifting northward by a moon's diameter in about a hundred and eighty years. It has the further distinction of being closer to the sun than any other known star except the triple system of Alpha Centauri. Physically, Barnard's star is a red dwarf, having only about one sixth the diameter of our sun. Very recently, an intensive astrometric study at Sproul Observatory has revealed that this fast-moving object has an invisible companion which is in some ways even more remarkable.

Dr. van de Kamp goes on to point out that because it is so close to Earth,



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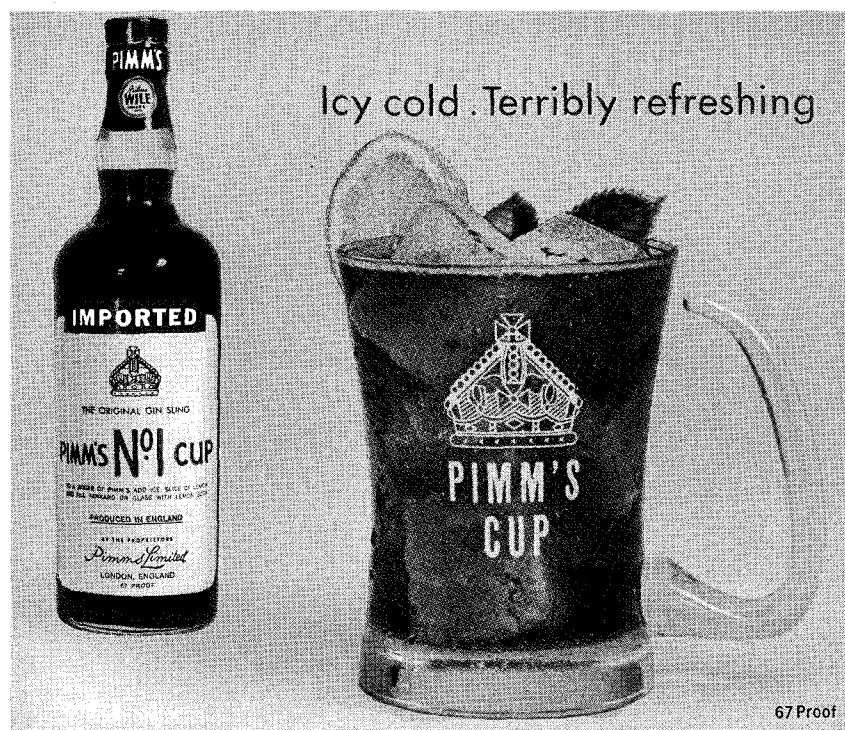
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and because of its enormous proper motion, Barnard's star is an especially favorable object for the study of irregularities in a star's motion. And, indeed, instead of moving across the sky in a sedate line, Barnard's star moves with a well-defined wavelike serpentine motion. The pattern repeats itself every twenty-four years—a fact that can be explained if Barnard's star has an invisible companion that moves around the parent star once every twenty-four years; in Dr. van de Kamp's words, "Barnard's star is shifted by the gravitational attraction of an unseen companion." The computation of planetary orbits is an extremely exact science, and by using the mass of the star and the characteristics of its motion, it can be shown "that the mass of the unseen companion is only about 0.0015 [the mass of the] sun—a mere one and a half times as massive as Jupiter! Such an object must be regarded as a planet rather than a star. . . . It can hardly appear brighter than about thirtieth magnitude [that it would shine at all would be due to the fact that it would reflect the light from Barnard's star, just as Jupiter reflects the light of the sun]—far too dim for us to detect it by any current techniques [that is, to see it directly]. No wonder its image is not found on our 1937-1946 plates, when the apparent separation of Barnard's star and its companion was more than two seconds of arc!"

Since there are hundreds of billions of stars, it is all but impossible not to conclude that there are hundreds of billions of planets. This is to say that there must be billions of empty stages on which it is possible for the drama of life to be enacted, and the question is how many of these stages are now being used. The most naïve answer to this question is approximately one-ninth of them—using the fact that there are nine planets in the solar system and on one, at least, there is life. Before we return to this somewhat oversimplified reasoning, a few comments about life, or its absence, in the rest of the solar system are in order. Proceeding outward from the sun, the first of the so-called terrestrial planets—Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars—is Mercury. Mercury is only slightly larger than the moon. (An all but total lack of atmosphere on the moon, which is responsible for violent temperature extremes on the dark and light halves of the moon, and which allows it to be bathed in a continuous stream of sterilizing ultraviolet radiation from the sun, precludes life in any conceivable form on our nearest



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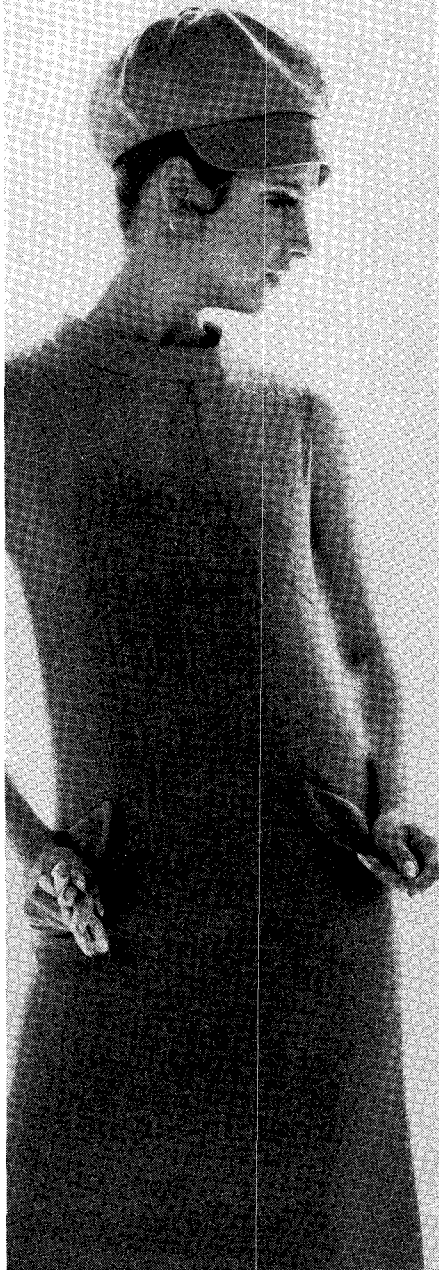
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neighbor, although one is always tempted to hedge absolute statements of this kind with the Shakespeare-like note that there may be more things in heaven and earth than in our currently accepted natural philosophy.) On its bright side (the side that at any given time faces the sun), it has a temperature of at least seven hundred and fifty degrees; on its dark side, the temperature is estimated to be exceedingly low. The atmosphere of Mercury is still a matter of conjecture, but it is quite likely that the bright side has little or none. It was thought until recently that any gases on the dark side were frozen solid. But now Mercury is known to rotate on its axis with a period of fifty-nine days, which means that the sun heats up the entire surface of the planet. Venus has a mass of about four-fifths that of Earth. It has a high surface temperature—six hundred degrees or more—and a thick atmosphere composed in part of a heavy layer of carbon dioxide and clouds. A few lonely visionaries maintain that beneath the clouds there may be Venusian seas teeming with life, but, as the physicist Edward M. Purcell said, in another context, this idea probably "belongs back where it came from, on the cereal box." Next is Earth, which, despite the dangers posed by our all but uncontrollable technological rapacity, remains a relatively sound abode for life. Mars is such a complicated case that I will come back to it later. After Mars, the next planet is Jupiter, the largest planet. In the words of one of my favorite astronomy books, "Pictorial Guide to the Planets," by Joseph H. Jackson, its "atmosphere would hardly be exhilarating to breathe. Ammonia, methane, and hydrogen have been identified in it." It has a surface temperature of about minus two hundred degrees. Perhaps some use can be made of it when the gradual heating of the sun makes life on Earth intolerable, but it is a good bet that there is nothing living there now. The same gloomy report holds for Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and Pluto, all of which appear to have murderous atmospheres, and are even colder than Jupiter.

To return to Mars. No object in the heavens, with the possible exception of the sun and moon, has been studied so extensively or has been so much written about as the Red Planet. Mars is 141,637,000 miles from the sun; Earth is 92,956,000 miles from it. The Martian year—the time it takes for Mars to make a single revolution

around the sun—is 686.98 Earth days (the Martian day is about as long as our day). Mars has one-tenth the mass of Earth. It is the relatively small mass of Mars that accounts for the fact that its atmosphere is so tenuous. Earth's atmosphere is held to Earth by the pull of gravity, though the light gases at the top of the atmosphere are continually being lost into outer space. Traces of water vapor and oxygen have been detected in the Martian atmosphere, but the density of the atmosphere is probably less than one per cent of Earth's. The surface temperatures on Mars apparently vary between about minus eighty degrees at the poles to plus eighty degrees at high noon on the equator. All in all, it is not a very attractive environment for life.

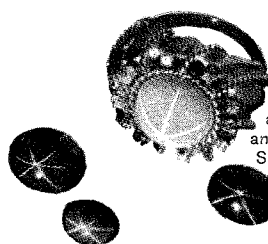


The great interest in Mars, which has amounted at times to near-hysteria, is due to the peculiarities observed on its surface. (One noted astrophysicist recently bemoaned the fact that "so much nonsense has been written about the planet in various branches of literary endeavor that it is easy to forget that Mars is still an object of serious scientific investigation.") Because of its thin atmosphere, the surface of Mars is highly visible, and it could be intimately studied if our own atmosphere did not interfere so drastically with telescopic observations. The history of the study of the Martian surface, nicely summarized in one of the chapters of Sullivan's book, begins in the seventeenth century, when Christian Huygens noted that there were white caps on the Martian poles. These caps increase in the Martian fall and winter and shrink in the spring and summer, and sometimes, in the words of Jackson, "they develop gouges and ridges and sometimes leave islands of white beyond their line of retreat." The caps are presumably frost, which melts or sublimates—that is, passes directly from the solid to the gaseous state without first liquefying—when the planet heats up. Most of the surface appears to consist of "deserts," which give off a reddish or "a buff orange hue." However, there are dark regions, first noted by the eighteenth-century astronomer Sir William Herschel, and certain of these regions, which some observers say are basically gray, with touches of blues and greens, grow and shrink, often rather quickly, with the seasons. The dark regions have caused some of the most dramatic speculations about Mars by scientists, beginning with Herschel, who thought they might indicate the

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existence of vegetation. Jackson says, "Often the dark markings return again within a few weeks after they have been covered by dust in one of the Martian storms; could this be rejuvenation, explained by vegetation growing up through the dust?" Most astronomers now agree that whatever the dark areas may be, they are not composed of objects containing chlorophyll. Chlorophyll is the key to the metabolic system of plants. In the process of photosynthesis, the energy of sunlight is used to convert—with the aid of chlorophyll—carbon dioxide and water into glucose sugar and phosphates. During this process, oxygen is released into the atmosphere; the present oxygen in the atmosphere of Earth is probably the accumulation from photosynthesis. The sugars and phosphates can be stored in the plant for later use as sources of energy. The development of chlorophyll-using plants freed plants, and therefore, ultimately, the primitive animals, from their dependence on much more inefficient energy sources, such as ultraviolet light. The release of oxygen into the atmosphere increased its efficiency as a blanket against ultraviolet light, which in large amounts is detrimental to life. Chlorophyll is so essential in the ecology of life on Earth that the first thing one would want to know about the Martian dark spots is whether they contain it. Chlorophyll strongly reflects yellow and yellow-green light, and it has been found by telescopic observation that the Martian dark spots do not reflect these colors any more strongly than do the neighboring deserts. This does not mean that there is no plant life on Mars; it means, rather, that such life, if it exists, will be difficult or impossible to verify by telescope.

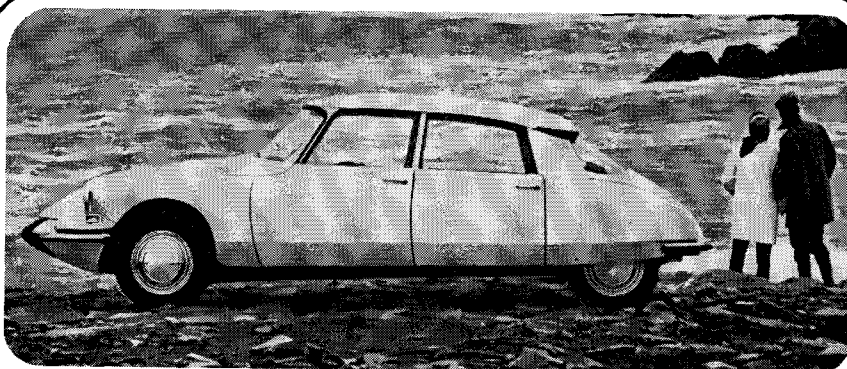
The feature of the Martian surface that has excited the greatest speculation is the "canals." The canals, or *canali*, were first reported in 1877 by Giovanni Virginio Schiaparelli, an Italian astronomer. According to him, their architecture appeared to be perfect, "being drawn with absolute geometrical precision, as if they were the work of rule or compass." Schiaparelli was cautious about concluding that the canals were the work of intelligent beings, but his contemporaries had a field day. Among them was Percival Lowell, the brother of Amy Lowell and Abbott Lawrence Lowell, the Harvard president. He was so interested in the canals and the information that Schiaparelli's eyes were failing that in his thirties he gave up a career as an Orientalist to become an astronomer. He created

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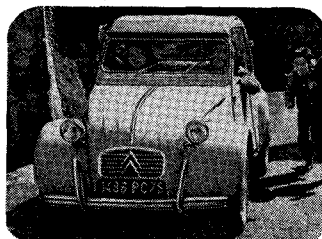


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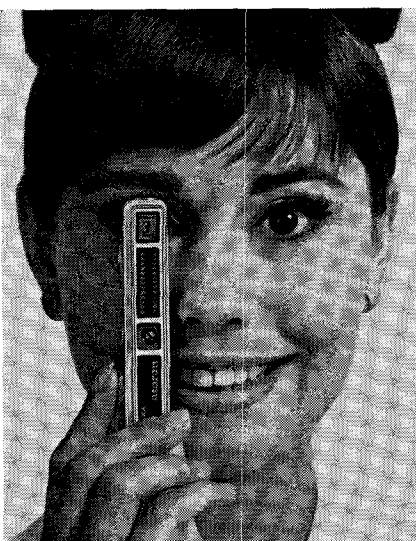
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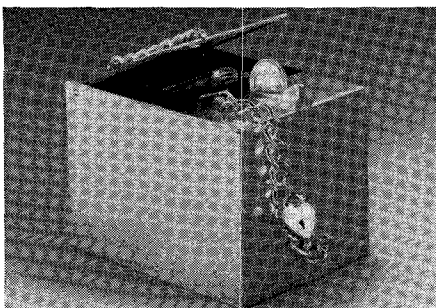


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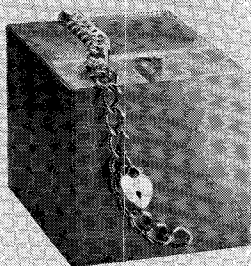
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an observatory in Flagstaff, Arizona, which became a center for planetary observation. He came to the conclusion that what Schiaparelli had seen were bands of land irrigated by canals, rather than the canals themselves. This meant to him that intelligent life was guiding the destiny of Mars, and he decided (his view is rather uncritically shared by many modern writers) that if intelligent life exists, it must be superior to and more benign than the forms we are familiar with. "Irrigation, unscientifically conducted, would not give us such truly wonderful mathematical fitness in the several parts of the whole as we there behold. A mind of no mean order would seem to have presided over the system we see." He adds, perhaps because of his knowledge of Boston politicians, "A mind certainly of considerably more comprehensiveness than that which presides over the various departments of our own public works. Party politics, at all events, have had no part in them; for the system is planet-wide. . . . Certainly what we see hints at the existence of beings who are in advance of, not behind, us in the journey of life." Much as one might like to have Martian neighbors, current observations indicate that it is most unlikely that the canals are the work of humanoids. They appear to be irregularly shaped streaks, perhaps made up of the materials that form the other dark Martian regions. The pictures sent back by Mariner IV show the Martian surface to be as awesomely inhospitable as the surface of the moon—a surface gouged by craters, perhaps caused by the impact of meteorites. It has been said that a rocket fired at Earth from Mars, carrying the same equipment and following a similar trajectory, would probably not reveal life on Earth, and the question of whether there is life on Mars and what forms it has taken is still open.

This brings us to the crucial question: What is the origin of life? If life on Earth is a unique phenomenon, of perhaps divine origin, the fact that it has occurred on at least one of nine solar planets does not necessarily tell us anything about its distribution in the universe. On the other hand, if living organisms can generate themselves from inanimate chemicals, there may be reason to suppose that life is distributed in the universe almost as widely as the stars. The history of this question is a fascinating one. Early thinkers, such as the pre-Socratic evolutionary speculators of Greece, took it almost for granted that life could be generated spontaneously from matter. In the Middle Ages,

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the Renaissance, and the beginning of the nineteenth century, both scientists, such as Newton and Harvey, and most laymen felt that while Man might have a divine origin, parasites—rodents and insects—could be generated directly from decaying matter. As Sullivan points out, early-nineteenth-century experiments with electricity seemed, at any rate to the experimenters, to show that living creatures could be produced by passing an electric current through a chemically prepared stone. Many textbooks treat these experiments, and to a considerable extent justifiably, with slightly comic overtones, and go on to speak of Pasteur's refutation of them, in the eighteen-sixties, as a triumph of the scientific method. Pasteur prepared a broth, containing yeast, that was subject to fermentation—a chemical transformation caused by the activity of the yeast. He put the broth in sealed flasks and boiled the contents. As long as the flasks remained sealed and there was no bacterial contamination, there was no fermentation, despite the claims of some of his contemporaries that bacteria could generate spontaneously in the broth and cause it to ferment. (It has been pointed out that Pasteur was "lucky" in his choice of yeast, since many bacteria, such as the hay bacillus, are heat-resistant and cannot be killed by boiling. This sort of luck occurs often in the careers of great scientists, and Pasteur himself once remarked, "In the field of experimentation, chance favors only the prepared mind.") Pasteur was convinced that his experiments proved that living matter cannot arise spontaneously out of non-living matter—which he felt was a triumph for science.

In fact, it was very nearly the opposite. If life has been generated only from life, in an infinite regress, any hope for a scientific explanation of its origin is vain—a fact that appears to have been recognized, soon after, by Darwin. Darwin traced the origin of species back farther and farther, to simpler and simpler forms, and he was inevitably confronted with the question of whether the "continuity" of evolution could be traced back beyond the first living species. He wrote, just before his death, that the "principle of continuity renders it probable that the principle of life will hereafter be shown to be a part, or a consequence, of some general law." He also recognized that the conditions that exist on Earth, while they are favorable for the continuity of life, may not be the optimum conditions for its origination, and, indeed, that conditions in the distant past, when



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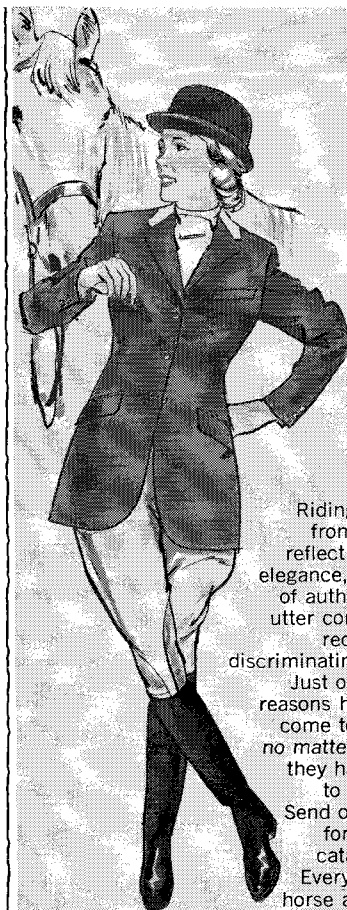
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life began, were entirely different from what they are now. "It is often said that all the conditions for the first production of a living organism are now present, which could ever have been present. But if (and oh! what a big if!) we could conceive in some warm little pond, with all sorts of ammonia and phosphoric acid salts, light, heat, electricity, etc., present, that a protein compound was chemically formed ready to undergo still more complex changes, at the present day such matter would be instantly devoured or absorbed, which would not have been the case before living creatures were formed." In this brief and remarkable paragraph, Darwin anticipated the substance and flavor of the contemporary scientific discussion of the origins of life.

What is alive? It is easy to answer this question if one considers the extremes in the spectrum between living and non-living things. A man is alive, but an electron is not alive. One may begin to narrow the spectrum. A bacterium (the biggest is about a five-thousandth of an inch in diameter and the smallest about a twenty-five-thousandth of an inch in diameter) is alive, and a protein molecule is not alive. Is a virus alive? A virus is an object of perhaps a thousandth of the diameter of the smallest bacterium. It cannot even be seen through an ordinary microscope. A concentrated sample of viruses—say, the virus that causes the disease in tobacco plants that mottles their leaves (the tobacco-mosaic virus)—has the crystalline structure of a substance like sugar, and yet these apparently inanimate crystals can infect tobacco plants. A virus is now known to consist of a string of DNA—the molecule that contains the "genetic code"—surrounded by a protein coat. Viruses "reproduce" themselves by attaching themselves to bacteria and injecting their DNA into them. The virus DNA makes use of the materials of the host cell to construct replicas of itself—a process that eventually kills the bacteria, which break open, letting the newly made viruses out to repeat the process with new bacteria. But proteins can be synthesized in the laboratory, and so can DNA. In 1957, Arthur Kornberg and his associates at Washington University, in St. Louis, produced a simplified artificial DNA from the separated materials known to be in the DNA molecule. This DNA duplicated itself just as the DNA does in the living cell. Is the DNA alive?

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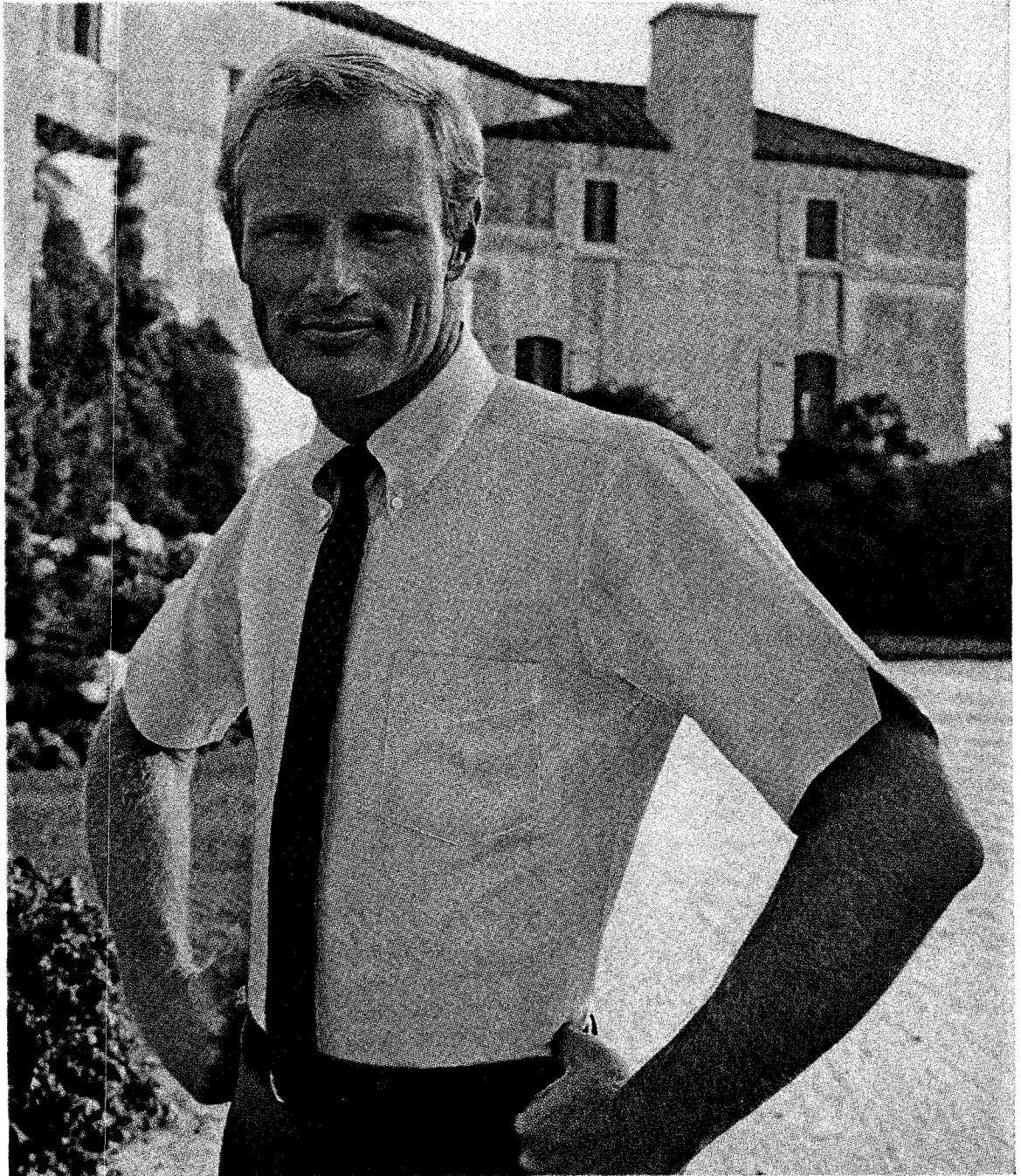
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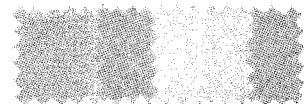
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president of the University of Chicago), "The Language of Life" (Double-day), this question is answered as follows:

Life, according to Webster's Third New International Dictionary, is:

1a: Animate being: the quality that distinguishes a vital and functional being from a dead body or purely chemical matter. . . .

b: The principle or force by which animals and plants are maintained in the performance of their functions and which distinguishes by its presence animate from inanimate matter;

c: The state of a material complex or individual characterized by the capacity to perform certain functional activities including metabolism, growth, reproduction, and some form of responsiveness or adaptability. . . .

By any of the definitions above, men are alive. So are trout. And spiders. And earthworms. And bacteria. But what about viruses? They can reproduce and evolve, given the cells of one of those other organisms to grow in. They can't "perform certain functional activities including metabolism," but they certainly *can* direct metabolic processes for their own benefit. Given a choice between calling them animate or inanimate matter, wouldn't one be tempted to call them "animate"?

Viruses are essentially DNA with a protein coat, and that coat is primarily protective. So, if viruses are alive, couldn't one say that DNA molecules are alive too—even artificial ones? Kornberg's artificial DNA's can reproduce, and presumably can evolve.

But Kornberg's artificial DNA's were made from "purely chemical matter," compounds that were inert until he put them together. Perhaps there is something hidden in them, a vital force unique to these particular compounds? If so, couldn't one say that adenine, thymine, guanine, and cytosine nucleotides are alive?

But they are composed of varying arrangements of elemental atoms—the same kind of atoms that compose the water you drink and the sugar you eat. As we said earlier, physicists have done experiments that have "created" the elements, step by step, from hydrogen. Are hydrogen atoms alive?

As you can see, there is no logical place to break the chain: hydrogen → the elements → chemical compounds → nucleic acids → proteins → viruses → bacteria → higher organisms. And since there is no logical place to break the chain, any definition of life must necessarily be arbitrary—given the present state of man's knowledge.

Perhaps a more exact way to phrase it would be: "In the continuum of being, is there a boundary between life and non-life?"

The question remains unanswered. But one is tempted to believe that science has made the question meaningless.

This point of view certainly offends traditional beliefs and distinctions. (The Beadles quote a freshman at Chicago who, after completing the re-

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quired course in biology, said, "It's fascinating stuff. But I've decided that I don't believe it.") Yet most scientists would probably accept it. However, even granted that life and non-life merge into each other, this is a far cry from accounting for the steps that lead to the evolution of life on Earth. One can state with certainty that the atmosphere of prehistoric Earth was entirely different from its atmosphere today. It is probable that there was no free oxygen, or very little. Oxygen was later produced by the photosynthesis taking place in the green plants. It has been suggested that the primitive atmosphere might have had as its major ingredients oxygen (in water), carbon (in methane), nitrogen (in ammonia), and hydrogen (in hydrogen gas). But there remains the question of how these primitive compounds came to be joined together into the complex molecules characteristic of living things.

In the early nineteen-fifties, Harold Urey, then of the University of Chicago, suggested that ultraviolet light, or electrical discharges, might have broken up these four molecules, allowing them to recombine into more complex organic compounds of the type that ultimately enter the DNA molecule. In 1952, a graduate student, Stanley Miller, working in Urey's laboratory in Chicago, performed a series of experiments in which a vapor mixture of these substances was subjected for a week to a sixty-thousand-volt high-frequency spark. At the end of the week, it was discovered that amino acids, sometimes strung together as small proteins, were produced by this discharge. This is an important step in the construction of organic substances, but it is still a long way from a simple protein to the enormously complicated DNA molecule, and it leaves unanswered the question of how the building blocks were first strung together into DNA, and the almost impossibly complicated one of how the first recognizably living forms arose out of these chemicals.

However, the other planets in our solar system have in their atmospheres most of the chemicals listed above, and more, which naturally suggests that the synthesis of complicated organic molecules is going on all the time in some planetary atmospheres in our own solar system and elsewhere in the universe. But even if one grants that the phenomenon of life is widespread, this life would not necessarily resemble human life in any way. It need not even be intelligent. Scientists' opinions about this range from a strong negative (as

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expressed in a brilliant essay, "The Nonprevalence of Humanoids," by the Harvard paleontologist George Gaylord Simpson, who wrote, "The assumption, so freely made by astronomers, physicists, and some biochemists, that once life gets started anywhere, humanoids will eventually and inevitably appear is plainly false. The chance of duplicating man on any other planet is the same as the chance that the planet and its organisms have had a history identical in all essentials with that of the earth through some billions of years. Let us grant the unsubstantiated claim of millions or billions of possible planetary abodes of life; the chances of such historical duplication are still vanishingly small") to a statement by the distinguished biologist Melvin Calvin, who wrote, "We can assert with some degree of scientific confidence that cellular life as we know it on the surface of the earth does exist in some millions of other sites in the universe. This does not deny the possibility of the existence of still other forms of matter which might be called living which are foreign to our present experience. . . . We have now removed life from the limited place it occupied a moment ago, as a rather special and unique event . . . to a state of matter widely distributed throughout the universe."

No scientist would claim that the existence of intelligent extraterrestrial life has been proved. But it is nonetheless interesting to speculate on what it might mean if there were humanoids elsewhere in the universe. It has been argued that if there were many humanoid civilizations, some would have been likely to develop technologies, and some of these technologies could be much more advanced than ours. Technology is presumably linked to scientific curiosity and scientific achievement, so a civilization that has an advanced technology would presumably have the same curiosity about the universe that we do, or so the conventional argument goes. Thus, such a civilization would begin to wonder if it was alone in the universe, just as we are wondering if we are alone. Might that civilization not try to signal us, or someone else? In 1959, the thought occurred, more or less simultaneously, to two groups of scientists that the existing radio telescopes—enormous antenna arrangements that pick up radio signals from outer space—could be used to "listen" for signals from intelligent life on distant planets. This idea has been a favorite of science-fiction writers for decades, but the advances in radio telescopes sug-

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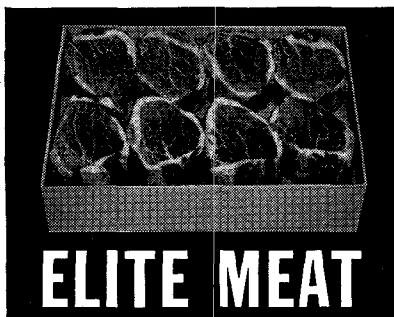
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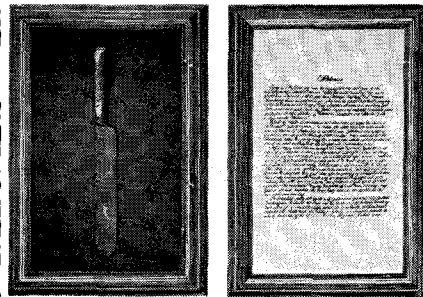
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gested that it might be a practical possibility. The principle, proposed independently by the physicists Giuseppe Cocconi and Philip Morrison, both then at Cornell, and by the astronomer Frank D. Drake, now at Cornell, was based on the speculation of the Dutch astronomer Hendrick Christoffel van de Hulst that interstellar hydrogen would emit a characteristic radio signal, with a wavelength of exactly twenty-one centimetres. It is known that there are interstellar hydrogen clouds and that the atoms making up these clouds collide. The twenty-one-centimetre radiation occurs after some of the collisions have excited the atomic hydrogen in the clouds. The twenty-one-centimetre radiation has the ability to penetrate Earth's upper atmosphere, which blocks out most of the other radiation from outer space, and radio telescopes can be built to detect it. In fact, in 1951, a Dutch group—and independently, a little before, an American group, at Harvard (Edward M. Purcell and Harold I. Ewen)—built such detectors, and with them observed the twenty-one-centimetre radiation from interstellar gas clouds. Now, the argument ran, if a civilization were really sophisticated, it might try to signal on the twenty-one-centimetre line, and the signals could be picked up by the radio telescopes. Cocconi and Morrison did not have such a telescope, but they wrote to Sir Bernard Lovell, director of the huge English radio telescope at Jodrell Bank. Lovell said that the Jodrell Bank telescope had more pressing business. Meanwhile, Drake, who was involved with our huge radio telescope at Green Bank, West Virginia, had had the same idea, and he had a telescope. Drake initiated Project Ozma, the search for intelligent extraterrestrial life (named for the Princess of the Land of Oz), and on April 8, 1960, the telescope was pointed at Epsilon Eridani, a sunlike star eleven light years away. Sullivan writes, "Shortly after the antenna had been aimed at Epsilon Eridani, and before the loudspeaker had been switched on, the needle inscribing [the recording paper], as Drake put it, 'went bang off scale.' Some very strong signal was coming in! The volume was turned down, and the needle wrote a series of high-speed pulses, at a rate of roughly eight per second, so uniformly spaced that they could only be the product of intelligent beings. When the loudspeaker was turned on, the pulses could be heard, coming in with machinelike precision." A few weeks later, Drake discovered that he had been picking up airborne transmissions from a

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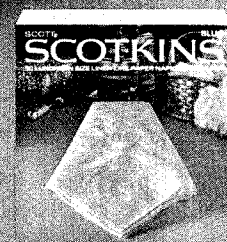
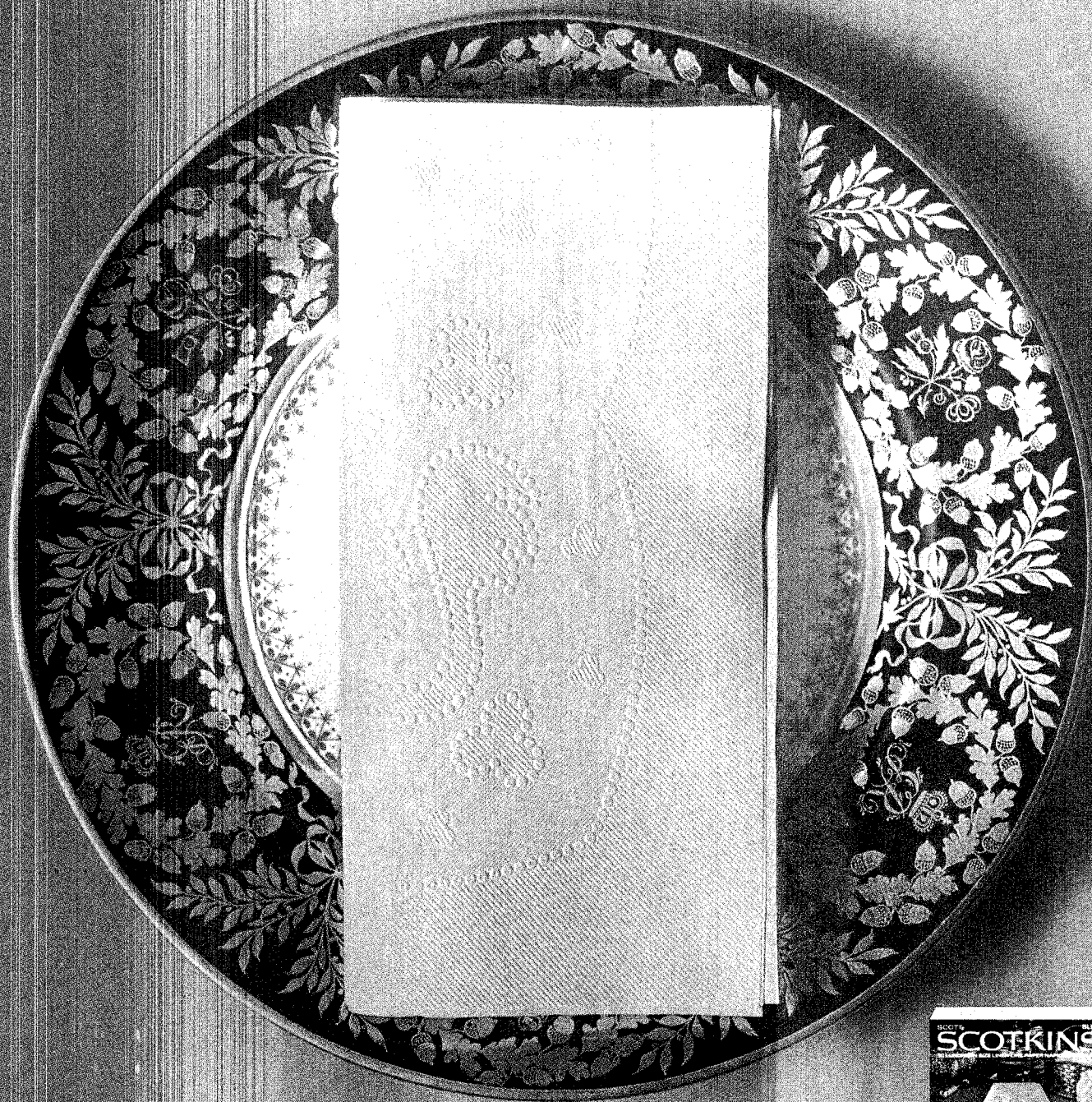
Here when the Spanish came in 1598!

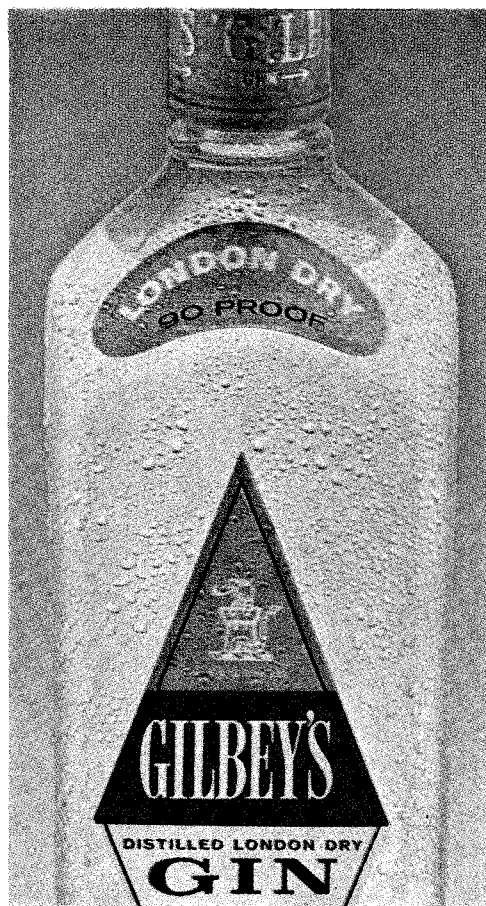
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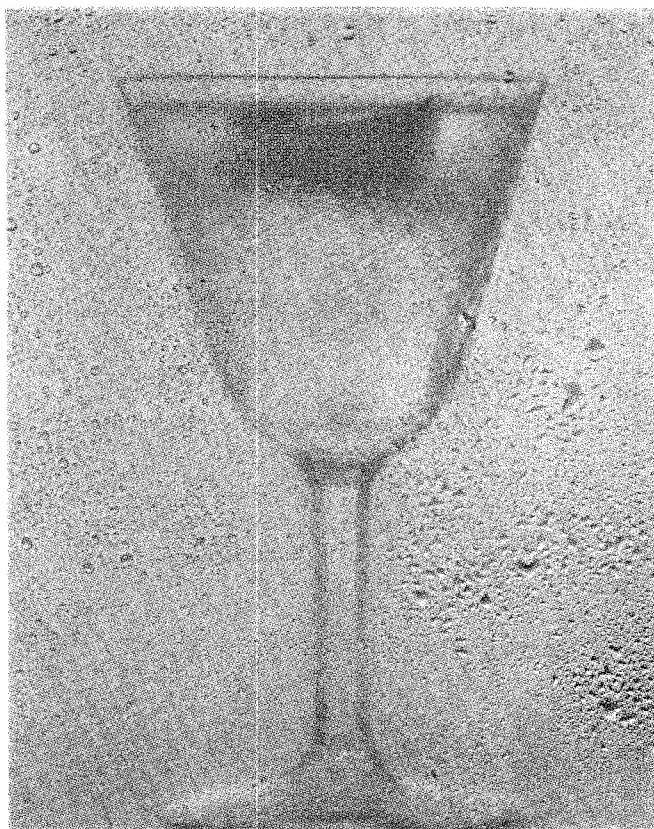


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secret military radar project. During the rest of the project, no further intelligent signals were heard.

It is generally assumed that communication with extraterrestrial civilizations would be a good thing. It would certainly be a bizarre form of communication. Signals from distant stars can take tens or hundreds of years to reach Earth. A communication from a distant source could come from a civilization long ago vanished. However, the usual idea is that advanced extraterrestrial civilizations are benign, and that if we ever established contact with them it might change our Earthly attitudes for the better. In April of 1964, the physicist Freeman J. Dyson, of the Institute for Advanced Study, who has been interested in space travel and astrophysics for many years, wrote a chilling letter, questioning this assumption, to the *Scientific American*. Just before, James R. Newman had written a long review in that magazine of a book on interstellar communication edited by A. G. W. Cameron, a well-known astrophysicist, and Dyson, who had contributed to it, said:

James R. Newman's review of "Interstellar Communication" in your February issue is written with his usual mixture of wit and wisdom. As one of the authors I am grateful for the general blessing he has given to our enterprise, and I only wish to rebut two of his offhand pronouncements I consider untrue.

The first part of Dyson's letter deals with the question of interstellar-space travel, which some people feel is impossible because of the fantastic distances involved. Dyson remarks that it is really a problem in biology, since it is conceivable that forms of hibernation will be found that will enable people to travel for years and maybe centuries without aging. "Many of us, no doubt including Newman, would find thousand-year trips unappealing, but we have no right to impose our tastes on others."

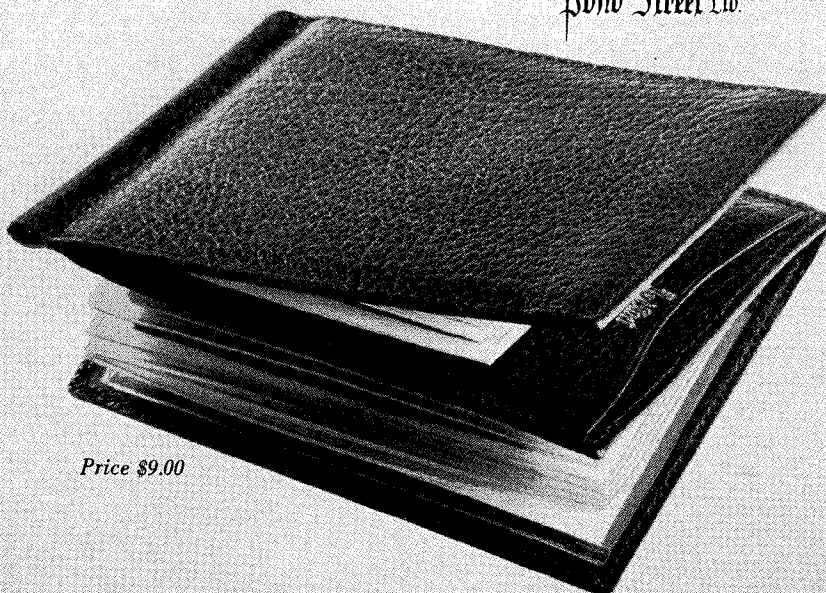
Then comes the main part of the letter:

Newman's second objectionable statement is his gibe at "a few of the contributors to this book" who "are silly enough to impute to the societies of other planets the same murderous impulses, military ambitions, obsessions and follies that shape our own civilization." I do not know if he includes me in this category, but I hope he does. I am glad to speak for all scientists interested in interstellar communication who do not share Newman's peculiarly optimistic preconceptions. Our business as scientists is to search the universe and find out what is there. What is there may conform to our moral sense or it may not. Our business is to try to imagine and find means to de-

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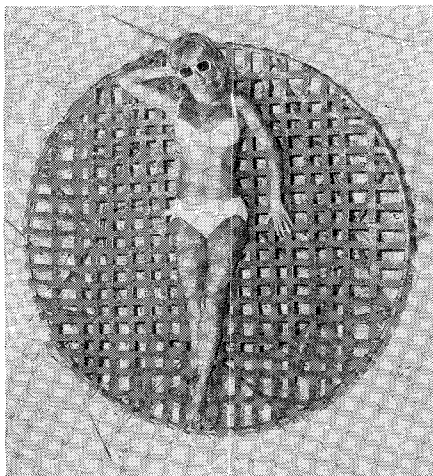
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tect the possible manifestations of intelligence in the universe. It is just as unscientific to impute to remote intelligences wisdom and serenity as it is to impute to them irrational and murderous impulses. We must be prepared for either possibility and conduct our searches accordingly. I personally cannot accept Newman's view that interstellar communication will necessarily be "the perfect, deliberate, philosophical discourse." Intelligence may indeed be a benign influence, creating isolated groups of philosopher-kings far apart in the heavens and enabling them to share at leisure their accumulated wisdom. Or intelligence may be a cancer of purposeless technological exploitation, sweeping across a galaxy as irresistibly as it has swept across our own planet. In this connection it is of importance that, even at the slow rate of interstellar travel that is unquestionably feasible, the technological cancer could spread over a whole galaxy in a few million years, a time very short compared with the life of a planet.

All of us who think seriously about the detection of extraterrestrial intelligence know that we suffer from one basic limitation. Our imagined detectors detect technology rather than intelligence. And we have no idea whether or not a truly intelligent society would retain over millions of years an interest in or a need for advanced technology. Under these circumstances it is best to admit frankly that we are searching for evidence of technology rather than of intelligence. And we must be aware that we have perhaps a greater chance of discovering first a technology run wild, insane or cancerously spreading than a technology firmly under control and supporting the rational needs of a superior intelligence.

It may be, then, that when we search for life elsewhere in the universe, the footprints that we find will be too much like our own. —JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

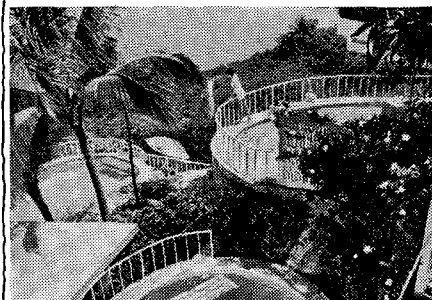
THE LAST POOR MAN, by Edward Hyams (Simon & Schuster). Paul Tapper, a famous English journalist and a good man, speaks carelessly about a friend. The careless word is spoken privately, but Paul understands immediately, and with bitter regret, that he has betrayed his friend. This story turns on Paul's conscience, because the same careless word, repeated in malice, forces him to make his choice, in public, between disgrace and probable ruin, or dishonor. Mr. Hyams' cast of characters is not very large, but it seems large, because we are allowed to see each man and woman as a whole. Paul's ghastly wife, his waspish, loving mistress, her dreadful husband, and the rest all have a power that provokes the reader into turning one page after another in an attentive-

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ness that is all curiosity until the end, when it becomes all admiration. Mr. Hyams is a thoroughly masculine writer.

GENERAL

FREEDOM IN THE MODERN WORLD, by Herbert J. Muller (Harper & Row). In this, the last installment of his imposing three-volume history of liberty, Mr. Muller presents the rich variety of events (and beautifully organizes the rich variety of documentation) that pertain to his theme from 1800 to the present. He avoids prophecy but does point out one human quality that mankind's recent, and often painful, past reveals: through dark and confusing periods, free, or only partly free, men have been indefatigably creative in art, science, thought, and technology. Mr. Muller's impressive work also shows his own characteristic qualities—good sense and as broad a range of sympathy as a man can have. His style is intelligent, persuasive, and companionable. Ten dollars.

THE SHACKLES OF POWER: THREE JEFFERSONIAN DECADES, by John Dos Passos (Doubleday). The story of the last years of Jefferson's administration and of subsequent events in the life of Jefferson and the United States down to 1826. (That was the year in which the second and third Presidents, Adams and Jefferson, died on July 4th.) Mr. Dos Passos' narrative is unsystematic and chatty, paying—as perhaps one might expect of a novelist—much attention to individuals, their temperaments, and their clashes. The result is a history that is less than definitive but, in its affectionate familiarity with the illustrious dead, more than entertaining.

BOSWORTH FIELD, by A. L. Rowse (Doubleday). All that most people need to know about the Wars of the Roses, even though the author refers his readers to Shakespeare's history plays. Professor Rowse is writing the same kind of history that Shakespeare did—the struggles among nobles, not classes, and the effects of battles, not wool prices—though he mentions economic factors when they influence, say, London's reception of a pretender or an heir-not-so-apparent. Besides his characteristic gusto, he brings to this bloody era a nice appreciation of character.

PASCAL, by Jean Steinmann, translated from the French and with an introduction by Martin Turnell (Har-

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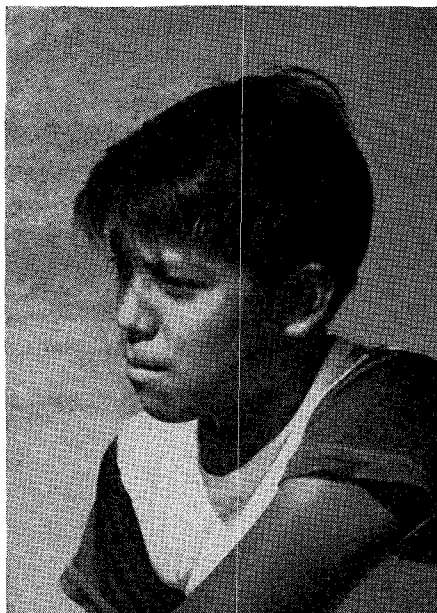
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court, Brace & World). The late Abbé Steinmann was a French priest with a particular devotion to—and an unparalleled knowledge of—Pascal and his work. This volume is his distillation of his Pascal scholarship, dedication, and discrimination, both literary and theological. It is written to attract the non-specialist, and even (as Pascal's own work did) the unbeliever. Its English version is in every way a success.

THE ART OF VICTORY: THE LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF GENERAL-ISSIMO SUVOROV, 1729-1800, by Philip Longworth (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Alexander Suvorov spent most of his military career in the service of Catherine the Great, helping carry out policies—such as the extinction of the Polish state and the expansion of Russia at the expense of Turkey—of which Western historians have long disapproved. (He defeated two heroes of our Revolution, Pulaski and Kosciuszko.) This sound, readable, stirring biography rescues Suvorov from the obscurity of being on our wrong side. He never lost a battle, or a campaign that he was permitted to run. His innovations began with training his peasant conscripts to understand what they were to do and seeing that they were properly supplied. These novelties improved them so much that, for one thing, Suvorov's forces always moved faster than their enemies. To some extent, Suvorov's professional skill was wasted. Since his autocratic government wanted no one to chirp without authorization, he could never persuade his colleagues and superiors to share his interest in the morale and opinions of soldiers. But his concern, as Mr. Longworth hardly needs to emphasize, now makes him especially up-to-date.

NOTE: McGraw-Hill has published Hans Koningsberger's "Love and Hate in China," an account of the author's experiences in the People's Republic. Most of the book appeared, in somewhat different form, in *The New Yorker*.

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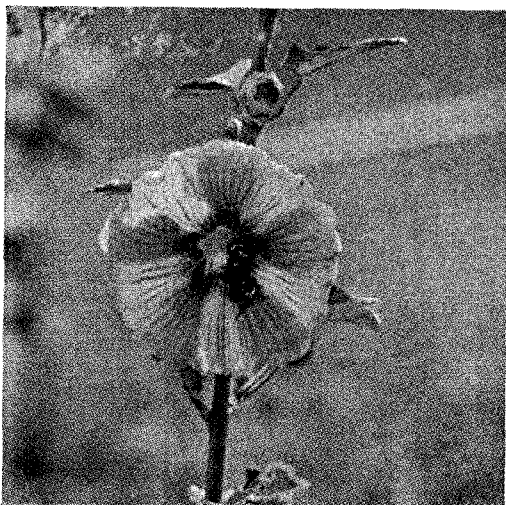
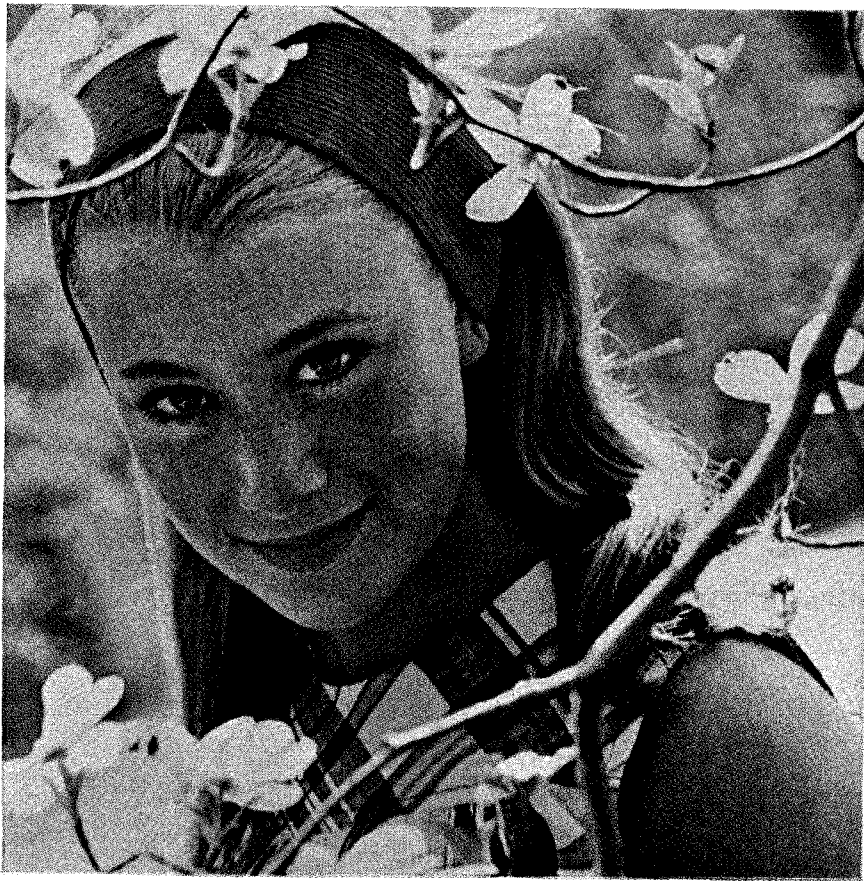
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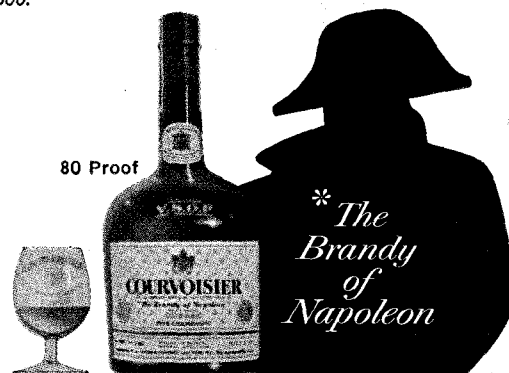
Newly elected First Consul, Napoleon, like Hannibal and Charlemagne before him, boldly crosses the Alps into Italy by the Great Saint Bernard Pass. Thus he led his army to the victory of Marengo on June 14, 1800.

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